











SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY, VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1898-JUNE, 1899.

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IVY ORATION

PATRIOTISM AND CULTURE

If the spectacle of a nation at war pursuing steadily at the same time its ordinary peaceful business be an interesting and instructive one, with how much more interest do we consider such a nation following out in the midst of war its ceremonies and festivities! Nor is this attitude of interest in the least derogatory, it would seem, to the highest concern for the country's welfare, to the keenest enthusiasm for her best good. Though apparently oblivious for the moment of the national situation, no well-informed person would call such an assembly as this unpatriotic; and it is this instinctive appreciation of the nature and character of patriotism that I propose to analyze.

What is patriotism to-day for Americans? The vast majority of us would find definition difficult. Patriotism was a simple thing in 1776; it was bound up with the everlasting laws of righteousness in 1861; in 1898, when we are neither defending our sacred rights nor establishing the personal freedom of our countrymen, it is more subtle to define, more dangerous to misunderstand. But there are certain things which we are sure that it is not, and these are, broadly speaking, four. It is not

rhetoric, it is not hysteria, it is not bravery, it is not an intellectual appreciation of the national condition.

None of us here to-day, I suppose, falls into these first two errors. The common-sense of the American people assures them that no oratory, however inflated, no sermon, no lecture, no pamphlet, no book, however effective, can stand alone for patriotism; they feel instinctively that words are easy to say—perhaps too easy to be the best expression for so difficult, so stern a virtue. Our shyness as a people to show too quickly any deep feeling renders us doubtful of emotional demands in the shape of the American flag displayed after vaudeville performances and the cheap appeals of an hysterical press; we feel that beyond anything else the love for one's country is sane, and that though public it need not be notorious.

But to a great number of people patriotism seems to me to be perilously synonymous with bravery. It needs but the slightest consideration to assure us that great personal bravery can exist absolutely apart from any patriotism; that constitutional physical courage may exhibit itself in the most traitorous acts, and that individuals and masses of men alike are stimulated through an evanescent excitement into a hardihood that is practically insanity. The American people need at this crisis particularly to realize that though patriotism is always brave, all bravery is not patriotism.

In opposition to an error essentially popular I would place the conception of a few people, who, though small in numbers, are not without influence over a certain proportion of the best minds of the country. There will always be in every community a certain number of highly educated people whose emotion has attenuated into theory, whose brains have drained their hearts, one might almost say, so that to them their nation has come to mean a system of statecraft, their country an experiment in democracy. It is unfortunately very difficult to see comprehensively and to feel concentratedly, and some of the greatest men of every country have lost enormous opportunities for influencing wisely the masses, who distrusted them instinctively because they were not sure of the red blood under this highly wrought organism; because they felt that the thorough-going cosmopolite could not, in the very nature of the case, be trusted to defend unquestioningly his country. And the people are right. The passions of the mob are far from our ideal, but the views of the philosopher are little nearer. They must be transmuted into emotion to become patriotism.

How then shall we define positively? It seems to me that all the various qualities, known to us all, felt by us all, fall readily into place when we understand that patriotism is a state, not a spasm; an attitude, not an act. When we realize that a man may never be called upon to perform one brave deed officially for his country, may never be carried out of himself by one of those great waves of national enthusiasm that overflow the country in a national crisis, and yet may live and die a thorough patriot, then we need have no fears for our patriotic ideal. When this country understands that it is not primarily the few men who have been placed in a position to accomplish great deeds that they rely on, but on the multitude whose lives and characters are such that they might be counted upon, absolutely, to do the deed when the occasion comes, then we shall realize that our patriotism is growing in the roots of all the generations, and that the separate blossoms of to-day are but the results of it, not itself. I have said that it is a state and not a spasm; I mean by that that it can grow and does grow quietly, throughout a life, and becomes a part of the growth of that life; that it does not spring into existence at the shock of any emotion however powerful. A patriotism based upon a brass band is more evanescent than its music; emotion that depends upon a flag will fade before its colors. But the true lover of his country can love her alone and can love her in silence; when she calls for the use of his life in peace as well as when she demands the sacrifice of his life in war. It must be the habit of mind throughout a lifetime if it is to meet a crisis successfully.

It would not be possible for me to say to a representative American audience that their country lacked patriotism; but that American patriotism is not yet perfect in quality is obvious to all thinking people, and in proportion as their love for their country and their pride in her is great and hopeful they feel this imperfection. Force, vigor, indomitable resistance are here, but the recent crisis has shown to us and to the other nations that this patriotism of ours lacks terribly in one thing—culture. This is a short and overused word, but there is no other that quite implies so perfectly exactly what our public expression of national feeling has shown us to lack. Dignity, restraint, an appreciation of the inestimable value of forms, a

recognition of the fact that all great movements involving the activity of a great nation must necessarily be long deliberated. slowly performed—in these we have shown ourselves terribly lacking. Of this lack of culture in our patriotism I need give but two examples: the attitude of our press and the attitude of our national representatives at the outbreak of the present war. It is not alone before the other nations that we stand ashamed: the best of American civilization blushes at the vulgarity of that journalism that with its absolute lack of respect for privacy, its publication of details not only indecent, but in the present case utterly unmilitary, its proverbial disregard for truth, its sensational and unpardonable use of its influence toward precipitating the war, has accentuated and justified that satiric criticism we have so resented from other countries. As to the behavior of a body of men deliberately selected by the American people to represent them before the world, we can only hope that another crisis may find us more worthy to illustrate the civilizing effects of democracy! In the face of the humiliating behavior of what should stand for our most conservative body, we must pause to ask ourselves if men unfit to govern themselves are yet ready to teach government to others!

Does all this mean that there is no culture in America? Far from it. It means that we have not placed that culture where it can most benefit us. It means that our system of representation has neglected to represent us by our best. It means that we have not set the seal of our national approval on our individual achievements of an admirable state of culture. Can we show the world the American type of that great English statesman whose death his nation just now mourns? I fear not. While it can be said of America that her best men keep out of politics, while we are willing to be represented and governed by our inferiors, while we are willing to believe that any but our greatest men are fit to fill our highest places, the outlook for our best patriotism is not hopeful.

And what is the remedy for this? Only the dissatisfaction of the people. Vulgarity cannot be cured by satirizing it, by preaching against it, by going away to Paris or London or Rome and trying to forget it. Only when the body of the people refuse it and demand something better will it die its natural death. So long as the American people call for a vulgar journalism, so long as the mass of them are satisfied with a cheap excitable patriotism, so long as our great cities submit to their rings and bosses, so long we shall endure these things. When we have developed sufficiently as a people to refuse unconditionally these aspects of our national life, we shall begin to build

our patriotic pride upon a broader base.

And what is going to effect this change in the people? The great civilizer, the great reformer, the great trainer, education. That great force that takes the wilful, insubordinate, selfish, narrow intellect and pushes it, drives it, presses it into conformity with law and tradition and system. That wonderful teacher whose great lesson is not any fact or even the sum total of any number of facts, but an attitude toward life and the world, a capacity for knowledge, a respect for the wisdom of others, a self-control inculcated in order to possess any of it—all that civilization opposes to barbarism and savagery. To-day more than ever the schools of a nation are its stepping-stones to power. And this educational attitude is very adequately presented by the American college. It is eminently an institution of the people, for the people. It is not a university, it is not a school of technology. It does not offer to the already highly cultivated an opportunity for adding a final and exclusive polish to a recondite scholarship. It is a great tireless ceaseless manufactory, taking in every year unrelated masses of intellectual force, undisciplined, untrained, unevenly developed, more or less wilful, more or less crude, utterly heterogeneous. And this mass it amalgamates, represses, develops, finishes, holds for four years in an attitude of scholarship, of receptivity, in an atmosphere of breadth and at the same time of strict and systematic discipline, and finally scatters the results as widely as may be, only to take in new raw material out of which to evoke another finished product. Finished entirely? That were a foolish claim: its very conditions render that impossible. But what I would impress upon you is that while all unfinished in particular acquisition it does hope to inculcate finally an attitude—the attitude of culture: the breadth of view, the quietness of mind, the recognition of rule and law, the necessary disinterestedness of study, which is the altruism of the intellect.

Let us consider for a moment the other side of education—the education of character, which is virtue. Its qualities are precisely analogous to those of intellectual education, and its ob-

ject is equally an attitude of life to be acquired, and not any particular act or sum of acts. As no one can grow wise alone, so no one can grow virtuous alone. What the school does for the intellect the home should do for the morals. The home that sends out from it a child unsubmissive to authority, inconsiderate, wilful, unadjusted to society and its inexorable laws of restraint and courtesy, has failed in its mission. The institution of the family is, properly understood, the direct preventive of egoism, and the simplest means of inculcating unselfishness.

Now the sublimation, the generalization of these virtues of the home and school is simply—patriotism. Upon the disinterestedness of the mind and the unselfishness of the heart rises the highest devotion to the loftiest ideal. Of patriotism, taken in this connection only as an example of the other virtues. I would make four assertions. It is necessarily learned in youth: it is necessarily learned from example and influence and not from direct instruction: it is necessarily learned in times of peace: it is necessarily based upon the idea of home.

It is learned in youth in common with any other enduring virtue. Like any other virtue it is not an accomplishment: it cannot be varnished on in however strenuous a maturity. The child who has seen about him selfishness, impurity and narrowness of mind cannot build up out of these, in a manhood which is but the result of his youth-stuff, the altruism out of which patriotism is made. And it must be taught by influence and example, because no child who has seen these unlovely characteristics about him will heed any instructions to a higher life. If in his school he sees egoism and disorder, lack of discipline, lack of training, if he learns what he likes in the way he likes it, then, whatever facts he may have accumulated, the attitude of culture is not his, and education has denied him her greatest blessing. No amount of storied heroism can take the ordinary soul triumphantly through its heroic tests if it has had no practice in heroism, which is altruism.

But how can example be possible in times of peace? How can patriotism be burnt into a child's soul with no crisis to stimulate his teachers to action? The answer to this is the significance of my entire analysis. Actual particular examples of what are commonly known as patriotic acts he may not have. It is not possible for every child to see his father leave his home for a probable death for his country. It is not possible for every child to see his mother give up his father to that country. Such a heritage would be invaluable: such an experience should make every child a patriot so long as that memory lived with him. But there is not always war, and what remains for the child of patriots is to live in such an atmosphere, to feel at every turn the currents of such a trend of life, that were any such demand to be made he could be as absolutely certain of the answer to it as if he had seen that answer given. To live under such intellectual and moral training is the proper privilege of every civilized child: in proportion as the home and the school do their duty by him he gets such training. Any other certain basis for patriotism, or national altruism, there cannot be, for there is no recipe for this functional virtue. If by shaking his country's flag at him after meals, or calling him to bed by the bugle, which latter method has been actually suggested in a recent Boston paper, we could teach a child to serve his country, classes in patriotism, also suggested by the present war, would be valuable. But only that discipline that makes of his patriotism an attitude, can teach him this virtue, and with such teaching we should need no special classes, for America would be one great school for patriots.

I would not degrade patriotism to you, but I insist that it is far from being that ethereal, unsensuous, inexplicable emotion it is so often described. There may be here and there in the world a soul so delicate, so artistic, so sensitive to beautiful impressions that this sublimation of all unselfishness becomes vital to it with no experience of home, no particular corner of the earth to which to anchor itself, but these artists in the spiritual are rare. The average man must have had a home, or something that stood to him for a home, in order to derive from that his patriotic ideal. You cannot conceive of nomadic tribes as patriotic: the tent that is pitched every day in a new place cannot contain memories of a virtue learned there from day to day, an establishment precious enough to die for. You cannot imagine cannibals patriotic: where there is no civilization, there cannot be an ideal of national devotion. When a man fights for his country he fights for his home, for the homes of all his neighbors, then, by a sudden idealization, for the homes of all who live under the same national conditions, which seem to him indubitably the best for a nation. In a defensive war he fights to preserve the conditions he has grown to love and keep them possible: in an offensive war he fights to preserve the ideals

elsewhere, because he honestly believes that the virtues of the home and school as he has learned them are a blessing to any land, and must sometime come to every land that is to be properly governed. He carries the schools of intellect and character by force, if necessary, because he believes them the best for the world. Whatever the economic conditions, whatever the national expediency of such a course politically considered, whatever, I might even say, the chance that the country offering such a national lesson is in no position to administer it, this reason for offensive war is the only justifiable one. Whether successful or not, whether politically justifiable or not, the man, the army that fights with this idea, fights righteously: the man, the army that fights without it, however events may justify a selfishly aggressive course, fights a losing fight.

I have tried to show you that patriotism, that largest, most generalized virtue, is founded upon these two concrete limited institutions—the home and the school, and founded in youth. Now, under whose influence does youth, both in the home and the school, come? Under the influence of women. By some combination of circumstances—you may call it natural evolution or you may call it the decree of a beneficent Providence, and we are growing to see that these two are not so hopelessly separated—it has come from endless ages to be the custom for the man to go out to kill or legislate or earn, and for the woman to remain at home to direct the household and the family. Though an old custom, age has not yet made it old-fashioned let us hope it never may! By some economical adjustment it has resulted that ninety-nine hundredths of the children of the country receiving instruction receive it from women. In our great graded public schools, in our private schools, in our city missions, the children of this country get what education the mother cannot furnish from the teacher. I have been told with wrathful emphasis that it is because the teacher is so underpaid that only women can be found to undertake that office: that no self-respecting man would go through that drudgery at that price. I have only to say that if underpayment alone keeps the office filled with women, I hope they may be eternally underpaid! To take woman in any appreciable proportion out of that business is to take one of her two great professions from her, one of her two enormous influences out of her hands. The mother and the teacher—the two professions open to her since Eve, the two professions by which she controls her pupil from

the cradle, trains him with the only lasting training, holds in him her country in her hands.

In the face of this great truth the insensate demand of women for wider fields, greater influence, more numerous avenues to fame is absurd and pitiful. There can be no wider field: there never existed the possibility of a greater influence: its limitations are unthinkable. Only with a perfected race will these professions cease to lay upon women a responsibility infinitely greater than they have yet fulfilled. With the future of the universe lying, in its youth, with them, the pride with which some women announce that to-day nine hundred and ninetynine professions are open to them while last year only nine hundred and ninety-eight were possible, is idiotic. There are open to her the two professions of the world, now, as ever: the two which, though capable of mismanagement, misinterpretation, carelessness and wickedness, are yet capable of the greatest sublimation that can glorify any human institution. If the business of God can be reduced to terminology, surely it falls into two parts-creation and instruction. He brings us into this world and he teaches us how to live in it, and he has laid upon women the eternal commission of carrying on, through his very methods, which are steady surrounding influences, not great and startling acts, his never ending work. To these professions all others are secondary: the ministry? but what clergyman can teach purity, gentleness and unselfishness to those who have found in their homes impurity, cruelty and selfishness? No man can make over the heart that has grown daily in sin. The law? but what lawyer can hope to find appreciation of justice, equity, and prompt obedience to authority from those who have not gotten these disciplines with the rest that education brought them while their minds were forming? Medicine? but what physician can inculcate temperance, cleanliness and regular living to the man who knew as a child intemperance, uncleanliness and dissolute ways? It depends upon the skilled labor in these two great professions, which only control their material from the beginning, whether or not the other professions shall be up-hill work, whether or not they shall be continued striving against ignorance and brutality in the mass of the people.

You see what I would say finally—that with all other virtues the intelligent altruistic love of country must be taught, if at all, to youth, and in the nature of the case by youth's teacher. She is not called upon to serve her country by lectures on the suffrage, by articles on government, by going in brigades to a war that might never have needed her services if she had trained its combatants better! If as mother and teacher she can set the patriotic ideals of a nation and bring up its patriots, a grateful county will relieve her of all lesser responsibilities.

But these professions are capable of being simple martyrdom. you tell me: they number their millions, unknown, unpraised, unrecognized by their country. Martyrdom? it is an unspeakable martyrdom, but on that martyrdom must rise the coming generations. Drudgery? it is an endless drudgery. The millions of exhausted women whom successive crowds of untaught children drive to their graves, unconscious and uncanonized, witness the drudgery. But upon that drudgery rises what academic leisure the American people enjoy to-day. Slavery? it is a terrible slavery. But upon the right use and influence of that slavery depends the idealism and sincerity and worth of our country, and our love for it. To-day, as always, the women of this country, as of every other, hold in their hands the patriotism of this country. It is an enormous power. May they learn to use it well! Josephine Dodge Daskam.

IVY SONG

A little while we lingered here,—
Forgetting time that fled too fast,
That brought us, all too soon, the last
Swift moments of our parting year.
By memories almost delayed
—And yet by hope our feet are sped—
We go half eager, half afraid,
An unknown path to tread.

A little while we lingered here, Alas, so short, so sweet a space! Yet would we leave some little trace, Unwilling, now the end draws near. Like others who have trod these halls, Who left of love the living sign, So we to-day beside these walls Plant tenderly our vine. A little while we lingered here,
And they shall come, and in their turn
Shall stay a little while, and learn
As we to hold these mem'ries dear.
And so the vine we plant shall show
The love we bore, to later days,
Shall tell with vines of long ago
Our Alma Mater's praise.

RUTH PARSONS MILNE.

THE PASSING OF AMY WHITTLESEA

Thorndyke put his head in Claverly's door.

"Aren't you ready?" he asked.

Claverly looked up stupidly from his book.

"Ready? Oh!"

He flung the book across the floor, and groaned.

"I'd forgotten this is the night of the function," he said, as he struggled into a collar. "Well, anyway, it's your turn to dance with the Queen of Sheba."

"Doubtless," returned Thorndyke: "it usually is! But Queen Vic is to be let up to-night. You can tread a measure with her Majesty."

"Really, I'm sorry," responded Claverly, with cheerful facetiousness, "but as a matter of fact, I've not been presented. You see she's in your ward."

"An opportunity will be immediately afforded," said Thorndyke, bowing low. "But hurry up. Get a gait on. There's the third ward bell." And he ran out of the room.

Claverly tied his tie laboriously. Then he untied it, and tied it again. Then he untied it, and threw it on the floor, and stamped on it.

"Anyone would think I was going to Sherry's," he said, as he pulled a fresh one out of the drawer.

A senior doctor put his head into the room. "Are you coming, Doc?" He saw the crumpled tie, and laughed.

"Anyone would know you haven't been long in this place," he said.

Claverly glanced at the other's ward clothes, and shrugged slightly.

"Oh well! Don't discourage my young enthusiasm. It will die of itself before long, I fancy."

The two men went together to the ball-room. It was large, and quite elaborate in its appointments. At one end there was a stage for the musicians; at the other a gallery for spectators. The brilliant lights along the wall were reflected on a floor that seemed fairly burnished in its smoothness.

Claverly heard the tuning of violins as he drew near the door; there was something suggestive in the sound, something anticipative and joyous. His heart beat expectantly as he approached, but fell when he entered the room, for as he looked around the brilliant hall he saw only the helpless, hopeless faces of those that dwell in darkness of spirit. The incongruity of the sight was still too new not to thrill him with a disagreeable shock. He turned to the gallery for a glimpse of something normal to restore his mental balance. It was filled chiefly with friends and relatives of the patients, and attachés of the hospital, but they seemed in some way too subtly and intimately connected with the inmates to afford him much relief. At one end a group of college girls sat chattering and laughing in subdued tones. He let his eyes rest on them gladly; they at least were an element wholly extraneous and foreign.

Thorndyke came up and gave him a bit of paper on which was written a list of names. He read it through amusedly, and then looked up to see Thorndyke's retiring coat-tails. He pursued him, and caught him by the door. An altercation followed in which they were interrupted by an assistant doctor of the women's ward, who called to them from the stairs of the gallery.

"Dr. Claverly! Dr. Thorndyke! There are some young ladies here from the college. They want to go down and dance. Won't you come and meet them, and find them partners?"

Both men sprang up the stairs with alacrity. In a moment Claverly found himself talking to a girl with a degree of eagerness and interest—almost of excitement—which in his college days he would never have believed himself capable of feeling. But she was young, she was pretty, and above all, she was sane; and he acknowledged that his attitude toward women had changed considerably since that period of so-called "Harvard indifference."

When the music commenced, the doctors returned to the floor

to select from among the ranks of patients those most eligible, and to distribute them as partners among the girls that waited expectantly, but timidly, at the door. Claverly then crossed over to the women's division and dutifully selecting the most uncompromising wall-flower, led her to a place in the contra dance.

He found the set made up chiefly of patients, with a scattering of attendants, and a single visitor—one of the college girls—who was dancing with a hilarious little old man of his own ward. He was struck by her attitude at once, which was unusual for an outsider. She showed neither nervousness, nor timidity, nor a tendency toward hysterics, on finding herself in such unwonted proximity to a madman; on the contrary, her bearing was easy, normal, tolerant—sometimes amused. She did not lose her poise, even when her partner, with a startling disregard for conventionality, put out his tongue at her.

Instead, she examined it, as he seemed to be directing her to

do, with a serene interest.

Claverly thought she was admirable, and after the dance he asked the assistant doctor to present him.

"To Miss Whittlesea?" she asked. "Why certainly."

"How did you enjoy Mr. Flint?" he questioned, after the introduction.

"I thought he was very droll," said the girl smiling.

"Yes, that's his specialty. He thinks he's an absurdly funny person."

"Well, he is, I'm sure. And a delightful raconteur. Oh, you should have heard the stories he told me!"

"I doubtless have," replied Claverly. "We have a sort of continuous fagot party up here. Each patient has a stock contribution in the way of personal experiences, real or imagined. My chief duty is to go around daily and listen to them."

"You must feel like a phonograph at the end of your rounds," she said, with a laugh. "I suppose, then, that you are familiar

with the anecdotes connected with Mr. Flint's wife."

"Yes, with some of them. You see he's had seventeen, according to his own story."

"Seventeen wives!" she echoed. "Why, he only told me about one. But the stories were of a nature to harrow up one's soul. He said that once she cut his tongue out, and to prove it, he held it out to me—you saw him, didn't you? Well, I ob-

served with great propriety that he seemed to have one yet. He said yes, it had grown in since; those things often happened. He seemed to consider it quite incidental."

Claverly had been watching her with the quiet, but exhaustive scrutiny of a college-bred man. She was not pretty, but she had what was more essential—charm. When the music began again, he asked her whom she would like for a partner.

"I have really no choice," she answered; "somebody mad enough to be interesting, yet not enough to be violent. Have

you any such?"

"I'll get you Mr. Beane," said Claverly moving away. "He's our star patient."

He saw her go off on Mr. Beane's arm. He himself took out the lady who represented herself to be the grandmother of a Chinese mandarin, and at the end of the dance rejoined Miss Whittlesea.

"Mr. Beane is charming," she alleged, "he's so delightfully urbane. What do you think he told me, when I asked him why these other people didn't dance?"—indicating those for whom the intricacies of the dance were too difficult to master.—"He said he supposed their health did not permit. No sane person would have been ready with anything half so euphemistical."

They went up into the gallery and sat down.

"How often do you have these dances?" she asked.

"Every Thursday night."

"Don't you get awfully tired of them?"

"There has been a sameness," Claverly admitted—"up to to-night."

"Do you always have to come, whether or no?"

"Oh, we're supposed to. I might as well confess that they haven't always bored me so terribly, because, you see, I have only been here two months. But the novelty is wearing off, I'm afraid, for I feel my inclination to come growing weaker with each succeeding festivity."

She saw the crumpled paper in his hand, with the names written on it.

"Don't tell me you have orders," she exclaimed. "How inordinately elegant!"

"Oh, no!" said Claverly, and laughed a little foolishly. "This is a joke Thorndyke and I have. You see we have to take out the wall-flowers, so every week we take turns making

out orders for each other, and of course each of us always gives the other the most impossible frumps he can find."

He had expected her to laugh, but she did not seem to see anything laughable in the matter. On the contrary, she gave him a quick look that seemed to express sympathy. He noticed that she had fine eyes.

"I am afraid your life here is very irksome, sometimes," she said.

"Oh no!" he hastened to answer. "Socially perhaps, but not professionally. Of course, if a man is interested in his work, nothing else counts for very much. And then I knew what to expect when I came here."

But the pathos of this boyish device still stayed in her thoughts, to judge from the gravity of her face.

The music of the last number was well begun before they realized it.

"Who is your next partner?" Miss Whittlesea asked.

Claverly consulted his list, and laughed.

"Thorndyke is too kind. He has reserved the last for the deaf-and-dumb girl, and they say that the last is always the best."

He was relieved to return to their former conversational level, flippant perhaps, but easy.

"Oh, I saw her."

"There! my heart is broken. Someone else has taken her out. Perhaps you will console me, Miss Whittlesea?"

"I am afraid I can hardly fill her place," said Miss Whittlesea.

She rose from her seat, but did not take his proffered arm. Instead she looked over the railing a little wistfully.

"Perhaps you'd rather have a maniac," he suggested laughingly.

"I didn't say so, did I?"

"Not in words."

"Did my face betray me? Well, you see I came up here to dance with them," she added, half-apologetically.

"Excuse me," he said, "I will find you one. I'm afraid I could hardly fill the bill either."

She saw that he was piqued, and she wondered at it, while he, on the other hand, feeling rebuffed, disappointed and vaguely hurt, resented as a personal slight a most impersonal preference.

Savagely he seized upon the first patient he met. He happened to be a mild little man, who harbored the distressing delusion of having lost his head.

"I hope he'll look for it in her pocket," Claverly thought, as he saw them take their places in the march. He remained by the door a few minutes, and then went to his ward.

"Thorndyke can do the pretty when they go," he said.

Thorndyke having discharged this duty, sought Claverly in his room. He held a lace-edged handkerchief in his hand.

"One of them must have dropped it," he explained. "I don't know who she is. Did you meet her?"

Claverly took the handkerchief, and read the name on it.

"'Amy Whittlesea.' Yes, she was the tall one with dark eyes."

"I steered clear of her. I did not care for so much dignity in mine. It smacked of hauteur."

"She was very agreeable," said Claverly sullenly.

"You seemed to find her so. I liked the little one with the big hat. She can smoke my pipe! Well, good-night, old man."

Claverly picked up the handkerchief from the floor. It was dainty and fine like the things of his mother and sisters and the women he used to know. It seemed fairly sentient with the life he had left when he entered this voluntary exile. He folded it carefully, and laid it away.

He saw Miss Whittlesea on the street some days later. She was walking alone in front of him. He hesitated to pass her at first, lest she should not recognize him, or else should not acknowledge the recognition. Then he mentally shook himself, and dashed on.

"What difference if she doesn't? I'm growing morbidly sensitive up in that place, I declare!"

When he came up with her, she bowed to him so pleasantly that he was ashamed.

"Shall we see you at the hospital before long?" he asked, as he walked along beside her.

"In what capacity?" she rejoined.

The pleasantry, light as it sounded, seemed forced and insincere, for while she smiled with her lips as she said it, her eyes betrayed not the slightest sign of merriment. As she turned them on him, he thought he had never seen such mournful eyes, darkened as they were with a profound melancholy, which

seemed to suggest the memory of a past sorrow, or the possibility of a future tragedy. He gazed at her in astonishment, wondering that he had not noticed that quality in them before.

"As belle of the ball," he finally stammered, remembering

himself.

"Thank you, you reassure me! Why as soon as Dr. Dering asks me, I suppose."

"Oh, it is Doctor Dering that you know, is it? Then I shall

instruct her to invite you immediately."

"Is she a person to be instructed?"

"She is my subordinate," he replied, laughing.

"I fear she wouldn't take ex-official instruction very readily from anyone, as she is an independent sort of person. She has lived in our family a long time, and I know."

"Thank you for the suggestion," he said, as they separated.

"I shall be very discreet."

For two succeeding Thursday nights he dressed himself with exquisite care, agonizing throughout the evening in a collar half an inch higher than usual. But to no purpose; she did not come. On the third Thursday, being tired and cross, and considering the fact that it was snowing, and a Julia Marlowe night at the theatre, he went to the ball in his ward clothes. In the middle of the first dance Amy came. She took a seat in the gallery, and leaned over the railing. Claverly tried to induce the Queen of Sheba, with whom his lot was cast for that number, to stop dancing at once, but the propriety of such a course did not appeal to the lady's irregular mind. He attempted to conceal himself behind her royal proportions, but in vain, for when he glanced up he found Amy looking him pleasantly in the eyes. He bowed stiffly, and a few minutes later dashed from the room. When half an hour afterward he reappeared, immaculately shaved, punctiliously dressed, he felt young, and he looked boyish.

She surveyed him critically as he came toward her, with a smile of amusement, perhaps tinged with gratification. But in spite of his youthful appearance his dignity was above reproach, and Amy refrained from commenting directly on the transformation.

"I was surprised to see you here, this evening," he said.

"I judged so," she replied demurely.

He flushed. "Marlowe plays to-night, and I thought you-I

thought everybody would go to see her. Don't you care for the theatre?"

"I am devoted to it."

"Then why on earth - "

"You may think it strange, but in a way, I preferred to come here."

Claverly considered the possibility of regarding this as a personal allusion, but the consideration led to nothing when he looked into her frank face. The absolute lack in her of any form of coquetry or self-consciousness made him call himself an ass, and feel younger than before.

"You may think I am a prig," she continued, "or a goody-goody, or anything else, but I assure you there is nothing that I would let stand in the way of my coming up here. I don't consider it my duty exactly—it's not so onerous as that; and it's certainly not a pleasure—it is too hideous, and yet I feel somehow that if I can bring one spark of brightness into these people's lives, even if I have to give up something myself, that I'll in the end be happier for it. Do you see? It's a mixture of asceticism and selfishness—rather complicated, I'll admit."

"It is a very different spirit from that in which most people come here," he said. "With them it's like the theatre—a form of entertainment. They come, and mock, and laugh, and make merry at these poor wretches' expense. Sometimes it makes me wild."

"And me!" she cried, her eyes flashing. "Why even the girls that came up here with me last time thought it a huge lark. They look on these people as wild beasts—infinitely less than human. With them it is like going to the Zoo, and being allowed to play with the animals."

The music broke in on her heated utterance. She smiled, and sighed a little. "I am growing ill-tempered, and obstreperous." she said. "Will you find me a partner?"

"We have some new patients—would you like to try one?"

"You speak as if they were some new kind of breakfast food. Yes, I will try a sample package, please."

At the end of the dance he rejoined her.

"What did you think of Number Eighty-four?" he asked.

"He seemed uneasy about something. I thought perhaps his shoes were too tight."

"Oh no! His trouble is more radical than that. He thinks

—let me see if I can get it straight—he thinks that some one has sliced off the side of his head, and that a cat is looking into his brain, reading his thoughts, communicating them by telephone to various parts of the building. A most intricate delusion!"

"Poor soul!" said the girl. "I should think he would have gone mad working it out. It is hard for me to follow. An exaggerated case of conscience, I suppose. Fortunately our consciences don't all come in the shape of cats, or doubtless we should be crazy too."

Claverly smiled a little. She saw it, and broke out passion-

ately.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking—that I am as flippant, as full of levity, as empty of feeling, as the most heartless spectator that ever comes here. You thought so the last time I was here. But I'm not—only if I should take this as seriously outside as I do within, I would drown you all in tears. When I see all these poor people—each oppressed with some nameless, hopeless horror, more real and actual to them than their very existence—oh my heart fairly breaks for them! Physical suffering is nothing to it. I have been through hospitals again and again, and have heard people groaning in the most supreme bodily anguish, but the sound never hurt me like this sight—oh never!"

Her eyes glittered with tears, and her voice was full of them. The pain of her sympathy was so genuine that he pitied her,

and longed to lessen it.

"I think you exaggerate a little," he said gently. "They don't all suffer like that. Some of them have very harmless, pleasant fancies and are quite happy in them. Some of them are cured soon, and go back to their families and their homes. And they are nearly all contented here."

"Oh but they do suffer horribly, too—I know they do! You don't understand—you can't know what it means to me—how—"

She brought her teeth down hard over her quivering lip and closed the subject curtly.

He wondered at her heat, and whether she had ever known and loved some one smitten with the curse of madness.

Many weeks passed but she did not come again. For a while he thought of her almost constantly, and quarreled silently with his colleague for her non-appearance, but in time, under the stress of his work, which daily increased and grew more absorbing, he remembered her less often. Finally on one blustry day in March, as he was walking along a country road, he looked up and saw her a half mile ahead of him.

The sight of her awoke him to a sudden remembrance of her charm, and he longed to meet her again, and talk with her. But she was so obviously and intentionally alone, that he slackened rather than quickened his steps, fearing to intrude on her by overtaking her. He kept her in sight for a mile or more, and finally saw her hesitate and pause. He ran to her, and found her standing on the edge of an impassible mud slough.

The wind was whipping her short skirt about her, and blowing long strands of hair over her eyes, which seemed for the moment cleared of their habitual shadow. She laughed when she saw him.

"This is an uncompromising difficulty," she said. "The mud looks at least a foot deep."

He considered the situation for a moment, and then pulled off a rail from the wayside fence, over which they passed without further difficulty.

"That was a very happy accident," he said gayly, as he strode along at her side.

"It is so odd to see you anywhere but at the hospital," she answered irrelevantly. "You seem so unrelated to anything here."

"Am I so inseparably associated with that place to you that I seem out of setting without a background of maniacs? I am sorry."

"You should not be ashamed of being connected with your work, and the institution you serve."

"I am though-to-day."

" Why?"

"Because I am tired of the work and the institution too—that is, wearied, disgusted—discouraged."

"Is that why you came out to walk this windy day?"

"Yes."

They proceeded in silence for a while.

"Sometimes," he went on, "I come to a point where I can see no perceptible line between sanity and insanity; I can find no standard of comparison by which to judge. I begin to wonder if I am not a little touched myself—in fact, whether we aren't all insane together."

She turned on him with an abrupt interest.

"Do you think that too? Why, I do often. I did to-day. That's why I came out here—to try to recover my balance."

The troubled look returned to her eyes.

"If we all thought alike," continued Claverly, "that is, by means of certain accepted mental processes, we should all be exceedingly sane, and exceedingly stupid. But happily, we all have individuality, so that we think differently. In some cases individuality develops into eccentricity, which in turn merges into insanity. But where the line is between eccentricity and insanity—who shall say?"

"I torture myself often with that very question." Her face

grew more distressed.

He laughed to reassure her. "You are nervous," he said. "You have been working too hard."

"Work is my salvation," she answered, "my arms against a sea of troubles. But this is the road to the hospital. I suppose we part here."

He looked at his watch.

"I have just four minutes to get to my ward. Otherwise we would not part here,—with your permission."

She bowed and moved on. He still walked beside her.

"I need only three," he said. "Besides, I want to ask you whether in this half hour, I have weakened the unfortunate impression I seem to have made on you in my professional capacity."

"Why do you care?"

"Because I don't want you to think of me always in connection with everything that is grotesque, and uncanny, and abnormal."

"You seem singularly sensitive to opinion."

"To yours, yes."

She did not answer.

"If you would let me come to see you sometime, in the capacity of a citizen—and a gentleman—in short, as one of your friends—I might do more toward dispelling the impression."

His tone was not assured. For the moment the potency of his desire to gain this privilege made it seem impossible that she should grant it.

"I should be very glad to see you," she replied simply. "if you will come on a Saturday. But remember that our vacation begins next week."

"You are going home, I suppose—at least you will not be here?"

The gloom in her sad eyes deepened at the simple question, till it seemed to overshadow her whole face.

"Yes, doubtless you would call it home—it is where my mother is."

He glanced at his watch, which begrudged him another word.

"Good-bye," he cried, sweeping off his hat as he turned, and in a trice he was off, leaping over the ground with long bounds.

He called several times after a few weeks, but he never found her at home. His impatience to see her grew with each disappointment. Meanwhile the season deepened from April into May, but still he had not seen her.

Finally, one mild evening early in the month, as he was returning to the hospital, dragging a refractory patient whom he had been sent to bring in from the uttermost parts of the grounds, where the man had escaped from his keeper, he beheld the girl he desired so eagerly to see approaching him on the gravel path in the company of the doctor who was her friend. With the sight of her came the reflection that his hair was dishevelled, his tie under one ear, and the sleeve of his coat ripped half way out of the armhole, but escape being impossible, with a burning face and as much dignity as he could command, he bowed to her. The contrast between her fresh unruffled appearance and his own disordered condition hurt his pride as he recalled it afterward in his room, as well as the remembrance of the quickly suppressed amusement in her eyes.

"If it had been anyone else in the world—" he muttered, and then stopped to wonder why. He could not deny to himself that the impression he might have produced on the doctor, and her share of the ridicule engendered by his absurd plight, were of very secondary importance to him. And yet the doctor was a woman, and why should he not care? He debated this question in his mind as he struggled into fresh clothes, but he came to no conclusion, for as he stood before the window looking out into the dusk he saw Amy walking alone under the trees toward the gate. His work for the day was over, and he was free for an hour. In a moment he had leaped into his coat,

seized his hat, and was running down the hill after her. He overtook her a few yards beyond the gate.

She acknowledged his presence with an astonished bow.

"You have a remarkable faculty for metamorphosing your-self."

"I seem destined to appear before you in all sorts of grotesque situations. You must not wonder that I try to obliterate the recollection of them as quickly as possible. But I wonder if you will mind my walking home with you this evening. I have been so unfortunate before—this is a rare opportunity."

"No indeed. I am glad of a chance to tell you how sorry I have been to miss you so often. I was rash to suggest the possibility of being at home on Saturday, for I am always out."

Her graciousness fell like balm upon his injured spirit. They walked on slowly till they reached the campus. At the gate she paused.

"You will think me miserably inhospitable," she said hesitatingly, "but Leannot ask you in, for my guardian comes tonight at eight o'clock on most important business. You will excuse me?"

He cursed his luck, but concealed his chagrin. He left her and walked back to the hospital. The world seemed turned to dust and ashes.

"Her guardian!" he stormed, "what need has she of a guardian anyway, when her mother is living?"

His petulant question set him to thinking seriously. Aside from the coloring that personal pique cast on the matter, it did seem odd. On the whole, there were many things about her that were unaccountable. He had often wondered, though inconclusively, at the connection of Dr. Dering with her family. But the unknown element in her life only added a richer hue to the roseate glamour with which his imagination painted her.

On the Saturday following, after a week of heavy work, Claverly dressed himself with care, and set out to spend his first free hour in the society of Amy Whittlesea. It was evening, warm and languorous. A few faint stars glittered in the clear green sky; the scent of dewy foliage filled the air. Spring was everywhere—and in his heart.

He listened stoically while the maid told him that Amy was not at home, but inwardly he was cast down with a disappointment that seemed unnecessarily bitter. He had counted so long and so earnestly on this hour! He left the house and wandered aimlessly through the campus. As he turned a corner of one of the houses, brooding over his ill-luck, he came face to face with Amy walking alone. The shock of the meeting was so sudden that it sent the blood rushing into his face, as if he had been caught in some wrong-doing. He thought a gleam of pleasure lighted her grave eyes for a moment, but there was no trace of self-consciousness in her manner. She bowed and would have passed on.

"I have just asked for you at the Osbourne," he said, "I seem to have fairly hoodoo luck about finding you there, but I

won't complain since I have found you here!"

"You will think I am a great gad-about. But it is so fine out, I could not bear to stay inside. You don't want to go back to the house, do you?"

"Oh no!"

"Then let us go to the orchard."

He walked at her side, casting covert glances at her. She wore a gown of some soft stuff, as fine as cobweb seemingly, which blurred around her in the twilight like the melting draperies in some old picture. Her face in the half light was pale and fine, and fixed in a persistent melancholy. The sadness of her eyes smote him to the heart. Surely the girl had some deep-seated grief to make her look so sorrowful. A boundless emotion that he dared not name rose in him as he watched her, and kept him dumb.

She talked in desultory fragments, but it was clear that her heart was not in what she said. They walked the length of the orchard twice and paused beneath a tree. The apple blossoms filled the air with sweetness and with showers of falling petals.

"What is the matter?" asked Claverly abruptly. "You are not happy."

"Few people are," she said, parrying his question.

"Well then, you are unhappy. What is it?"

"Nothing."

"Why can't you trust me?" asked Claverly a little bitterly.

"I tell you it is nothing. If it were only something, I would not complain. It is some ghastly, intangible fear—dread—oppression that comes to me sometimes. I told you about it once—that day we walked together on the Beverley road. You have forgotten."

"I remember every word you ever said to me," he cried hotly. "I told you then that it was nerves—you have forgotten. You are working too hard."

"You are talking shop."

"Pardon me," he said, and bit his lip.

"What a volcanic person you are! That was an attempt at repartee."

"Forgive me-Amy." The name slipped out unconsciously.

"But why can't you be happy now? I am happy," he added a little inconsequently.

"Happiness, like everything, is relative, you know."

"Yes, but the night—this glorious spring—that is absolute."

"My trouble is nothing that external conditions will change. It is in me. But I do feel better than I did an hour ago."

She leaned her cheek against the rough bark of the tree. A slight breeze flitted among the branches, and shook down a ghostly shower upon her. The darkness fell like a thin grey veil between them. For Claverly the mystery of the hour, the girl's sweet pensiveness, and his own exaltation blended into an exquisite experience. Her hand hung at her side, white and frail. With a swift, unthinking movement of mingled passion and tenderness, he caught and held it in his own. For a brief moment she accepted the caress. Then she drew her hand away, and turned to leave him.

"Good-night."

He sprang after her.

"Amy, you are not angry? You will forgive me?"

"Even if I were not, I could not stay. I have some hard work to do. Good-night."

She shook her head when he begged to go with her to the house. It was so plainly a dismissal, that he fell back without a word. Overwhelmed with a lover's despair, he watched her white dress flutter away into the night. He had been too bold; how to atone? To fall on his knees beneath her window, and cry out that he was not worthy to lift his face to hers until she had absolved him—it seemed an abasement not too radical to keep pace with his humility. But this mood gave place to one more in accord with the sanguineness of a lover's temperament.

In a delicious maze of fancies and memories, he roamed through the dewy grove, until with a thrill of startled consciousness he realized that the hospital whistle would sound his recall within ten short minutes. He dashed from the orchard and ran up the hill with such speed that the doors had closed safely on him before the whistle had begun its hollow summons.

Never had the conditions of his life seemed so grotesque and miserable, the details of his work so irksome as on that night. But yet throughout, each task was tinged with the golden consciousness of his love for Amy. At the end of his labors, he locked himself in his room and flung himself down in the darkness to dream again.

In the morning he rose at sunrise, and looked out on a world bathed in freshness, and hope, and beauty.

"Let no one ask me how it came to pass. It seems that I am happy—that to me A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass, A purer sapphire melts into the sea."

He murmured the lines to himself, and then as a refrain, "O Amy! Amy! Amy!"

The memory of the girl's pale, virginal loveliness floated between him and reality, as he went about his work, and filled his inner consciousness. To kindle a light of happiness in those dark eyes by a lifetime of unsparing devotion would be a reward no less sweet than the service, and a vocation to which he would gladly give his life.

"If she would only care! If I could only make her care!" was his unspoken cry.

As he went through his ward, where in a kind of professional abstraction he was relieving the wants of his patients, an attendant stopped him with a message.

"You are wanted in the office, Dr. Claverly."

"Immediately?"

"Yes sir."

"What's up, do you know?"

"A new patient, I believe."

"All right, I will be there," answered Claverly, scarcely heeding.

His thoughts rushed back into their old channel, of which the beginning and the end was Amy.

He left the ward, and walked down the long corridor toward the office. At the door he stood for a moment listening to the tumult within. The last thought in his mind was Amy—if she would only care—if he could only make her care. He knocked on the door, and pushed it open.

For an instant he stood like one mortally stricken, then staggered back with his hands clasped over his eyes. A cry of anguish rang through the empty hall.

"My God! Amy!"

EMILY IRISH STANTON.

TO PERDITA

When you do dance—I seem to see
A lily swaying in the wind,
Or slender breeze-blown willow tree!—
And when with white arms intertwined,
And shining hair all backward blown,
Past my enchanted eyes you've flown,—
What wonder that to me you seem
The fleeting vision of a dream?

And when you laugh—I seem to hear
The joyous note of coming spring,
Or bells, that sounding sweet and clear
Their mirthful Tin-tin-ari ring!
It is so blithe, so sweet a sound,
That flings its happiness around,—
What wonder, that the heart of me
Laughs with it in its merry glee?

But when you speak—ah, who can tell
What makes the charm that fetters me!
Is it your voice, that casts the spell
With its caressing melody,—
Or is it just the nameless grace
And beauty of your winsome face?
I know not, nor do care to know
Why 'tis—or how—I love you so!

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Down in an old garden Love sat on the skull of a man and played with the butterflies. His hair shone gold in the sun and his wings were like morning cobwebs on

The Poet's Skull the grass.

Death came clattering along the path with his scythe and scowled.

"Will you please get off," he said, "that belongs to me." Love shook his curls.

"Give him to me, he is mine," repeated Death sternly.

Love kicked his heels against the skull and smiled. "Indeed!" he said saucily, "you don't say so."

"I do!" snapped Death, provoked. "Come, get off."

"I don't think I shall," said Love, "because as I've already implied, he's mine."

"Young Impudence!" cried Death, "I tell you he is not yours. He's mine. Isn't that his grave down there with the cross at the head? Wasn't it I that put him there? He surrendered to me. He is my own."

"Speaking of surrenders," said Love coldly, "He gave up to me long before you ever dreamed of him."

"Happy captive!" sneered Death. "Oh you fancy you rule the world, you do. Because you can make people suffer you think you rule mankind," and Death slammed the butt of his scythe on the path.

"And you?" asked Love with his lids lowered insolently.

"I? Upstart! I am of use, yes, in many things. Among others, I put an end to some of your mischief. That if nothing else would be a raison d'etre,—and worthy mission."

Love made up a naughty face.

"See here, Boy," cried Death. "I can't waste arguments on you. Come, get off," and he swung his scythe threateningly.

Love laughed and sprang lightly up on the skull and danced airily on the polished dome. "How you frighten me! Dear!

dear! I'm one thing, sir, let me tell you, that your old scythe will grow dull trying to kill." Love cocked his head on one side. "Oh you look so funny! Banging that rusty-bladed thing around."

"Oh, laugh by all means," snarled Death.

Love instantly became sober. He stood tugging at one of his curls and looked thoughtfully down at the skull beneath.

"Yes," he said, half whispering, "I killed him long, long, before ever you did. So I—I should think he'd belong to me. Fair game."

Death stood silent.

"You may have stopped his breath," Love went on. "But it was I that took away his life. He was dead long before you came."

"But you took only his heart, not his body," argued Death.

"Yes, I took only his heart," repeated Love, and glanced at a crimson stain on one wing.

"You little brute," cried Death. "I am a god of mercy com-

pared to you. You are damnably heartless."

"Yes, I never had a heart, myself. That is why I can play so well with other people's," and Love smiled with a smile worse to see than Death's ugly grin.

"I shall save this from you anyway," said Death, and motioned angrily toward the skull. "He was too great a poet to be wholly yours."

"Oh," cried Love, "was he a poet?"

"Yes, didn't you know?"

"No. I can't always distinguish," said Love. "All hearts are more or less poets' when I take them."

"Well," said Death, "I especially want his head, because—"

"Well?" said Love, politely.

"You see," went on Death, slowly, "I—I want a new poet. No one's written about me for so long. I don't seem to be popular, and,—well in short I want this poet, and his head is rather necessary to—"

"Oh!" said Love, and an odd wise light came into his innocent eyes. "Is that why you want it?"

"Yes," said Death. "Why did you?"

"Because you wanted it," said Love promptly. "And do you want it so very much?" He leaned forward and looked up sweetly into Death's face. "Come now," he went on, "how

much will you give me if I promise to let you have it?" His voice was soft and caressing. Death forgot and smiled. Love was so fair and rosy.

"If you don't ask too much," said Death reluctantly.

"Oh, it's just this I ask. Let me see your poet when you have him made," said Love, smiling wickedly. "I shall so enjoy laughing at you, and it won't be the first time either."

Death looked grim again. "Well," he said.

"Yes, well!" said Love, and gave the skull a kick that rolled it into the walk. "You may have him."

Then Love hummed softly to himself, and the butterflies came and lighted on his shoulders and hair.

"There, make your poet, you may have his head," Love said and laughed scornfully. "You may have that. I—I have his heart!" and Love flew away triumphantly with the butterflies, while Death stooped down and looked long into the hollow sockets of the skull.

HARRIET CHALMERS BLISS.

THE PLAINT OF THE ZOÖLOGIST

If you're studying zoölogy, some moist unpleasant morning You hear the Voice of Duty calling plain: "Don your walking-skirt and gaiters;

Come to where the crickets wait us In the soggy, sodden leaves and pouring rain."

But you find the Voice of Duty has been misinformed entirely: The crickets don't await you, as it said.

You may search the campus over, Nor a single one discover Save the dead ones, which are very, very dead.

Then, for lack of all material, the class expects dismissal,
And the damp and weary class does not object.

Then you're sure to find the teacher
Can provide for each a creature,
(Though so small it will not properly dissect).

When the period is over, and until the week ensuing You don't want to hear of crickets any more, The enthusiastic greeting

Of a general mass-meeting Salutes you as you pass beyond the door. Then assemble on the campus all the crickets of Northampton, They muster every tribe and every clan:

While from Florence-Hatfield-Hadley-Holyoke-they flock in madly, And the Amherst crickets gather to a man.

Then if you catch a few of them, and think on grass and water To preserve them till occasion shall befall,

They go and die in spasms And it spoils their protoplasms, And they're just a little worse than none at all.

I am sure that all beginners in the science of zoölogy Can confirm me from their own unhappy lot, When I say that in these regions There are crickets found in legions. But that when you come to want them, they are not. RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

Martha Elizabeth had never been to the shore before, but she always had been sure that it was a place where children were

When Jonathan

perfectly happy. She had known that there was a great deal of sand was not Responsible for people to play in, and plenty of water for people to paddle in without

any fear of splashing it where it ought not to be. Jonathan and she had had a dry-goods box full of sand in the back yard where they had made dungeons and continents, and they had paddled several times in the washtubs, set in the middle of the kitchen floor, but Mother didn't let them do that very often because Jonathan always wanted to make waves in his tub, and that generally slopped the water over the kitchen floor, so that Mother said she couldn't afford even a small ocean; it was too ruinous to property.

Now little Martha Elizabeth had come to the "reely" ocean to stay for a whole week, which was almost as good as forever she thought, as she remembered how far off a week always seemed when she was invited to a party. Everything was just as seashorey as could be. Their landlady's name was Mrs. Fish, a most happily appropriate name for that part of the country, Martha Elizabeth thought. Jonathan didn't believe it was "reely" her name. "She jus' pretends it is, so's to draw boarders." But Martha Elizabeth said she was too nice a looking lady to tell such an awful thing that wasn't true.

Now they were going down to the beach for a little while before bedtime. They had been dreadfully afraid that they would have to wait till morning, because Mother was too tired to take them that night. Jonathan protested that he was quite able to take care of them, but Mother never would have vielded to his entreaties if a lovely young lady had not said that she was going to the beach and would be perfectly willing to look after them. Jonathan was very much hurt because mother placed more confidence in a strange young lady than in her own son, but he felt that the present was the time for action rather than argument. After they were started they found that the young lady's "brother" was going too, and that he didn't seem to want them to talk to her. So Martha Elizabeth said, "I guess her brother must love her 'most as much as you love me, Jonathan, and p'raps he hasn't seen her for a long time and doesn't want to be disturbed. Let's not ask 'em to play with us."

"All right," said Jonathan, "'most likely she'd be too 'fraid of her clo'es to have a good time, any way. Grown folks

'most generally are."

Martha Elizabeth felt that this remark was aimed directly at her. She was feeling unusually well-dressed in a new blue gingham with a long ribbon sash behind, and she had been wondering just a little whether sand would hurt the dress, which was a very handsome piece of goods, Mother said. But now she put away all thoughts about "clo'es," determined to show Jonathan that she was free from the foolishness of grown folks.

When they came near the pavilion the young lady and her brother sat down, and didn't seem to care what Jonathan and Martha Elizabeth did, so they watched some little crabs that were running over the sand, and planned a campaign for the next day, and remarked upon the peculiarities of grown people in preferring to sit on chairs in the pavilion, as close together as they could be, instead of on the nice, cool, damp sand where there was plenty of room for everybody. Then they began to wonder about the safety ropes; how deep was it where they ended off, and how many people could sit on them at once?

"Why couldn't we get on 'em anyway, Jonathan, up here where the water doesn't come?" said Martha Elizabeth.

"We can," said Jonathan. "That'll be lots o' fun, an' you're splendid to think of it. Let's play like we do home with the cracks in the sidewalk, and be poisoned if our feet touch after we get up there."

It was pretty hard work getting up, because they did slip most provokingly just when they they were almost up; but finally Martha Elizabeth and Jonathan both sat clinging to the ropes like two little sparrows on a telegraph wire, with their knees bent back under them, and their hands knotty from the strain of hanging on to their treacherous perch. They played "poison" for a while and had just started a piratical excursion when Martha Elizabeth exclaimed, "Oh! Jonathan! see! the water's coming 'way up here now! How'll we get down?"

"Move along," said Jonathan promptly, and he began to wiggle cautiously along the rope. Martha Elizabeth didn't get on very fast. Somehow she was mixed up in her blue gingham skirts; but she wasn't at all frightened. tween her careful little wriggles she managed to ask Jonathan if it wasn't even more exciting than he thought it would be. She was just moving one hand along when Jonathan, who had gotten above dry land again, jumped without the slightest warning. The rope jumped too and alas! there came to Martha Elizabeth a terrible realization that she was going to fall in the water and that she couldn't save herself. The next moment there she lay with her feet twisted round the safety rope and her head and shoulders covered by the little wave that came in just then. Through the water that filled her ears she heard the great laugh that went up from the pavilion, and thought in an agony of mortification that all her petticoats must show and her little pantalettes too. But now there came a big man and lifted her up and set her on her feet. Then Jonathan took her hand and they went slowly up the beach.

"What in the world made you jump off backwards for, Martha 'Lizabeth?"

But all Martha Elizabeth could say was, "Oh Jonathan, let's go straight home to Mother. 'Cause that young lady will be so ashamed of me, she'll never speak to me again."

"Pooh! she wasn't any good anyway. I told Mother I could take care of us all right, and she oughtn't to have taken the 'sponsibility offen my shoulders, else I'd ha' taken care of you. Say, Martha Elizabeth! I don't b'lieve Mrs. Fish'll let you in the

house. 'Cause don't you remember that notice that was hanging in the hall 'bout boarders not being allowed to bring wet clo'es into the house? What do you suppose Mother'll do?"

"Oh Jonathan, she'll have to undress me outdoors!" And then Martha Elizabeth's pent-up feelings gave way. She had spoiled her new dress, she had brought shame and disgrace upon her family, and now she would have to be undressed outdoors!

That night, after they were both in bed, Jonathan and Martha Elizabeth had a long talk through the partitions. "Jonathan," said Martha Elizabeth finally, "don't you b'lieve now that Mrs. Fish is too nice a lady to be so deceitful 'bout her name? Just think how good she was to break her rules for me. And Jonathan, I've got a fine plan for to-morrow. Want to hear it?" "To-morrow," said Jonathan, sleepily.

ETHEL MARGUERITE DELONG.

AT THE CROSSING

A little brook that ripples in the sunlight,—
Stepping stones to cross it, two or three,
Pretty maiden standing on the border,
Cupid hiding in a leafy tree.

Youth comes through the wood a-whistling gaily, Smiles, the pretty maiden there to see, Stretches out his hand to help her over,— Cupid strings his bow in silent glee.

Arrow flies and strikes the shining water,
Maiden gains the shore and does not see,
Youth goes on a-whistling through the meadows,
Cupid weeps that such a thing should be.
FLORENCE GERTRUDE PERKINS.

The Bridegroom was doing warfare with a hatchet and wedge against a huge piano case. The Bride and her Mama stood by, their faces radiant with hope realized.

Two Points of View "I knew Aunt Susan would give you something handsome," said the Bride's Mama. "You know, John dear, Aunt Susan is a perfectly charming old lady—little white curls and caps, and all that—"

"Be careful, Jack, dear boy," interrupted the Bride—"don't pound your precious fingers, and don't scratch the piano. Isn't Aunt Susan a love! A piano is just what the drawing-room needs to be perfect, to give an atmosphere to the rest."

"Here goes," replied the Bridegroom, and with a mighty

wrench tore a board from the front of the case.

Then for the space of five seconds nobody spoke. The Bride's Mama broke the silence with violent words. "It's abominable! it's intolerable! it's—why it's perfectly horrid—who ever heard of a plush piano! a red plush piano! Aunt Susan's a fool!"

"I have heard of them—in bar-rooms," said the Bridegroom.

The Bride sank weeping to the floor. "Don't touch another nail, Jack. Do you think I'll have that thing in my beautiful parlor! and everybody calling, and eyeing it out of the corners of their eyes. A red plush piano! Why, they'd tell everybody. My parlors would be a dime museum."

"Aunt Susan is a fiend!"

"With white caps and curls?" said the Bridegroom.

"This is no time for joking," said the Bride's Mama. "A red plush piano is—serious. What are you going to do with it?"

"Sell it," suggested the Bridegroom.

"Horrors! then some one would have to know about it. No, nail it up quick," said the Bride. "I have a lovely idea—Pearlietta Pratt!"

"Of course, Pearlietta Pratt!" said the Bridegroom.

"She plays the organ, and she's miles away, and she'd dote on plush. Nail it up, Jack—Miss Pearlietta Pratt, Hobbs Corners, Vermont."

"It's what ye call an uncommon handsome piece of furniture," said the critic of Hobbs Corners, some days later, and his wife added, "They say Pearlietty cried and took on like everything when it come. She was that pleased, andshe does play them gospel hymns on it like you'd think you were in heaven."

In the Pratt parlor, Pearlietta's mother was tying in the shutters to keep out the faintest ray of sunlight.

"Pop," she said, "plush is awful delicate."

But Pop only chuckled, "Just think what a figur our Pearlietta'll cut, settin' there, a-playin' to her beaus."

BERTHA BUTLER REEVES.

EDITORIAL

"Why did we come to College?" The answer to this question, whether propounded to others or to ourselves, is an object rather of curiosity and amusement than of any graver interest. The immediate motive which brings a girl to college is frequently either vague or trivial, perhaps external to herself,

perhaps founded on an entire misapprehension.

But if a change is made in the tense, so that the inquiry reads, "Why do we come to College?" its importance is immeasurably increased. "Wherein lies for me individually the value of these four years: where their charm; into just which sides of this many-sided life shall I throw my personal force?" The question is a hackneyed one enough, and it doubtless demands the experience of years of alumna-hood to give a satisfactory reply. Yet some reply, gaining in definiteness with every year, we all do give consciously or unconsciously. There are so many factors in the problem that perhaps no two students ever yet worked it out quite in the same way. But there is one most obvious issue constantly presenting itself as a subject for consideration or even for action to the Faculty, to the student body as a whole, and to every individual; namely, the relative importance of the official course of study and of what is somewhat vaguely known as "the college life."

To me it seems matter for the sincerest congratulation that by most of us these things are not merely combined, but to some extent co-ordinated. We do not really, in spite of our amazingly unscholarly attitude on certain occasions, regard the work of the class-room as a hard condition to be met or evaded as the price of continuing here. Neither do we excuse our share in the social life on the ground that a certain amount of recreation is necessary to keep mind and body in good condition. That would be well enough if social life were to be taken in its narrower sense of teas and dances and plays. But when it is ex-

tended to mean the whole life of this world in little, which is brought so near that it can be studied in all its parts; where every achievement is crowned, every ambition stimulated by the vivid interest of the whole community; where both the resemblances to the great world outside and the differences from it are fascinating—all this we can by no means consider simply as subsidiary to recitations and lectures, papers and required reading. Let us take these latter for their own sake, for the interest attaching to them and the training which they give to intellect and memory. But on the other hand, let us accept the complex student life-with the friendships and organizations. the intercourse with many kinds of people different from ourselves, the excitement of class politics and the quiet of spring evenings on the back campus, and all the varying relations of responsibility and interdependence -as interesting in itself and forming no mean factor in our preparation against the future.

Now the moral of this trite discourse is this; that college work and college life, instead of being antithetical, are so far mutually dependent that no student who rejects either can win the best out of the other. The four years spent in college are an integral part of life, not merely a preparation for it; nay, in their isolation and completeness they often appear a life by themselves. To surrender for so long a time all that is social and constructive in favor of mere acquisition, is to make a sacrifice more disproportionate than that of Browning's Grammarian, who at least left the world richer by a theory of hoti and the enclitic de. And it is difficult to see how anyone who sets so low a value on her own life can have a full or keen appreciation of any history or any literature, which are the records of the lives of others. She, on the other hand, for whom the intellectual side of college has no interest loses incalculably on the social side. She may enjoy with others congenial to her a society differing more in externals than in spirit from that which she might have had at home. But she fails to sympathize with the people around her, or with the college in its most distinctive aspect of a community primarily intellectual. It is the girl who brings into studies and social life alike a buoyant energy, a keen, living, joyous interest, whom we are proud to point out as "the typical college girl."

EDITOR'S TABLE

"I write...of a very small corner of a very great place," says Mr. Flandrau in the Preface to his "Harvard Episodes," and in that small corner, so to speak, lies the kernel of the much-talkedof college-story difficulty. To the outsider the outcry of Yale men over "Yale Yarns," of Wellesley girls over "College Girls," and of Cambridge men over "The Babe," may seem merely the inevitable meed of the prophet on his own campus. For Us Who Know, no such truistic explanation avails. We are all well aware that the vulgarities, however laughable, of a certain set are no more typical of Yale than the absolutely—and deliciously-frivolous attitude of the Babe is typical of Cambridge. The production of these books is to us but one sign of the Hydra-headed nature of every college, with its points of view as numerous as its heads. No complete picture of it can ever be given until-fearful prospect!-all these points of view have been written up.

We can hardly expect the World Outside to understand this all at once, but it does not seem necessary to wait until the mere numerical increase of tales convinces them of the existence of at least a variety of aspects in the life of every college. Mr. Flandrau's Preface before mentioned is the most important recorded step in this direction. If other writers will but follow his example and continue to preface, our families, and other people's, may begin to learn that under-graduates are not all divided into "grinds," "jays," and foot-ball captains; also that there are other elements of interest in our life besides even 'Varsity games, and eleventh-hour crams.

So much for the readers. With the writers, the faults, or as they prefer to say the difficulties, are greater. Critics used even to say that college writers had no style, that a finished style was indeed well-nigh incongruous with a sketch of so rough-and-tumble an affair as modern under-graduate life. This aspersion however "Princeton Stories," and "Harvard Episodes," to mention no others, have thoroughly disproved. The preponderance of the frivolous element in most college stories has also been urged as an objection to them, not quite in the same line as the former. This must necessarily give a false impression, yet one which seems unavoidable in the light of that principle of young human nature which leads the most conscientious student invariably to deny the slightest knowledge of any study. Moreover the extremes of slang in which all under-graduates appear to revel add greatly to the nonerudite impression, to put it mildly, of their reported conversations. There is plenty of serious, enthusiastic work among all college students; and still greater plenty of more elevating episodes in their daily life than hazings or record runs. It seems a pity that more of them have not been written up.

After all the most enduring things in a college career are its friendships. The most valuable lessons are those learned by daily contact with all sorts of our particular kind, an experience seldom repeated in the mixed society of after life. It is in the recognition of this truth that the real value of the college stories lies. It is the peculiar essence of this unique experience that they strive to give, and as they do this well or ill they succeed or fail.

How this essence is practically to be obtained is the open question. Some urge: "Write now, while you are still open to ever fresh and recurring impressions." Others say: "Wait for a perspective." Said perspective may however only blur the impressions. On the other hand, the dangers of immediate transcript of passing impressions are great. Exaggeration and disproportion are almost inevitable. There are, moreover, few spirits as bold as that Harvard youth who wrote up a member of the Faculty for a character-sketch, of which the only fault, the English instructor said, was that it began, "My friend." There are fortunately, it should be added, few subjects so delicate, and many phases of college experience are easily within the scope of under-graduate capacity. To all, certainly, who feel the value of their brief careers, every record, however fragmentary, should be worth preserving; and it is only from the accurate summing up of such scattered memories that the true college story of our ideal can arise.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

If a word in the Alumnæ Department be permitted one who is not an alumna, the Editor would like to make a bit of an appeal to its readers. Realizing that the largest body of the Monthly's subscribers are interested chiefly, perhaps, in these few pages, we are very desirous of making them answer to their interests. But exactly what those are, is just that of which from an under-graduate point of view we cannot be quite certain. In this case the audience are also the speakers, and in reality the Alumnæ Department is in the hands of the alumnæ. It is their own modesty about making corrections which may leave us in ignorance of what they really want; it is their own reticence which may prevent these pages from giving their friends what they want. The Alumnæ Department is really the department " of the alumna," in the possessive as well as the objective genitive. It should be freely the organ of communication between the alumnæ, and from the alumnæ to the under-graduates, and we beg them to remember that it is wholly theirs for either suggestions or contributions, and that to the department will be accorded all the space in the Monthly that the alumnæ care to fill.

POST-GRADUATE WORK AT OXFORD

I am asked to tell something "concrete" about student life in Oxford. Does "concrete" mean that I must say nothing about Magdalen Tower or Addison's Walk, the Isis or the "Eights," primroses or the meadows, the Vice-Chancellor's robes or the scholar's gown, and their respective contributions to that charming abstract—Oxford atmosphere? Does it mean that I must leave out the degree question and any comparison between English and American college women? I shall assume so. For in the most abounding season of the rich Oxford year one must make selection with severe limitations to produce anything coherent as well as concrete. In view of the fact that Oxford seems to me particularly congenial as a place of work for the Smith alumna, I make my guide to selection the questions in my own mind when I was considering whether to work here or not.

Including all the courses of a great university. Oxford offers her finest opportunities for advanced work in classics, philosophy, law, ancient and modern history. It is true, in addition, that a number of students—almost all women—come for the English course. Possibly the Bodleian Library makes it worth while. But the American universities so far offer superior instruction in English literature, and fully equal instruction in language. I should step over England to Germany for philology. The work in classics is world-renowned. Dr. Caird and Professor Stuart speak for the philosophy; Sir Frederick Pollock and Professor Dicey for the law. The history "school"—as each department for examinations is called—is magnificent, with a breadth of variety in its courses, and a strength of authority in its instructors not ex-

celled by any continental university. Bishop Stubbs, York Powell, C. Oman, A. L. Smith, O. M. Edwards are some of its best known names.

Beside these opportunities to learn "everything about something," there are a number of public and semi-public lectures during a term, where the "sight-seer" in learning may gather "something about everything," from Arabic Poetesses to Coöperation. Then there is the extensive course on Oxford—town and University—which has the merit of teaching unconsciously and without extra fee.

The terms are short, eight weeks each, and only three of them in a year. Consequently the student makes the most of them for stimulus and direction, and does a great deal of studying—or "reading" as it is called—in vacations. Americans determined on special book-knowledge find the British Museum and Record Office excellent supplements to the Bodleian. Experience has shown that a two weeks' April trip in Devonshire and Warwickshire will remove any mustiness before returning.

With one exception, every college of the University shares its lecturers and tutors equally with men and women. Women are examined with the men, have a "class" or rank position on the lists, but do not as yet receive the degree. To read over the pamphlets published during the last degree agitation, two years ago, is to obtain a revelation of the attitude of the University. Yet the men who object most to women's receiving the degrees are often the kindest and most helpful for women to work with.

The Oxford system is so different from the system in any of our colleges that an American feels at first she is receiving no teaching at all. She feels at last, however, that she has received the best possible teaching—how to work independently. The tutor or "coach," assigned to a student (two students generally work together) oversees her work, supposedly, and advises her what lectures to take. It is really a matter of indifference to anyone but the student—and her purse. She pays for her courses as she takes them, and for her "coachings"—one or two a week. The "coaching" hour is spent in discussion and criticism of the essay or essays in which the student has embodied her week's work. Here again she does as much or as little as she pleases, reads ten books on the subject or one. Some tutors give a list of authorities. Others prefer the student to do her own hunting of books and find by experience and comparison how to judge of true authority. The average "Freshie" in a college hall, I should say, gets more detailed attention at first, but there are not many girls fresh from school who take the Oxford Honor courses.

The lectures may be divided into two classes—the "digests" and the "originals." The "digests" are often given by men who are original and interesting. They are profitable as an introduction when one is taking up a fresh period in history or a new author in classics. But they are largely used as "crams" for pass examinations, and the close reader finds her time better spent in the Bodleian. If I should ever write an Oxford song, "the Bodleian" would be its refrain. Its treasure grows on one and the opportunities for going to the fountain-head of knowledge make one critical of someone else's concocted draught. The number of lectures attended is apt to drop, as mine did, from eleven the first term to three this term. The "originals." however, are as rare in their way as the manuscripts of the Bodleian. Their

material is fresh and the result of recent labor at the sources. Unless they "count for schools," the under-graduate scorns them. Consequently the "First Class" men, and the graduate women, who in small numbers reverently attend, get scholarship joined with the personality of a noted professor, in an informal way which is delightful and never found in a crowded hall.

These smaller lectures are often in the lecturer's lodgings, but the others are in the great dining halls, where portraits and paneled walls and stained-glass windows are sometimes more absorbing than the lecture. The women sit together at the fellows' tables on the platform. Their life is absolutely separate from that of the men.

All arrangements for instruction, whether a student be in a Hall-Somerville, Lady Margaret, St. Hugh's or St. Hilda's-or boarding as a "Home student" in the town, are made through the "Association for the Education of Women." In view of some unsatisfactory experiences of American friends, I should advise a student coming to work with a definite purpose in some special direction to interview the lady tutor in her subject at one of the Halls. The tutor will tell her fairly and frankly the best man for this student's particular need, and perhaps help her to get him as a "coach." There is a utilitarian view in some limited quarters here that people not working for "schools" do not need the best instruction. The tutors themselves, I may add, never take this view. Of course, if one goes into a Hall this warning is not needed. But though my fall term in Somerville Hall gave me some of the best things, socially and intellectually, in my year, I think that a graduate student is happier in the independence of being a "Home student." It is rather a bore to be counted as a "Freshman" again and not to be permitted to go into a college garden without a chaperon! Though the number of young girls in an Oxford Hall is far less than in an American college, yet it is increasing, and the "college life" is not dissimilar to that at Smith. I think it would be truer to say that it is like the life at Smith as it would have been fifteen years ago, with two thousand men students in the same town, and English conservatism.

The women students in Hall and town have several social organizations in common, debating and musical societies, and athletic games—hockey largely. The English student is as systematic in her play as in her work, and goes at it with the same spirit of concentration—a spirit which is infectious. There is no such crime in the Decalogue as to work between lunch and tea in the afternoon. All Oxford is out—"hockeying" in winter, boating, bicycling at all seasons-between two and four. Tea is the great social hour and no student with a moderate acquaintance takes tea at home, unless she has guests. On Sunday all houses in town and college are thrown open, and one meets celebrities minus cap and gown. But I am afraid that if I begin on the pleasures of Oxford society I shall get into the abstract. In spring term—in a punt on the river, it is difficult not to end up with some sort of a glowing abstract. I wish, however, that Smith students should not dream about ()xford, but come to work in Oxford. Therefore I shall end with the one very concrete item which I have omitted: the price of board in Oxford is not so high as it is in Northampton, and tuition is about the same.

MARY BREESE FULLER '94.

- '91. Grace W. Allen is teaching English in the New Haven High School.
- '93. Carrie Bourland has secured a fellowship in Romance languages at Bryn Mawr.
- '94. Katharine Ware was married in Plantsville, Conn., on June 15, to Mr. George Smith.
- '95. Annie K. Allen returns in October from Europe, where she spent the summer traveling in England, Scotland and Wales.

Amey O. Aldrich received the degree of M. A. from Boston University in June.

Bertha Allen returns from Europe this month and will spend the winter in Washington.

Rebecca Kinsman is teaching English and History in the Salem High School.

Bertha Condé is now a College Secretary for the International Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Isabella Pann Ryder has removed to Rock, Mass.

Constance Iles returns from Europe in October.

Katharine Bingham, a special student, was married in September to Mr. Frederick Thomas Walsh, and will live in Lowell, Mass.

'96. Georgia Pope is to spend the winter in Florence, Italy.

Anne H. Young is teaching in the Bellows School in Boston.

'97. Members of the class of '97 are requested to send any changes of address or degrees to the secretary, N. Gertrude Dyar, 6 Church Street, Newton, Mass.

Ada Comstock is studying Psychology at Columbia.

Anne Barrows is going to be Dr. Rockwell's assistant in the physiological laboratory of the Boston University Medical School.

Alice W. Tallant and Emma Lootz are studying medicine at Johns Hopkins.

Carrie Mitchell is studying history and literature at Columbia.

'98. Gertrude Richmond is teaching at her home in Adams, Mass., in the Training School.

Helen Rose is going to Radcliffe to study literature.

Cora Waldo is teaching Literature and History at Miss Bateman's School in Philadelphia.

BIRTH

Mrs. Clarence Clough (May Shepherd '97) a daughter born in September. Her home is now in Bloomington, Ind.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE LOCATION OF SEELYE HALL

To the alumnæ the first notice of the near possibility of a new academic building came in President Seelye's announcements at the April meeting of the New York Association, and a little later at the Boston meeting. A more definite announcement appeared in the May Monthly, and there it was accompanied by the statement that the Dewey House was to be moved to make room for the new building. That report was rather premature, as nothing definite had then been decided.

Mr. John C. Olmstead, the landscape gardener, had been consulted, and after carefully looking over the grounds had given his opinion as follows:-"The location of a new and large building for recitation rooms and assembly hall is a most difficult and important matter. The greatest convenience would undoubtedly be subserved by having such a building in the middle portion of the college grounds.......The opportunities for good effect in the grouping of buildings which remain are to obtain the contrast between the comparatively broad, open spaces and the buildings, such as is obtained in a formal arrangement by grouping the buildings around an open quadrangle. This we regard as of much greater importance than that any one building be seen to the best advantage. We therefore advise that the new recitation building should be placed with its greatest length east and west in the ground immediately south of Dewey Cottage, perhaps lapping a few feet over the site of the cottage. If care is taken to avoid placing any other building on the open ground north of Dewey Cottage, it appears to us that a very agreeable effect will be secured. By the subsequent removal of the Old Gymnasium, a long vista from the main entrance to the middle of the college grounds will be obtained, affording the best impression possible of the extent of the grounds and of the number of buildings. The west end of the proposed recitation building, if placed in this location, it seems to us should be rectangular in outline and parallel with the adjoining living houses, but the outlines of the building may be broken by rectangular projecting bays or pavilions, so as to avoid any great extent of heavy unbroken wall, which would be out of keeping with the tone of picturesqueness which already characterizes the grounds, and should be carefully preserved."

On this basis the architects York and Sawyer had been for some months at work on plans for a building such as the college needs demanded and adapted to that site.

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees, May 2, 1898, the donation of \$50,-000 was accepted, and the conditions of the donor that this sum should be

used "towards the erection of a new academic building," and that the building should be called "Seelye Hall" were gladly acceded to. The Trustees voted a further sum, and the selection of plans was left in the hands of a committee. Such selection partly involved the selection of the site, but no location was then determined upon.

From the time of that meeting until Commencement stories grew. The Trustees collectively and individually received plenty of protests against the moving of the Dewey House. Faculty, alumnæ and students made known their feeling. "We must have a new building, we can't exist without it, but we would rather not have it where the Dewey stands." "Move heaven and earth, but don't move the Dewey." "Let nothing by the name of Dewey take a back seat."

The feeling of pleasure aroused by the definite announcement made at Commencement time of the gift and of the name to be given to the new building was almost lost sight of in the feeling about the Dewey. At the Trustee meeting held on Monday afternoon of Commencement week, the plans for the building and the plans of the college grounds were most carefully studied. The many difficulties connected with the locating were discussed and the problem of the location of the building was finally left in the hands of a large committee of the Trustees.

That committee met on Tuesday afternoon. Trying to set aside the Dewey site they sought for a new location. They sought it as faithfully as other people sought the "snark," and with as many ideas as they. They walked and paced about the College grounds. Four members would take position as the four corner stones of the new building while the rest of the committee would try to see the building as others would see it in that site. They certainly did consider moving earth, if not heaven, and earth encumbered with buildings. Every possible location was considered, but serious objections were found in reference to any one that was proposed. As a result of their deliberations the site of the Hatfield House was chosen, as in some respects more desirable than that of the Dewey. The Hatfield and the Old Gymnasium were to be moved. Thus, eventually, with the Dewey House taken away there would be an open front campus, with College Hall at one end, Seelye Hall facing it at the other, and the sides occupied by the Music Hall, Lilly Hall, and dormitories. There would also be a back campus and the rotunda of Seelye Hall would overlook that. The building would then be near the centre of the grounds and separate the two open spaces.

With this decision the committee separated. The architects were telegraphed to stop all work and come to Northampton to adjust their plans to a new site, or to make new plans. So affairs stood for ten days; then, summoned by telegraph and telephone, the committee met again on July 2.

The new plans were submitted with the opinions of the architects, whose experience enabled them to see grave objections to the site which had seemed so favorable to the committee. The building could not be so well adapted to that site, it would not stand advantageously unless the Washburn House also could be moved, it would come too near to the Wallace House. It is safe to say that the committee had, not "a bad quarter of an hour," but a most perplexing three and three quarters hours over the problem.

Many other considerations entered into the question, some of which may be mentioned. The moving of the Hatfield was much more difficult than the moving of the Dewey, and could not be done in season for the opening of the college the following fall. If Seeyle Hall were placed there it could not be ready until the fall of 1900 instead of the fall of 1899, and the need for it is immediate. It was felt that the Dewey House must be moved from its present location before many years, in any event. With the future growth of the college, could that space be left open or should some other building be located there? No other building would be as fitting there as the academic building, thus bringing the two administration buildings near together.

So the committee gave their decision for the Dewey House site, and with the opening of the new term the Dewey will be in its new location and work will be progressing rapidly on Seelye Hall. Traditions are quickly established in a college that has as yet but twenty-five years behind it. New classes will welcome the more ample steps of Seelye Hall for Ivy Day and the ivies will take kindly to the new walls.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE '83.

The work on the foundations of Seelye Hall has been delayed by the discovery of quicksands: but the plans are now changed and great progress will soon be observed. The new chemistry building which is under construction on Elm Street between the Stoddard House and the Catholic church will soon be completed, and will probably be ready for use next semester. The new dormitory next to the Morris House is finished and has been named the Tyler House in honor of the late Professor Tyler of Amherst, one of the oldest and most honored trustees of this college. This house holds fifty students, thus considerably increasing the campus accommodations.

Another building which interests the students especially, as it has been built by subscriptions from them and the people of Northampton, is the pretty new Club House at the "Warner Meadow Golf Links." Tea is served to the members and their guests every Saturday afternoon.

There have been several changes in the Faculty this year. Miss Grace Hubbard. who had all the Junior and Senior classes in prose literature, is away this year on a leave of absence and is studying in Paris. Mr. Frederick King, a graduate of Wesleyan College, takes her place. Mr. Dennis, Princeton '92, has been appointed assistant to Dr. Hazen in the History Department. Miss Elizabeth Lewis, Smith '95, fills Miss Wood's place as assistant in the English Department. Miss Helen I. Whiton, Smith '94, is assistant in the Literature Department in place of Miss Stella Bradford.

A good many students ordered pictures of the Faculty last spring and have not called for them. They will greatly oblige the committee by calling for them as soon as possible. They are with Miss Rand '99, Hatfield House.

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CALENDAR

Sept. 22, Opening of College.

24, Reception of the Christian Association.

Oct. 1, Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.

5. Lawrence House Dance.

8, Meeting of the Alpha Society.

10. Kneisel Concert.

12, Sophomore Reception.

13, Mountain Day.

22, Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.

25, Hubbard House Dance.

29, Meeting of the Alpha Society.

Nov. 12, Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.

The

Smith College

Monthly

Movember = 1898.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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LOUISE BARBER.

CLARACE GOLDNER EATON,

MABELLE MORRIS UFFORD.

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NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.

GRADUATE STUDY

One of the most noticeable facts in the recent progress of American education is the rapid multiplication of facilities for graduate study. Fifty years ago American bachelors of arts wishing to follow intellectual pursuits except those of the three learned professions and literature were forced to Europe for their training. On their return these men imparted to their colleges something of the scholarly habit and spirit acquired under foreign conditions, until at length by vigorous imitation and adaptation of European-more specifically German-methods a distinctively American type of university has developed. Instead of the few and notable students who formerly sought higher degrees in Europe there are now scores who make the scholastic pilgrimage, while hundreds obtain similar results in the less complex conditions of their own country. Practically every college offers advanced degrees, even if it have no courses leading thereto; and annually legislatures are employed in reconstructing colleges into universities by a change of charter, unfortunately not always accompanied by a change of character. The time-honored Commencement congratulation on the "felicitous completion of your education" has given place to the less courtly question, "Where are you going next?" and one proves

inadequate to the situation who fails to ask recent graduates what they are studying.

Manifestly there are diverse reasons for this increasing interest in graduate work. Roughly they may be divided into two classes, the desire for knowledge and the desire for something to do. Owing to peculiar social and economic conditions, the latter reason applies more to women than to men. Our educational system develops in both the same longing for activity, the same habit of working under direction, the same social, even communal, instinct; but society does not offer to both the same means for satisfying the expectations thus aroused. The gravest charge that can possibly be brought against American colleges for women is the large number of discontented alumnæ of from three months to three years standing. The responsibility, however, must be shared with society at large, the homes, and the individual alumnæ. But when the most generous division has been effected there is left to the colleges a sufficient amount to assure them that their problems are not all solved and neither have they already attained.

It was not an exclusively English type of girlhood that Du Maurier immortalized with the statement: "Papa's blind and mamma's an invalid, and it's so stupid at home that I am going into hospital training. One must have something to do, you know." In these, or even in less obvious and exigent circumstances, the simplest form in which this "something" can come is in the continuance of the work already pursued. The momentum acquired by four years of college life is not easily overcome, and unless one is sufficiently learned in physics to understand something of the principles of the transmission of energy one may easily suppose that motion in a straight line is the best or even the only method of progress. Consequently we find the universities supplying this demand for something to do with courses of study slightly expanded beyond those offered in the colleges, broad, general, interesting, "information" courses, extremely pleasant and profitable. In many of the older institutions these are the courses leading to the degree of A.M., and are given by the undergraduate faculty. Most seniors who care at all for their work wish that they might be seniors twice, once to do the work necessary to satisfy the requirements of "groups" and other systems, the studies made possible by schedule and committee work, and once to select at will among the distracting

number of desirable electives. To such students graduate work of this class offers inducements for an indefinite prolongation of senior year with new surroundings, agreeable society, ample leisure, and no Commencement rush at the end.

There is another kind of graduate work developed to meet another demand. This belongs to the universities alone; it is specialized, minute, individual, in the German sense of the word, scholarly. No general desire for the continuance of activity already become a pleasant habit, no longing for the repetition of sorely missed social conditions should tempt one to begin this work. Nothing but consecration to an ideal of knowledge at once broad and deep, comprehensive and detailed, is adequate preparation for this kind of study; and in addition one must have strength and patience to pursue unfalteringly a path that is always difficult, often monotonous, sometimes uncertain, and at the end solitary. Unlike the college, the university offers work not as an incident of life, but as life; not work mitigated by scores of diversions but work unmitigated, relentless in its demands on time and strength.

The scholar's life, by its very conditions, must be solitary; and this the student early discovers. The community of intellectual interest essential to a college is necessarily lacking in a university. The students are obviously absorbed in their own problems, and generally feel and often manifest the frankest indifference to the problems of others. Class work, in which college students gain a large part of the benefit derived from any course, is considered a crutch to be thrown away as soon as one can use one's intellectual feet; lectures become infrequent in advanced courses; seminars demand individual study and personal investigation; students pass from under direct tutelage, and are guided by general principles and indirect suggestions, working toward the ideal of knowing about some one subject "all that every one knows and more than any one knows."

As the university work is solitary, so is its life in comparison with that of the college. This is true not only because of the exacting demands on time, but also because the majority of students are beyond that stage of youth in which new surroundings necessitate new friendships. Intimacy is more serious and consequently less frequent at twenty-five than at eighteen; and generally one has acquired sufficient awe of one's own individuality to restrain one from hurling it at those with whom acci-

dent has brought one into association. Moreover, the communal life under the maternal roof of the college has no parallel, and the students live scattered about a town in which they form an entirely insignificant factor.

Perhaps the most novel condition afforded by the university to the recent college graduate is the judgment by absolute rather than by relative standards. To have one's mind estimated without regard to its immaturity, to have one's work measured by actual value rather than by the average undergraduate ability. to have one's most laborious products lacerated and dissected and laid bare in a seminar, strangely suggestive of a clinic, and to see the mangled remains carelessly tossed aside as containing no germ of real worth, to listen to absolutely impersonal statements of one's power, to appreciate criticism however adverse, to be content with one's own approbation, to expect no sympathies and condolences for one's failures, to recognize the real worth of that which seems to others mere drudgery, to discover for one's self one's corner in the field of knowledge, to resign hopes of great discoveries and brilliant elucidations, to settle quietly to the task of studying umlauts or arranging statistics or counting heart-beats that the road to ultimate knowledge may be a little smoother, even to learn as the days go by that one is preparing a road over which one's own feet will never pass,—in these requirements lie some of the severest tests of the scholar's devotion.

It is an open question whether the ordinary or even the extraordinary student is ready for study of this kind immediately on leaving college. If she is sure of herself, if her subject has taken possession of her, if her imagination grasps and does not shrink from the demands of this life, she may safely enter it. If she succeeds, her reward will be one that few will understand and most will esteem lightly; but for her the best will be attained. If, however, a student is uncertain either of her interest or of her endurance, she will do well to wait until she knows better herself and her life. And if, as will often happen, she finds that other interests have more strenuous claims, that for her the best lies elsewhere, then she has cause for gratitude that she has not burdened the world with another inadequate and unproductive scholar.

ELIZABETH DEERING HANSCOM.

WHITHER?

The waves go on across the world,
From out the East lit with dim stars
Into the pallid West, where dreams
Throng thick behind the star-light bars.

The bars of light like pillars slim

Hold up the stars above the sea;
I wonder why the stars are dim?
I am so tired of mystery.

'Tis strange to watch the marching sea Haunted by death forevermore,— Just now I saw one rapturous wave Perish in light upon the shore.

Yet does the pilgrimage go on,
From out the East lit with dim stars
Into the pallid West, where dreams
Throng thick behind the star-light bars.

The eager sea oblivious

Of aught but life, holds on its way:
But is it journeying toward light,

Dark Angel—hid in robes of Day?

The white West stretches out its arms.
Such radiance might hide anything.
The holy curtain I would rend—
The gates of knowledge open fling!

O bars of star-light, draw you back,
And let the dreams come out to me!
Perchance they are interpreters.
I am so tired of mystery.

GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD.

A WAR-TIME STORY

The reporter leaned over the dying man, his notebook and pencil ready. He was making a collection of battlefield stories for his paper,—the people were interested in that kind of thing just then. All about him were the horrible signs of recent conflict; far off sounded straggling shots. The reporter knelt down and raised the man's head a little.

"I s'pose I'm dying," said the man.

The reporter's brain was full of war stories: of last farewells to mothers and sweethearts and friends.

"I wouldn't say that, my man. Where are you hurt?" he asked.

"Somewhere here in my off side," the man gasped.

The reporter took a little flask from his pocket and put it to the other's lips. It seemed to revive him.

"Yes, I guess I'm done for," he repeated.

For answer the reporter gently pushed back the man's clothing. The reporter had not a hard heart, only calloused enough to help him in his work. At first sight the wound did not seem so serious; only the one little dark spot in the left side, below the heart. But one glance at the man's face told the reporter the truth. Already it wore the drawn waxen look which is the unmistakable shadow of death. The reporter had seen it all too often since he had been a follower of the army. It must be an internal hemorrhage, he thought.

It was mid afternoon and the tropical sun shone full and hot. The reporter leaned over the man so as to shade his upturned face.

"I am afraid it's a bad go, my man; here, take some more of this. You're not bleeding much now."

The man drank again eagerly. He seemed about twenty-six years old. He was not a prepossessing sight. His hair lay matted and wet around his face, which was white under the tan; his mouth was loose and tremulous, his two upper front teeth were broken off and he breathed through the space they had left with a little whistling sound.

5 4

"Well, I ain't got much to leave," he murmured.

The reporter listened intently. This might make his leading death scene.

"No, I ain't,—seein' I've got to take my nateral cussedness with me."

"Perhaps there is a message—something—you'd like to send to someone," said the reporter. It seemed useless to hold out hope to a man with that look on his face.

"No." The man spoke slowly and with difficulty. "There ain't a soul on the earth." He looked up into the reporter's face, hesitated, then went on. "My dad died before I was born, and my mother died when I was born. I was brought up—on a town farm—in a city—in Illinois. I—I don't know of anyone who'd want to know whether I kicked the bucket or not."

The burning sun beat mercilessly down on the two, yet the reporter took off his light coat and rolling it up slipped it under the other man's head.

"I worked for my keep as soon as I was knee high to a grass-hopper," the man went on, "always fightin' to live, seems though, an' now I'm dyin'—fightin'!" The trembling mouth had tightened. "I ain't great for dwellin' on the state of my feelin's though, for I ain't never had any to speak of. Barrin' a dog I owned when I was minin' out in Colorado, I ain't fussed much over anything."

The man glanced down at his long helpless legs, and a whimsical smile broke over his face. "I wouldn't be much use in a retreat now, would I?" he asked.

It was the first time he had smiled and it changed his whole face. It lighted it, made one understand the wrinkles about his mouth. That smile moved something deep down in the reporter's heart that had lain dormant for a long time, and he brushed back the hair from the man's forehead with a touch as tender as a woman's.

"I remember—six years back—one day that's good to think of now. I was out—in Colorado then. Got held up by a snow-drift. Kinder cool an' nice to have in yer mind now, when you're burnin' up—an' no hopes it'll be any cooler for yer—in yer next diggin's."

The man paused a little, then went on with a little laugh. "That there dog I mentioned—a while back—undertook to get me help that day—he was life preserver an' friend. Them two don't often jine claims, do they?"

The reporter looked keenly down to see if he could find any trace of the bitterness of tragedy in the man's face, but it was serenely calm. There was a long silence. For once the reporter did not think of a question to ask.

"The ambulance people will be along pretty soon," said the

reporter finally, "I'll see that they find you before then."

"You're mighty good, stranger." The man looked up with deprecating blue eyes. "I noticed some water a piece back as we were comin' up. I—I'd like a drink of water—if it isn't too fur,—I don't know as I should—." Before he could finish the reporter had reached for the man's empty canteen.

"If you'd turn me—on my sound side—the sun—couldn't be—

so sassy."

The reporter carefully moved him over on his right side, then started off for the water; he knew where it was.

"I'll be back soon," he called back. It was valuable time he was spending with this one man. He could not have explained why he was so drawn to him.

The man on the ground waited until there was no longer any chance of the reporter's being in sight; then he slowly and painfully put his hand into the inside pocket of his coat, drew out a small dark tintype and looked earnestly into the round young face of the girl who smiled back at him.

The likeness was of a kind known as the "colored tintype," and the girl's cheeks were done in a cherry red, her eyes a china

blue and her hair a bleached yellow.

"The picter ain't a bit purtier than you be, honey," the man murmured. He put it softly to his lips. "I'm kissin' you, little girl. Message to send yer! Well I guess not! Don't s'pose old Dave is fit for such as you to cry about.—The onliest reason I left yer was because I wasn't goin' to spile yer chances.—I knew the day you give me the picter—that I'd better clear out,—not that I see you loved me—but I didn't know what tomfoolery yer might take into yer little head. The boss wa'n't none too good for you." The man laid his cold drawn face against the little tin square, then laboriously dug a little place in the earth beside him with the fingers of his left hand.

"I'm goin' to bury you, dearie—I ain't goin' to let no one have this—no one," he gasped.

"Good-bye, little girl, good-bye." He pushed the tintype hard into the ground and it slipped down out of sight easily. The

man brushed the earth back over the place and completely hid the newly covered spot. Then he carefully wiped off his hand.

"That man's a white man, but—he ain't goin' to see that," he said wearily.

The reporter came back with the water and stooped over the man. He stood up again in a second and set down the canteen.

"I was afraid he wouldn't hold out," he said, "I'll save this water." He knelt down again and closed the wide blue eyes and fastened the man's coat about him.

"There wasn't much of a story in him, but after all, I'm glad I stood by him," he added.

FLORENCE WELLER HITCHCOCK.

COOPER'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

At the side of Irving, sharing with him the honors as creator of a school of American literature, stands James Fenimore Cooper; a figure conspicuous not only for literary attainment, but for a career marked with sudden and violent changes, embracing periods of greatest popularity and greatest disrepute; a man now the object of the warmest praise and again the butt of the severest criticism. It is less than fifty years since Cooper died, and yet his personality and his influence have been so dimmed and lessened by intervening time that it is a little difficult for us to realize how strong was this personality and how widespread its influence. Cooper is in a certain sense "a tale that is told." His stories no longer hold the commanding place in fiction once given them. To a great extent they are relegated to the domain of boy literature—not an inglorious domain, certainly, but one in which we must have a care to do him justice.

Cooper's literary career was not foretold by a pointing finger of predestination, but began in a manner almost accidental. Before he was thirty he showed no literary inclinations whatsoever; his education was fragmentary, and his brief career at college was, like Stevenson's, chiefly remarkable for what he did not learn. What wonder that his works abound in technical errors, and show the most sublime disregard for the rules of unity and of grammar! The story told is that one day while reading aloud to his wife an English novel, he exclaimed in dis-

gust, "I think I could write a better one myself," at which his wife, whether agreeing or not, suggested that he try. The novel "Precaution" was the result of this attempt. It was a tale of English life, insufferably stupid and didactic, and in a short time it sank into the oblivion which it deserved. Cooper's actual knowledge of English life was limited to the observations made in a ten days' stay in London, between cruises of a merchant vessel. His choice of a subject so manifestly out of his province is explained by the state of literary thought and criticism at the time. It was in the early twenties of this century; Irving had as yet published nothing but short sketches, and in the intellectual world there was the most abject adherence to English thought and literary form. Upon Cooper as a novice this adherence exercised its restrictive influence.

After "Precaution" appeared, Cooper's friends appealed to him to write a story of American life. At this suggestion, using as a foundation a narrative told him by John Jay, the late commissioner to Paris, Cooper wrote "The Spy." It was a story of border warfare, a subject as yet untried in the domain of literature, and its success was phenomenal. On the Continent it was no less eagerly read than at home. Cooper's fame was started, and continued in a steadily increasing circle during the publication of "The Pioneers," "The Pilot" and "The Last of the Mohicans," which followed "The Spy" at comparatively short intervals. Prejudices against American authorship were thrown to the winds; even the most conservative of English reviews gave the new writer warm welcome, characteristically however after his fame was well established. Between the years 1820 and 1832, "The Red Rover," "The Prairie," "The Water Witch," "The Pathfinder," and "The Deerslayer" appeared, and there seemed to be no diminution of Cooper's popularity. There was a period, coming after this, which was less fortunate; when Cooper wrote "Homeward Bound" and "Home as Found," besides ten long weary books of travel, and other things. Cooper's reputation was based upon more solid foundation, however, and this less happy work was not sufficient to overthrow it.

Before remarking the causes and effects of Cooper's popularity, it is interesting to note the more material side of it. The sales of his books in America alone were extraordinary. Before noon on the day on which "The Pioneers" came from the publishers,

thirty-five hundred copies were sold in New York alone. This would be a large sale even to-day when the population is six times as great. Reports of the sale in Continental cities would seem almost incredible, if not given on such good authority as that of Samuel Morse: "In every city of Europe that I visited the works of Cooper were conspicuously placed in the windows of every bookshop. They are published as soon as he produces them in thirty-four different places in Europe. They have been seen by American travellers in the languages of Turkey and Persia, in Constantinople, in Egypt, at Jerusalem, at Ispahan."

Such popularity seems at first thought almost disproportionate. And yet was it so? Scott had started the fashion for the novel of adventure. Cooper, calling himself a "chip from the old block," profited by appealing to a taste already cultivated. The credit due to him lies in the fact that he appreciated the material which lay around him. Drawing from actual knowledge he drew more accurately. A comparison of the sea experiences in Scott's "Pirate" and Cooper's "Pilot" illustrates this; Scott drew from imagination and drew well; Cooper drew from life and drew better. Before the publication of "The Pilot," Cooper read parts of it aloud to an old sea captain. Immensely moved by the stirring descriptions, the old fellow paced up and down the room. When Cooper paused, he hesitated a moment, covering up the traces of excitement, and then said gruffly-"It's all very well, but you've let your jib stand too long, my fine fellow."

While it often happened that Cooper was extremely careless in working up details, he showed himself capable of very painstaking work. According to Bancroft, the description of the Battle of Bunker Hill in "Lionel Lincoln" is the best ever given. In other respects the book is a failure. Whenever Cooper depended upon anything but two or three bold types of character and out-of-door adventure for the interest of his tales, he failed utterly. His women are mere sawdust dolls. When he began to write he chose one,—a china-headed one, I think, with pink cheeks and blue eyes, dubbed her a "female" and carried her triumphantly through tale after tale, never relenting over that original christening. He carried her because she was a creature incapable of doing a single thing for herself. When the Indians whooped their loudest she was liable to faint, or do something equally helpful to her unlucky escort. One wonders that he was never tempted to leave her to her fate, because she was so

oppressively proper on all occasions if for no other reason. But such an unworthy thought would never have entered the head of the Cooper hero. He was pure devotion to the sawdust doll. As a genus, Cooper heroes do no superfluous thinking. The function is somewhat exclusively confined to one of them; the favored specimen being the scout who figures prominently in most of the stories, now under the guise of the Deerslayer, now of the Pathfinder—again as Natty Bumpo, or as Harvey Birch. In justice to Cooper it must be said that the character is a fine one, even though often overdrawn. It represents a type possibly not common, but at least existing at the time of the Indian wars. As to the Indians themselves, it is difficult to judge. The shortest visit to an Indian reservation of to-day would be sufficient to bring in a verdict of idealization in Cooper's case. And yet our degenerate specimens are not fair representatives of the Indian race. Whether true or false, Cooper's conception of the Indian character has been almost universally accepted; and to this day in Europe the prevailing idea of the Indian has been drawn almost exclusively from Cooper's novels. Cooper's general weakness in creating or painting character makes this seem like a strange anomaly. "If Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character," says Balzac, "to the same extent that he succeeded in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word in our art."

Thackeray, in his "Yellow-Plush Papers," has deliciously satirized Cooper's stub-pen method of painting character, as well as the exaggerated expression of his love of country. It is wonderful and delightful to think of what Cooper would do if he could read it. Irascibility was his strong personal characteristic, and sense of humor his weakest—to speak more correctly, his absolute lack of a sense of humor. It leads him all unawares into strange lands. His attempts at dialect are truly pitiful. When he wishes a character to belong to a certain station in life, he does not deprive him of all resources of vocabulary and grammar, but makes him say 'arth for earth. One acknowledges the added simplification of writing. So too it was in certain early theatres with signs "Here is a tree" where there was no tree.

Cooper was helpless—absolutely helpless,—before such a man as Mark Twain. In a discussion of Cooper, centering around Professor Lounsbury's statement that "The Deerslayer" was pure

art, Mark Twain says, "Cooper's gift in the way of invention was not a rich endowment, but such as it was he liked to work it. In his little box of stage properties he kept six or eight cunning devices, tricks, artifices, for his savages and woodsmen to deceive each other with. . . . A stage property that he pulled out of his box pretty frequently was his broken twig. He prized this broken twig above all the rest of his effects and worked it the hardest. It is a restful chapter in any book of his when somebody doesn't step on a dry twig and alarm all the reds and whites for two hundred yards around. Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. There may be a hundred handier things to step on, but that wouldn't satisfy Cooper. Cooper requires him to turn out and find a dry twig, and if he can't do it, go and borrow one. In fact 'The Leather Stocking Series' ought to be called 'The Broken Twig Series.'"

Cooper's real province in literature was that of pure narrative. In that his genius lay. He never allowed the action to halt, but crowded event upon event in a mass truly bewildering unless the reader enters enthusiastically into the spirit of adventure. In his sea stories he opened up a new and hitherto untried domain in fiction. Later we find Stevenson and Kipling treading this path, and with their followers bringing literary taste back again, in the long swing of the pendulum, from the Bulwer-loving stage which followed the Scott and Cooper stage. It is not by virtue of Cooper's painting of character, or by any exhaustive study of motives, that he wins and holds the interest of his readers. One never feels that the events and complications are affected by the characters, but rather that the events are cornering the characters and leaving them to get out as best they may. One always has the comfortable assurance, however, that they will get out. They possess a sort of Biblical "strength against their enemies." It is precisely this sort of thing which appeals to a certain type of mind most strongly. It is a dominant type in boyhood. Du Maurier recognizes it when in "The Martian" he tells us of the effect of "Fènimore Coupère" read aloud in French to the school boys, and of their delight in the beloved "Bas de Cuir, with that magic rifle that so seldom missed its mark and never got out of repair."

Though Cooper was eminently a novelist of the people, the recognition of his genius was not limited to the people alone. Among others Miss Edgeworth was his warm admirer, and Miss Mitford wrote to a friend, "Have you read the American novels? In my mind they are as good as anything Sir Walter ever wrote. I envy the Americans their Mr. Cooper." Scott himself was a friend and admirer of Cooper, and expressions of admiration are to be found in almost all the critical writings of the middle part of this century.

After twenty years of such unprecedented popularity, Cooper fell from favor to a great degree, and it is scarcely possible that he will ever regain the place once lost. It has been filled by Kipling and Stevenson, Gilbert Parker and a host of others. And yet it was Cooper who made openings for them, who established models, who was such a potent factor in furthering literary development in America, and who to this day stands conspicuous for having risen higher on the tide of popularity, and for having been the idol of greater numbers of people than any writer who has yet succeeded him in his own country.

CAROLINE MARMON.

A LULLABY

Lullaby lo, little baby so dear,
Sail away through the twilight deep
In the ship of my song, with never a fear,
Dreams for the lading, love to steer,
Over the sea of sleep.

Look how the sleepy-head daisies so fair
Drowsily nod in their night-gowns of white,
Shadows for coverlets;—never a care
Have they at the eventide to bear,
Asleep in the lap of the night.

And hark how the pines sing lullabies low, Hushing the little winds tenderly With a sleepy crooning, soft and slow, Burdened with dreams of the long ago And a dream of things to be.

And little white clouds afloat all day,
With their own little shadows that never were still
Over the billowy grasses at play,—
See how they rest in the twilight gray,
Asleep on the breast of the hill.

Good-night, little drowsy white star in the west,
A-blinking and winking just over the hill;
Good-night, little cloudlets asleep on its breast,
And the little, swift-footed breezes at rest,
And flowers dreaming and still.

And lullaby, hushaby. baby so dear,
Sail away through the twilight deep
In the ship of my song, with never a fear,
Dreams for the lading, love to steer,
Over the sea of sleep.

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

THE COURTING OF DOROTHEA

The Freshman lighted his pipe in a leisurely and self-confident manner most provoking. He took a few puffs, and then looked across the study table at the Senior.

"To attempt to carry class distinction into a matter of this kind," he said, "is most absurd and childish. What if you did enter college three years before I did? That gives you no authority in this case. Do you think that I will defer to you now because you sit at the head of the table and I at the foot?"

"It is not merely that," replied the Senior with ill-concealed rage. "I have known Miss Wilcox much longer than you. I was in love with her when you were a school-boy."

"Then you should have come to the point sooner," said the Freshman. "Are Miss Wilcox's many admirers to wait until you have made up your mind? As for my desire to be first to ask her to marry me," he continued, "you are hardly in a position to laugh at that. It may be absurd; I have not analyzed it. But I confess that it is strong. Moreover, I shall be guided by it."

"Then you refuse to listen to reason?" said the Senior.

"To your reasoning," replied the Freshman.

The Senior's lips curled in a sarcastic smile.

"There is another method that may appeal more to a sport like yourself," he said. "We might match for it."

"Very well," said the Freshman with alacrity. "Two out of three."

The Senior shook his dime in his hand and laid it on the table.

The Freshman did the same. Cautiously they took up their hands.

"Heads," said the Senior.

"Tails," said the Freshman. "You win."

Again they bent over the table.

"Tails," said the Freshman.

"Heads," said the Senior. They took up their coins again.

"Now this decides," said the Freshman. "I match you."

"Stop," said the Senior. "I will not consent to this. I proposed it merely in sport. You cannot expect—"

The Freshman rose to his feet with a look of unutterable con-

tempt.

- "What a crawl!" he exclaimed. "I am glad that you made it, however, as it dissolves our agreement. I am going immediately to call on Miss Wilcox."
- "Are you going to ask her to marry you?" demanded the Senior.
 - "I am," replied the Freshman.
 - "You are not," cried the Senior, "I shall go with you."

The Freshman smiled and opened the closet door.

"Oh, if it comes to that," said he, "I think that I can dispose of you with little difficulty."

The Senior shouted something improper, and sprang to his feet, fairly pale with impotent rage. He was no athlete, while the Freshman had played on the football scrub, and had chances for next year's 'Varsity. The struggle was violent but brief. The Freshman slammed the door and turned the key.

"Now you may as well keep quiet," he said, "and when I have been to see Miss Wilcox I will come back and let you out."

The Senior swore from the depths of the closet, and shook the door in vain. He heard the Freshman go down the hall whistling with a cheerfulness that amounted to insolence. In a few minutes the hall door slammed, and he knew that the Freshman was in the street.

The Senior sprang furiously against the door, and shook and pounded it with all his might. It held firm. Then he shouted at the top of his lungs, and listened. Dead silence reigned over the house. Every man in the fraternity must have gone to the baseball game, unless perhaps Brown, the grind, who roomed on the floor above. The Senior hesitated a moment. He saw a vision of caustic roasts in the class-book, and of a shameful

story handed down from year to year. Then he thought of Dorothea, and roared again.

As the Freshman stepped down from the electric car at the corner of the street on which Dorothea lived, he happened to glance up the avenue in the direction from which he had come. Far off he saw a carriage coming on at a gallop. A dire presentiment struck through to his soul. As he looked, a man's head appeared through the carriage window and was quickly withdrawn, while the driver lashed his horses again.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Freshman to himself, breaking into a run. "I foresee an extraordinary afternoon for Dorothea!"

He darted down the street, and up the steps of Dorothea's house. He rang the bell, and stood waiting, his eyes fixed on the corner, watching for the carriage to appear. The maid seemed an endless time in answering the bell—and then, what if Dorothea were out, or should keep him waiting? All at once he heard a welcome sound from the drawing-room. Dorothea was singing. He ground his heel into the door-mat and swore softly, but checked himself as the maid opened the door. At the same moment the carriage whirled around the corner. The Freshman brushed past the maid and with three strides was in the drawing-room.

With a little exclamation of surprise Dorothea rose from the piano-stool and came forward to meet him. The Freshman lost no time.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Wilcox," said he rapidly, "for coming in in this unceremonious way. And George Chase will be here in a minute, too. I want to warn you, so that you won't be surprised. He may act rather curiously, and so may I. I want to ask a favor of you. Please pretend to see nothing queer in whatever we do. Will you? I will come this evening and explain it all to you." There was a tremendous clatter of hoofs outside as the carriage pulled up before the house. "There, that is Chase," said the Freshman.

"He looks it," observed Dorothea, as the carriage door burst open and the Senior fairly tumbled out on the sidewalk.

The Freshman glanced at her with approval.

"Will you promise me?" he asked. "Will you try to take everything as a matter of course?"

Dorothea looked at him in laughing wonder. The door-bell pealed.

"Yes, I will try to," she said. "Is it a joke, Mr. Morgan?"

"A big one," said the Freshman. "No it isn't," he added quickly, "it's a very serious matter."

The maid passed through the hall.

"I will explain it all to-night," said the Freshman.

"Very well," replied Dorothea, "I shall not forget my promise."

A moment later the maid ushered in the Senior, wild-eyed and red in the face. He paused a moment in the doorway, looking very much as if he were grinding his teeth. Dorothea went to him, and gave him her hand with her sweetest smile. As he took it he looked beyond her at the Freshman, who returned his glance, a little flushed but serene.

"Why, this must be telepathy," said Dorothea. "I was thinking of you just a moment ago, Mr. Chase, and when I saw the carriage I felt perfectly sure that you were coming."

"That is a strange thing," said the Freshman pleasantly, "So did I. But until then, George, I had felt pretty sure that you were not coming."

The Senior turned to Dorothea.

"It is better never to be sure of anything. Don't you think so, Miss Wilcox?"

"Much better. We are quite in the dark, and may as well acknowledge it." She glanced at the Freshman.

"Exactly," he said, "you are sure of nothing. I am sure of nothing. Mr. Chase is sure of nothing. Perhaps it is quite as well, however."

Dorothea changed the subject.

"There is a baseball game at the college this afternoon, isn't there?" she asked. "How does it happen that you are not there, Mr. Morgan? I thought that you were a great enthusiast."

"I am," said the Freshman. "However—" he broke off, with an audacious glance.

"I imagine it will be a very good game," said the Senior. His effort to smile pleasantly was painful to see.

"Did all the fellows from the house go down?" asked the Freshman.

"All but Brown," replied the Senior.

"He is your grind, isn't he?" demanded Dorothea.

"Yes; a mighty good fellow," replied the Freshman with enthusiasm. "I think you would enjoy meeting him. He tells a good story as well as any man I ever knew."

The Senior turned fairly purple with suppressed rage. He saw that the Freshman's diabolical perspicacity had shown him

the situation in all its possibilities.

"He must be very interesting," said Dorothea, "I should like to meet him."

Just then the Senior's eyes met the Freshman's. He settled down in his chair a little, and crossed his legs. It was a slight action, but it showed his intention. He meant to outstay the Freshman.

The Freshman rose with a smile.

"I must leave you," he said. He turned to Dorothea. "About that little agreement of ours—I beg your pardon, George—it was awfully good of you, and I hope that you will still keep it in mind."

"I won't forget," she said with a smile.

The Freshman went toward her with a warning light in his eyes.

"Well, good-bye, dear," he said. He bent quickly over her and kissed her. "I will come this evening."

Dorothea gasped, and for a moment the Freshman trembled. But her blazing eyes looked unflinchingly into his as she said with only a little tremor in her voice, "Good-bye."

He went quickly out, and Dorothea turned to the Senior and began talking, perhaps a little at random. However, the Senior was not altogether calm himself.

He left her soon, and she ran up to her room and sank down on her bed.

"I must refuse to see him when he comes to-night," she said to herself. "No, it is only fair to give him a chance to explain. I shall be very cold, though. I'm angry with him—terribly angry."

And then Dorothea laughed.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TRIOLETS

I.

The boat lies so still,
And the spot is so shady,—
If we only don't spill!
The boat lies so still,
I must try it, I will,
My too-tempting-lipped lady!
The boat lies so still,
And the spot is so shady!

II.

Do I hear thee ask again
Why I love thee, lady dear?
Faith, the why's beyond my ken.
Do I hear thee ask again?
Ah! Who could not love thee, when
Thou art thou, and thou art near!
Do I hear thee ask again?
Why, I love thee, lady dear.

III.

I attempted a verse
In the praise of Jemima.
All my rhymes I'd rehearse
In composing that verse,
But her name was my curse,
For with nought could I rhyme her!
So no more do I verse
In the praise of Jemima.

MARGARET EWING WILKINSON.

The creation of good taste, the development of artistic instinct among the lower classes, is doubtless a praiseworthy ambition and an end much to be desired were it

Art and Advertising not, I am often forced to think, for the means employed to gain that end. I

refer especially to the amount and variety of reproduction of celebrated pictures and to their degradation as advertising mediums.

Popularization is all very well, but we cannot help grieving when the graceful forms and exquisite faces which have been ours in harmonious neutral tints if not in the original colors, appear gaudily decked out in tints of an imitation which is no flattery; we cannot but weary even of our favorites when they become ubiquitous, and deformed by accomplished misrepresentation. Baby Stuart's lovable, intelligent face seems dull and material, the Countess Potocka's hair becomes painfully vivid in our conception of the once-admired head, and we absolutely shudder when we find Queen Louise occupying the central position on a page of advertisements.

It is not the familiarity, however, which breeds contempt; it is the kind of familiarity. We are willing to share our pleasure with those who can enjoy it, we are willing to educate those who cannot until they do, but we do not wish to waste or deform beauty, we prefer raising the intelligence to lowering the art. The Sistine Madonna should not be reproduced in chromo any more than Shakespeare should be translated into Bowery slang. And my question remains, is it worth while to popularize art to such an extent and in such a manner that it becomes distasteful? For ridicule is often fatal to love, generally to admiration, and our enjoyment and appreciation of that which has been made absurd can never again be absolutely hearty and uncorrupted. Is it worth while to degrade the beautiful to accomplish an uncertain end?

NINA LOUISE ALMIRALL.

The first Monday in September came at last. Sammy Mosely had looked forward to it with great eagerness; for it was to be an important day in his life. It was to be his fifth birthday; he was to graduate from petticoats into trougraduate from petticoats.

sers, and he was to begin his career at the district school.

It seemed to Sammy that half past eight would never come. He tramped impatiently about the sitting-room, every now and then casting a shy glance of approval at himself in the glass. He certainly did look attractive. His new suit fitted him well, his new necktie was a beautiful shade of red, and his round, freckled face shone with soap and satisfaction.

At last his mother told him he might start for school. She stood in the door and watched him proudly as he went down the path. He had a red apple clutched tightly in one hand. Under his arm he carried a new slate with a sponge and a slate-pencil tied to its frame by a long pink string. He marched bravely along undaunted by fears for any thing that the new experience might bring him. His mother had offered to go with him since this was his first morning, but her offer had been a blow to his pride and he had refused indignantly. There had been signs of a tempest of tears, so she had hastily withdrawn her offer, but her assurance for his well-being was by no means so great as his own.

"Sammy," she had said impressively as he was about to start, "I want you to let the big boys alone. Just so sure as you don't you'll come to trouble."

With a beaming face, Sammy had promised. His mother watched him out of sight, then she returned to the kitchen to her Monday's washing.

Some time later as she was putting up her clothes-line in the yard, her attention was attracted by loud, heart-broken sobs. She recognized the voice and hurried to the gate. Her son was coming up the path; all his manhood gone. His collar was half off. The shine had disappeared from his face, and the apple from his hand. The slate he still carried, but the sponge and a broken slate-pencil dangled dejectedly from the string.

"Sammy," said his mother in sorrowful, sympathetic reproof, "Why couldn't you keep away from the big boys?"

"O-O-" sobbed Sammy, in a louder burst of grief and rage, "I d-d-did! b-but the b-big girls k-kissed me."

HARRIET GOODRICH MARTIN.

THE UNEXPECTED

She wore a gingham, pink and neat,
She did not fear the sun's fierce heat,
She knew the judge would ride that way,
So down she hastened to the hay.
Her soft dark hair she let hang down,
Her pink silk stockings matched her gown,
Her sunbonnet was gay to see,
"I'm rather picturesque," quoth she.
And as she tossed her pretty head,
"Maud Muller was a fool," she said.
"She should have been as smart as I.
I think my judge will not ride by."

The judge was young and not sedate, In fact he was but thirty-eight. He sat his polo pony well. His clothes were irreproachable, His hair was just inclined to curls, He much admired pretty girls. And now as he rode by that day He saw her pink dress 'mid the hav. "How very chic that is," said he, "Perhaps she'll come and talk to me. I always liked a rustic lass. I think I'll ask her for a glass Of water from that rippling spring. How like Maud Muller! Just the thing!" But as his pony brought him nearer. He saw the girl a little clearer. "Great Scott!" he gasped, "It's Alice May! I think I won't stop here to-day!" HELEN ZABRISKIE HOWES.

It was late one May afternoon when Maria Jane Dow was hurrying home from her day's work at the candy-factory. The day had been hot and wearisome and she The Easter Hat was hungry and tired, but in spite of her haste she stopped a moment before one of the shop-windows, the only one that ever had any attractions for her. It was "The Misses Halligan's Millinery Parlors." Now Maria Jane's greatest weakness was a passionate longing for fine hats. Of them she thought all day long in the candy-factory; of them she dreamed at night as she lay on her hard little bed. Little did she care to be finely dressed, so long as

she had a bright, showy hat to set on her dark curls. "For," she said, "the fellers don't see nothin' but your face and head, when you're a-walkin' beside them, of an evenin'." And yet Easter had now come and gone, the season was far advanced, and still Maria Jane had no new hat, for all her small earnings had gone to support the family since her mother had been laid up and could do no more washing. So she was still wearing the little old one with the faded ribbon, which once—who would believe it?—had itself graced the show-window of the Misses Halligan.

Yet Maria Jane had never ceased to plan and dream. When her hour should come, there should be no hat like hers in all the neighborhood! Only last night she had dreamed of a gorgeous creation of pink and blue illusion, that looked all ready to fly away on a pair of great white wings. What a beautiful dream that was! Maria Jane was thinking of it, as she came up to the window of the millinery shop on this hot May afternoon.

But when she had looked, she gasped, and then she rubbed her eyes and looked again. What did she see! No vision this time, Maria Jane, but a veritable hat adorned with blue and pink illusion, white wings, and rhine-stone buckles. She held her breath. The reality was more beautiful than the dream. Not even the magnificent hats of Maria Jane had ever shone with rhine-stone buckles! But alack the day! the hat was marked with a white card bearing the awful numerals "\$10.00" in large, black characters. This however only made Maria Jane more appreciative of its remarkable beauties. It must have been ten minutes before she moved reluctantly away, and walked slowly home, deep in thought. Her mother was only just beginning to wash again, and her own earnings were but two dollars a week. In three weeks she might save five dollars -but ten! She looked mournfully before her and thought of the trials of the poor.

Before Maria Jane went to bed that night she went, as usual, to view herself in the looking-glass. Never before had she beheld such visions of her possible charms. How well she could see it all now!—the pretty face with its rosy lips and flashing eyes, and on the dark curls the pink and blue hat with the great white wings. It was some time before her little stump of a candle burned down and left her standing there in the dark. Then she threw herself into bed, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

For a fortnight there was no more happiness for Maria Jane. Every day on her way to and from the candy-factory, she set her lips and hurried bravely past the window of the Misses Halligan. Still the hat went before her like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. She cared no more to go out evenings. Her one longing was for a hat, and for one hat alone—the pink and blue illusioned, white-winged, jewelled one in the window of the Misses Halligan.

One day as she was passing along the street, her eyes were attracted by something unusual in the front of the millinery shop. She could not but look up. A large white placard read as follows:

"Great Dissolution Sale! The Misses Halligan are about to retire from business, and have reduced the prices upon all their goods to half of the original value. Ladies, now is your opportunity!" Maria Jane's eyes grew as big as saucers, and she quite lost her breath. She turned timorously to the window. Her hat was still there—but the ten-dollar sign had been replaced by a five-dollar one. For a moment she clasped her hands in an ecstacy, and then turned and sped along the street. Her thoughts carried her far away. This was Wednesday. On Saturday she would receive her week's wages and her savings would amount to exactly five dollars.

A very different Maria Jane went home to her tired mother that evening. The wonderful hat had never been spoken of. nor was it now. As for Maria Jane, she insisted that her mother should rest in her chair by the window, and she herself sang like a bird as she washed the dishes at the sink. Mrs. Dow looked on in astonishment. What ever could have wrought such a noble change in the thoughtless Maria Jane! She racked her brains for a reason, and finally decided that something unusual had happened at the candy-factory. After all, Maria Jane was a good girl, and she had been really very patient during the past hard weeks. Mrs. Dow thought it all over as she looked out of the window. Her eve caught the scarlet poppies which were waving in the wind. At last, she spoke up suddenly, "Mariay Jane! Mariay Jane! how comes it that yer ha'int had no new hat this spring, and you as is always set on hevin' a new un for Easter? I've ben thinkin' that old un o' yourn looks kinder tame like. Hadn't ver better hev' a new un?"

Maria Jane made a brief reply, and kept her face carefully

turned away so that the smile on it might not be seen. What a grand surprise it should all be! and she thought it all over again for the hundredth time. "Jack Toole took Rosie Higgins to the show the other evenin'. I wonder who he'll take next time!" she said to herself, and she winked significantly at the dish-pan, which appreciatively reflected back the wink. "I wonder what Rosie's new hat's like," she thought presently, and then she went into the little parlor and played a waltz on the old, cracked piano.

Saturday dawned bright and fair, and Maria Jane arose with the lark. She started for the candy-factory earlier than usual, so as to have time to stop at the millinery shop and for the last time see her hat in the window. Yes, there it was, lovelier than ever! Maria Jane's eyes fairly danced as they beheld it. She shook her finger at it gaily and whispered, "Well, I'll wager this is the last day anybody'll see that hat in the winder. I wonder where they'll see it next!" and she chuckled with pleasure.

The day dragged wearily at the candy-factory. The bosses scolded. The girls were cross. Maria Jane alone maintained an unruffled temper and beamed upon everybody. She was in a dream of delight. The candy was all blue and pink and white to her. She dreamed of feeding it to birds with white wings and rhine-stone eyes. So the long afternoon wore away.

Toward six o'clock Maria Jane walked quickly up the street. She stopped instinctively at the Misses Halligan's parlors, and walked in without looking at the window. She had lived through this moment already a thousand times that day. At last it had really come. She walked proudly up to a little lady in a black dress, and said, "I'd like ter see that hat in the winder—the blue 'nd pink one with the white wings and rhinestones."

The youngest Miss Halligan thought a moment, and then went to the window. How provokingly cool and slow she was.

"Yes," she said, with a smile, "I was afraid 'twas gone, but I thought I'd make sure. My sister sold it to a young lady about half an hour ago. Can't I show you something else?"

Maria Jane turned pale, and stammered, "Oh! it's gone?—sold? No! nothing else, thank you!" and then she left the store.

That evening as Maria Jane sat at the window, she saw someone pass by in a blue and pink hat with white wings and rhinestone buckles. "Rosie Higgins!" she gasped, and then she looked to see who was with her. Yes, it was Jack Toole!

AMY ELIOT DICKERMAN.

BALLADE OF SEA FANCIES

On the waste of sand in the dim twilight Full many a monster his rude shape rears, Imprisoned in stone by the Sea Queen's might For proud rebellion. But each one bears In his bosom a heart full of hopes and fears, And they sigh for the golden days that are gone In the ruthless grasp of the flying years. See how the wind drives the waves in scorn.

Shrill shriek the petrels in wheeling flight, For over the foaming surge appears A swift-charging army equipped for fight With breast-plates of amber and fire-tipped spears. Who strolls at night by the salt sea, hears Challenging shouts on the storm-gusts borne As the Sea Sprites ride on their mad careers. See how the wind drives the waves in scorn.

Sometimes aglow in the sunset light
A fleet its course to the harbor steers;
Like a vision they float in that radiance bright,
And each transformed the semblance wears
Of a fairy barque. Then faint, far cheers
Float o'er the water, as when at dawn
Distant bird-calls sound in our ears.
See how the wind drives the waves in scorn.

ENVOI

Fancies that come at the fall of night When the sea breaks heavily gray and wan, And we listen within by the red fire-light To the wild wind driving the waves in scorn.

VERA GORDON ROWE

"'Thirty-all.' Keeping score all by myself for two idiots who can't even hit the balls! That is all that is left for me," said

Felicia gloomily.

In the Tennis Court

And then her heart seemed to stop
as she heard from across the court:

"Is Miss Howe here? Ah, yes, I see her. No, you needn't
stop your game. I will help her keep score, and if you often

stop your game. I will help her keep score, and if you often come as near hitting your balls as you did that time I think she will need me to straighten it out. That's a good shot, Tommy;

keep on, and you'll make a player yet."

Felicia was glad the sun was in his eyes so that she had time to regain her composure. Society training does much toward the suppression of one's feelings, and when he reached her Felicia appeared as calm as a summer night and as cool. I am referring, you will understand, to one of those summer nights when you wish you had brought your heavy overcoat.

But he wasn't daunted by that, because he knew Felicia.

"Aren't you going to speak to me?" said he. "You know you will have to if you don't want Tom and Kate to notice, and you really might as well begin now."

Felicia was so angry that he could meet her so easily after all that had passed between them that she forgot to keep her face averted, and looking up met a new expression in those familiar brown eyes. But she said nothing,—perhaps of necessity.

"Lyssie dear, you know now that you were wrong? Do you mean that no one has told you? Why, she is—"

"What is the score, if you please, Morton," broke in an impatient voice. "I have asked Felicia three separate and distinct times, but I think you have mesmerized her."

"Oh,—deuce!" answered Morton with unnecessary emphasis. But Felicia had regained her self-control, and said freezingly, "You needn't trouble yourself with explanations, Mr. Morton. I saw enough to make explanations unnecessary—and undesirable."

"Lyssie, you shall hear me," in so firm a voice that she looked up to see if it could really have come from easy-going Jack Morton, and again met that unfamiliar expression.

"She was old Everett's ward," said Jack, as Felicia kept silent, constrained by a power greater than her will, "and Will married her last week. Everett objected to the match because Will had no assured position, but I got him a berth in Norton's office, and that is why Grace was so grateful to me. They were married Thursday. Lyssie, you aren't jealous of my cousin, are you?"

"But Jack, why didn't you tell me when I made that dreadful mistake? It wasn't fair, it was due to me"—

"Dear, it wasn't my secret, and even for you I couldn't betray Will. Besides, your distrust hurt me so that it upset even my belief in your love, and it wasn't till I saw your face this afternoon that I dared hope again."

"And I thought the sun would blind you! But oh Jack!

Isn't it blessed to have it all over?"

They were silent a moment. Then-

"Score please," from Tom.

"'Love all,' I think," was Morton's reply.

"Why, you cheerful idiot, it's 'game' for me," cried the wrathful Tom.

But Jack said softly, "He is wrong, the game is mine, my darling, and together we will challenge the world."

And this time Felicia looked at him.

AGNES MYNTER.

It is carnival night in the cornfield.

All summer long the smooth green banners have waved in the passing breeze, the long tassels have

In the Cornfield lengthened their silken fringes, the joy of summer has passed into the swelling ears of grain. It has all been pleasant and peaceful, "but so more than the same way length of the stall grant and peaceful, "but so more than the same same and peaceful, "but so more than the same same and peaceful stalls was saving."

notonous, you know," a tall graceful stalk was saying.

He was longing for carnival night to come; but his more thoughtful neighbor sighed at the thought of the lovely golden days of peace that were slipping by. What was one mad moonlight revel compared with those weeks of glorious yellow sunshine they must now leave behind? And there would be a tragedy behind that night, instinct told her. What would it be?

Poor Feathertop shuddered; indistinct foreboding seized her. She was only a corn-child. Life on the hillside was all joy, what came afterward she could not tell. Would she be separated from Goldenhead, would she never feel again his gentle

touch?

A wind came up out of the east. In the twilight she bowed

her head in sadness and every leaf shook with a fearful tremor. Goldenhead stretched his cool green leaves about her and raised her up. He brushed back the silken fringes and kissed her in the half-light.

"Sweet one," he whispered, pointing to the edge of the hilltop, "watch for the moonrise, our carnival night is coming!"

The moon came up and the stars came out, then they paled and the sun returned, till the harvest moon grew rounder and brighter and all in the cornfield wondered.

Then, on a hazy sleepy day, came the reapers in the morning. Down the field they went, back and forth the bright knives glittered; a click and whirr of machinery, a crashing and bending of corn-stalks—all were laid low.

They piled the sheaves together, and the low rays of the lingering sun found the corn-children whispering together. They were talking about the moonrise and what was to happen, and more which the wind carried away.

Now the glow has left the west, all are waiting—waiting. Increasing brightness in the pale east.

"Look!" Goldenhead is murmuring, "our night will soon be here. Oh! Oh!" as the bright rim flashed over the hilltop, "here, here I am, oh dance, love, with me—our carnival night is come!"

He seized her and whirled her away, and the mad moonlight grew and poured down upon the cornfield and upon the dizzying scene. All in each other's arms they surged and rose in the white shadowed light. There was swaying and dancing, and the moonlight sang. Ecstacy held the hilltop.

Dawn came. The east reddened and the sun climbed slowly upward. Down he looked on the cornfield. Feathertop asleep in her love's arms, Goldenhead sleeping, all the corn-children fast asleep. Worn and dishevelled they were propped one against the other, deep in unconsciousness.

Days came and went. They gathered the sheaves and bore them away. They stripped off the yellow flaunting banners and piled the ears in the dark quiet barn-loft.

The moon looks down on a bare brown field. Goldenhead and Feathertop, and all the others, where are they? A faded leaf drops from the maple, and one more bird takes its flight toward the South.

The summer's love, life and mystery is over. Where has it gone?

JULIA POST MITCHELL.

AT SUNSET

You weep because To-day is lost
And with the Yesterdays has gone.
'Tis true To-day was fine and fair
And bright was seen a lovely dawn.
But look! The west has brilliant grown
With promise of diviner Morrow;
Then let this shining future hope
Send far away To-day's dark sorrow.

VIRGINIA WOODSON FRAME.

What the outside world can think of Smith College is a mystery to which the wisest would hardly attempt a solution. To judge from the faces of the sight-seers The College Lecturer who pass through the campus, and who try to look both ways at once in order not to miss one rara avis, one might think that we were some unusually entertaining Barnum's Circus or exciting Wild West Show. Two of these visitors should be forgiven for thinking that Smith girls are a trifle peculiar. They were walking on the back campus one morning when they came upon two girls on their hands and knees, who were evidently searching diligently for something in the grass. One of the visitors was heard to remark, "The dear girls must be hunting for four-leaved clovers," when suddenly she was startled by hearing this same dear girl shout in exultant tones, "I have two males and

But what is really inexplicable is the attitude of the lecturers who come to Smith. They either take it for granted that every college woman must be a blue-stocking, and that therefore they must never descend from the highest plane of oratory, or else, what is far more common, they think that the little college girls must be patted and smoothed, and told how pretty they are, and what a delight it is to talk to such a "garden of fair flowers." We feel that these latter must think of Smith as did the old farmer who asked one of us if she didn't belong to "Seelye's Female Seminary."

a female!"

Isn't it possible for lecturers to understand that we are really rational beings, who wish neither to be talked down to, nor yet to be talked up to? We realize that an audience of all girls must be a trying one to speak to. Some of us will notice the cut of a man's coat and the color of his cravat; and there are others of us who at present divide all lecturers into two great classes, one containing those who say "He don't," and the other those who say "He doesn't." But as a whole we are ready to accept a sensible lecture in a sensible way. If the lecturer would only understand this, I don't think any more of them would ask, "Well, are—are they intelligent?"

AGNES ELIZABETH SLOCUM.

EDITORIAL

Why, in these days of many psychological investigations, when it is a matter for anxious consideration whether a child's first word is "kitty" or "button," and when all our complex nineteenth century emotions are being run to earth in the den of the primeval savage-why, I repeat, does no one explain to us the origin and development of the Complacency of Pessimists? The train of thought was suggested by a purely accidental remark in the class-room the other day, when a certain character was described as "a man of absolutely no illusions. . . . He had the darkest views of human nature." Why, in the name of wonder, have we singled out the over cheerful and charitable views of things as the only illusions? Is not the man who believes his neighbors live for the sole purpose of over-reaching him, or the woman who goes about sniffing the air for imaginary slights, as much the victim of an illusion as the too confiding people? Rose-colored glasses are not to be trusted for an accurate picture of the world, but then neither are dark blue ones.

But somehow or other the Pessimist has gained a position of great moral ascendency. He tells us that the desperately unpleasant book is true to life and we meekly acquiesce: we suppose it must be something. Possibly we reason on the analogy of the things we don't want to do, which are generally right. Yet a moment's reflection would show that we have read interesting books with a great deal of human nature in them, and done things which were none the less right because we enjoyed doing them, and eaten nourishing food that was agreeable to the taste, etc., etc.: only, where no effort is demanded we do not stop for analysis. But again, the Pessimist makes the dolorousness of the universe such a personal matter that it is almost indelicate to contradict him. When a person comes forward and remarks, "My head aches," it would be nothing short of brutality to respond, "Mine doesn't." So presently he presumes on

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the silence to declare, "Everybody's head aches." If then the unafflicted person offers a humble remonstrance, the retort is crushing: "Wait until you have had some experience." And the offender is left with a feeling that not to have a headache is to be insensitive and immature.

Probably there was really a time once when high expectations of life, romantic ideals, and open confidence in human nature were the distinguishing badges of youth. The retort just quoted would suggest a theory of this sort, and many passages from the poets might be cited in support of it. But I am sure it is not so now-a-days. If there is one trait which especially characterizes the young at present, it is "knowledge of the world"—a phrase which always means knowledge of a very bad world. Indeed, could we make a general collection of opinions on such a subject as the state of morals in the civilized world, and reduce the results to two composite views, one by people over and the other by those under twenty-five, there seems little doubt that the latter picture would be much the darker. Our elders feebly plead mitigating circumstances to our stern arraignment of things in general. The Tennyson of the future must sing a daughter, rigorously scientific, 'with a little hoard of-epigrams -preaching down a mother's heart.'

And the meaning of this surprising phase is that youth is just as impetuous as ever, just as incapable of half-measures, and at bottom just as romantic. Part of our dark view of things is due to a genuine shock at imperfections which we have discovered or heard about, but a part quite as great is our armor against any possible future revelation. "We called the chessboard white,—we call it black." Life shall not take us unawares. Like the old lady who on her first railway journey sat in rigid composure while the train went off the track, we are not going to show that we are not used to it. And meanwhile let us smile with sad superiority at those unsophisticated ones who are lost in enjoyment of the scenery and the motion!

EDITOR'S TABLE

There are four conspicuous faults to be found in most college verse. These are: lack of harmony; sacrifice of sense to sound; false pitch; and obscurity of meaning. The first is the most noticeable because to most readers the least endurable. Again and again the happy dance of a lyric or the grave march of a sonnet is interrupted by a discordant or halting measure. Witness this irritating defect, in what might have been a sufficiently graceful verse:—

"I watch the rifted sunlight on the bark
Of swaying trees, and overhead the light
Dancing on the silver leaves. Now I hark
To sleepy sounds that tell of coming night,—"
Wellesley Magazine.

These mere technical details, which yet count for so much in the rating of a writer, are surely unworthy, if not of the college student, of the college paper. Delightful though the fancy may be, form is of equal importance in the realms of verse; and if we are in earnest about our poetic productions, we must submit them to the same relentless criticism which they would receive in the outside world.

On the other hand sense should not be sacrificed to sound as too often happens. There is a great temptation in the effort to produce a flowing rhythm or felicitous rhyme to forget exactly what we are trying to say, and to put in a word or phrase that sounds well, whatever its connection or absolute meaning. It is easy to pad with a well-worn epithet or verb-combination, extremely effective in sound but entirely inappropriate in sense. The results of this practice are triteness, artificiality, and mixed metaphor, as in the case of the "bitter-sweet memory" which "glows and gleams" through the "melody" of the "Dreamland" in the Amherst Literary Monthly. The only security against such folly is that habit which has been described as the groundwork of the success of Mr. Kipling, who is getting his dollar a word to-day because for years he has been putting into each word a dollar's worth.

False pitch is a quality peculiar to amateur work, in which

the writers are not as a rule sufficiently familiar with the material to avoid one of the extremes of flippancy and over-seriousness. We confound impudence with courage, levity with directness, and slang with individuality. Desperately afraid of being laughed at, we disguise our heroics under colloquial forms, and are betrayed into the incongruous. Such is the case in "Volunteers" in the Mount Holyoke, of which only the last two stanzas can be quoted:

"Out from the Cuban shore a gale—
'Breezes' we called them—would often blow,
Splinter the spars or rend a sail;
Pennant went overboard once, you know.

Vern wouldn't let me, he volunteered
To climb the masthead, a flag replace,
Fell somehow from . . . I never feared
War that was fighting, but his dead face!"

Obscurity arises either from inefficiency or from wilfulness. The difficulties of accurate representation are sufficiently great to excuse the former in the acknowledged beginner. It must, however, remain a distinct sign of failure when the meaning of a poem cannot be readily comprehended. Such inefficiency shows itself in vagueness of phrase and generality of epithet. On the contrary, wilful obscurity is denoted by sheer inaccuracy of expression, abrupt turns, and downright defiance of grammar—a species of literary laziness which should never be tolerated. The following is an excellent specimen of this fault, as well as of all the others that have been cited.

LOOKING BACKWARDS

"Beneath the scarlet of the Western glare,
He looks along the hissing sable floor,
And squints to see the ruddy pools of gore
That light his battle-spot with fitful flare.
How faint the gleam! It lays his nerve tips bare
To con that ruby mirror's narrow shore.
May then his keenest pain not count for more
Amid the vastness of the God-shine there?

What slightest change has man's best passion wrought?
Upon the convex plain the selfsame stars look down
To see the puny weeping, throes, and sweat
With which all men their Great Release have bought.
Small change since Adam this vast Arena's known;
But men and God love sands that blood has wet."
Williams Literary Monthly.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

It is with recollections of a trying experience in the past and with sympathy for the present editor of this Department that I make a plea for the Alumnæ section of the Monthly. Many Alumnæ readers turn naturally first to these pages. Some, perhaps, disappointed to find here so little which concerns them, begin to lose their interest in the magazine as a whole. Not a few think it hardly worth while to continue taking a paper whose contributors they do not know, and whose Alumnæ Department informs them of no new marriages and does not tell them what some of their classmates are teaching in a High School in Kansas or a Seminary in Maine. A recent rumor of an Alumnæ paper to be started, devoted to Alumnæ interests and news, suggests pointedly that the graduates do not feel their relation to this college paper a live one. These facts I state frankly knowing that no one feels more regretful than the Alumnæ editor herself and that no one is less to blame.

Let every Alumna who reads this department think for a moment of its value and of its needs.

We all recognize the vital importance to the College of a strong bond between Alumnæ and undergraduates. Means of strengthening the bond, to give us a more complete esprit du corps, are few. A common magazine is one—if we make it common. If Alumnæ can be made to take a real interest in the Monthly when personal interest in its literary contributions is lost, not only will they keep more closely in touch with the College but the undergraduates will feel some sort of relation to them. We have the common meeting ground, on which to discuss matters of general college interest if we will. We want to meet; the undergraduates have done their share but we do not meet them half-way. If we would use with more interest the department set aside for us, the benefit would certainly be mutual. But each graduate forgets or neglects to give to the department, while still hoping to get. Upon the Alumnæ editor often devolves the difficult task of presenting material foreign to her interest or finding news of persons about whom she knows nothing.

The suggestion may be made that the class secretaries should act as "feeders" to the Alumnæ Department. Certainly each class secretary should keep in mind the existence and needs of this department and voice her own class in matters of general interest or furnish items of class news to the editor. But here again I may speak from experience. Class secretaries are helpless, often. The scattered members of the class take so little pains to keep their whereabouts or occupations known that it is difficult to reach them even for business purposes. It takes more than a secretary to counteract the centri-

fugal tendencies of graduates. It needs the coöperation of all the members of a class,—just as this department needs the coöperation of all classes.

What shall we do about it? Let the department struggle for life, or let it die? I believe we can make it one of the live and interesting features of the Monthly, and that it is for the sake of the financial support of the paper, for the sake of the closer relation between Alumnæ and undergraduate bodies and for the sake of the Alumnæ themselves, that we should try.

A. O. A., '95.

MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ,

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ was held in Philadelphia, October 27, 28 and 29. As the time and place of holding these annual meetings is decided one year for the following year, the choice had been made and date fixed before war or peace entered our thoughts. So no change could be made when Philadelphia decided to give herself over to a Peace Jubilee covering the same dates.

While this made the question of entertaining the members a very serious problem to the Philadelphia Branch, perhaps the visitors did not think it altogether unfortunate. Arriving in the crowded city Thursday morning we were able to get to our hotel, and to a point of view, in time to see the latter half of the great military procession. While Miles and Hobson with the crew of the Merrimac had unfortunately passed by near the head of the procession, we were in time to see Sampson, Shafter and others. It was impossible to cross the street during the parade, and the New Century Club House, where the Association meetings were to be held, was on the other side of Broad Street. Necessity combined with inclination therefore and held us till the end of the procession, and made many of us a little late to the first meeting. But that fifty or sixty college graduates from all over the country should come together and listen to reports, while the streets were so crowded that police escort was almost a necessity in getting to the Club room, means loyalty to some educational idea.

With so much to satisfy the newspaper public no report of our small meeting was desired, and my sympathies were aroused for the two or three reporters (masculine) who had been sent to "do" us and whose ears were listening to the martial music outside and whose feet were itching to join the crowds without. The time is past when our meeting is noticed by head-lines in the paper, as it was, not over a dozen years ago— "College Women Coming To Town," "Look Out For Them!"—as if we were the bearers of contagion. Not now, I think, if we were to meet again in Washington would we be tendered a reception by the Chinese minister, because he wanted to "see what college-educated women looked like." People know what we look like now and have accepted us and pay no attention to us, and we quietly go on our way.

The first meeting, of the usual three days' session, is given up to the necessary routine business; annual reports of officers and committees. With an Association now numbering nearly two thousand, and with members widely scattered, though held together by twenty-one Branch Associations, many interests must be represented. One new Branch was enrolled this year, that

of Colorado, so now Smith Alumnæ living in or near Denver will nave an opportunity of allying themselves with this Association.

The Committee on the National University reported what progress had been made in Washington the past year. Some discussion was called forth by this report as to what attitude an Association of collegiate women should take toward furthering a National University, whose doors, it is generally understood, will be closed to women. Supporters of the bill avoid committing themselves and the phraseology is carefully looked after. It is not said that women can not be admitted, it is not said that they can be. The question is held in abeyance until the University is more of an established fact.

The other report of the afternoon which awakened discussion, as to practical workings, was the report of the Committee on Investigating Methods of Voting through Delegates. Matters of importance relating to the whole Association are sometimes given a local coloring by the necessarily larger vote of resident than of visiting Alumnæ at the annual meetings. Since the union of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, which was organized in Boston in 1882, with the Western Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, the annual sessions are held alternately in the East and in the West. Since 1889, the year when the union was effected at a meeting in Buffalo, the Association has met successive years in Chicago, Boston, Washington, Chicago again in the year of the World's Fair, New Haven, Cleveland, Providence, Detroit and Philadelphia. It shows that the Branches keep up their interest in the general Association that at this meeting delegates were present from all but four of the twenty-one Branches.

The evening meeting was public, and a fair-sized audience met, after a struggle through the crowd who were abroad to view the illumination. That illumination, especially centering around the City Hall and Court of Honor, was superb and a triumph of electricity. The Philadelphia papers state that only on a few special days of the Centennial in '76 has the city had to deal with such crowds.

President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, representing the only woman's college in the vicinity, made an address of welcome to the Association. The work of the Branches for the past year was collated in a paper read by a member of the Philadelphia Branch. In the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Palmer, Miss Brownell of Bryn Mawr took her place and gave us a most interesting paper on "Some Social Aspects of College Education." She claimed distinct and decided social gains for the average college girl, rather than the social disadvantage which has formerly been laid at the college door. The principal paper of the evening was given, as is the custom, by the President of the Association, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain of Wellesley. She took as her subject: "The American Public School; Some Practical Problems of To-day," and gave quite a detailed account of the most efficient work which has been done during the past few years by the Boston Branch of the Association. One successful outcome of their work was an appropriation of \$300,000 for necessary sanitary repairs in some of the Boston Public School Buildings.

The weather favored us on Friday, and in the early morning parties were formed to visit Girard College, the University of Pennsylvania and Drexel Institute, all of which were hospitably opened to us. Then leaving the city

to its great civic parade we "drew ourselves apart," as the college woman is sometimes accused of doing and as we do not mean to do, and took the train to Bryn Mawr. About one hundred and forty sat down to luncheon as the guests of President Thomas in the beautiful dining hall of Pembroke. At the close of the luncheon student ushers were ready to take us to any of the buildings which we desired to see. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I asked to go first to the Gymnasium. I wanted to see the beautiful new swimming-tank which has been put in since my last visit to Bryn Mawr. We must not make comparisons, but I wish we had it, or one like it. So too do I wish we had their system of required physical work which Dr. Smith was so courteous in explaining to me. I trust all the groups of Alumnæ did not so question her as I did, else her patience might have been exhausted, though it seemed unfailing. In addition to the required gymnasium work, four halfhour periods of exercise a week are required of every student unless especially excused. This half hour she may take in golf or tennis, basket-ball or bicycling, horseback riding or swimming, or a plain every-day walk. The student list is posted in the Gymnasium and each student is trusted to make her own daily or weekly record. The four half-hour periods may be scattered through the seven days but they can not be combined into a long walk on Sunday. The supervising of such work may be simpler in a college of three hundred than in a college of one thousand, but it is no more desirable in one than in the other.

The Low Buildings, an experiment in furnishing homes for the teachers, were of great interest. Here were little suites of single study, bedroom and bath: or combinations of two studies, two bedrooms and bath, whose occupants would dine in a common dining-hall; or larger suites with the addition of pantry, dining-room and servant's bedroom, but no kitchen, where the servant would serve the meal as furnished from the dining-hall below: while there were also delightful little apartments for two, with private dining-room, pantry, kitchen and servant's bedroom, even private entrance and piazza: and all this arranged, and architecturally successfully it seemed to us, in one low building,—hence its name.

But the college bell summoned us to the afternoon session, and we had not seen the new Science Hall or the general Academic Building. I cannot give an account of all the reports presented in the afternoon, though all were interesting. The Fellowship Committee reported their difficulty in awarding the fellowships the past year, twenty-three candidates having applied for the foreign fellowship and eight for the American. The American fellowship was awarded to Miss Ethel Puffer. Smith '91, who has spent her year in study under Professor Münsterberg at Harvard, and who is this year his assistant in his work at Radcliffe, the first time a woman has received an appointment there.

No new college was reported by the Committee on Corporate Membership for admission to the Association this year. In 1897 four institutions were admitted: Chicago University, Leland Stanford Jr. University, University of Minnesota and Radcliffe College. Before that time none had been admitted since the admission of Bryn Mawr in 1890.

A committee reported favorably for the establishment of a life membership

fee, but definite action could not be taken on this report until the next annual meeting.

President Thomas pleaded for five hundred voluntary subscriptions of \$10 each, that a fund might be put at the disposal of the Executive Committee so that they should not be so hampered in the publication of much valuable material which is on hand, and which would be of great service to many of the members to whom appeals for statistics are constantly made. A committee to secure such subscriptions will be appointed.

At the close of the meeting, omnibuses were in waiting to take us to the station and we were soon on our way to Philadelphia. One of the pleasantest features of these gatherings is the odd half hours when old friendships are renewed and new ones formed. It speaks no less for the college interest that there is also a personal interest, and it is not at all uncommon to see photographs shown of those who would not be eligible to membership in an Alumnæ Association.

Friday evening we gathered for a most pleasant reception given us by our hostesses, the members of the New Century Club, who had so kindly thrown open their club house to us during our stay in the city. Philadelphia showed itself inadequately named, for there was more than brotizerly love shown to us.

The meeting Saturday morning was given up to a discussion on College Curricula. The discussion was opened by a paper, "Shall the College Courses be Modified for Women," by Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith. Professor of Sociology in Leland Stanford Jr. University. It is impossible to give any short account of Mrs. Smith's paper. I can only say that it opened the question whether the college course should be so modified for women as to offer definite preparation for self-support, and definite preparation for wifehood. It was listened to intently, as were also the following papers which were contributed by Miss Leach. Professor of Greek at Vassar, Mrs. Richards of the Institute of Technology, Miss Talbot of Chicago University, Miss Smith, Dean of Barnard College, Mrs. Cone of Smith and Dr. Latimer of the Woman's College of Baltimore. It is probable that these papers will be printed and distributed to the members of the Association, and I hope all will read them, as they have to do with different aspects of a most important question.

There was no time for a general discussion from the floor as the lunch hour had arrived, but it is safe to say that the discussion was carried on around the small lunch tables where we gathered to refresh ourselves before the closing afternoon business session.

It is the custom to call the roll at the luncheon and the graduates of the several institutions rise as their college is called. Of the nineteen institutions now belonging to the Association, five had no representative at this meeting; these were the University of California, the University of Kansas, the University of Minnesota, the University of Michigan and Wesleyan University. The University of Chicago, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of Wisconsin had one representative each; Northwestern University and Syracuse University had two each; Boston University three; Leland Stanford Jr. University, Oberlin and Radcliffe four each; Cornell six; Smith eleven; Bryn Mawr fourteen; Wellesley twenty; while Vassar took the lead with twenty-six.

We were glad to see the eleven Smith Alumnæ, but where were the many others who we know live in and near Philadelphia? We hope Smith will make a better record at the next annual meeting. Come and see what good times and what inspiration the meetings mean, for this dry account can give you no idea. This seems only like a tantalizing ménu of a good dinner, shown to some one after the dinner is over. We can't tell you how good the things were nor begin to mention all the entrées.

To the editor I apologize for the length of this account while at the same time I ask her to remember her appeal in the last number of the Monthly, which she closed with the words, "that to the department will be accorded all the space that the Alumnæ care," (or dare) "to fill."

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE '83

The following Alumnæ were present at one or more of the meetings of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ held in Philadelphia: '80, Helen Tuxbury; '81, S. Alice Brown, Amelia L. Owen; '82, Annie E. Allen; '83, Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, Mary H. A. Mather; '85, Marion Lawrence, Anna C. Ray; '87, Caroline L. Crew, Eleanor L. Lord; '90, Winona B. Crew; '92, Vida H. Francis; '93, Anna McConway McEldowney; '94, Martha A. Mason; '95, Annah P. Hazen, Bessie S. Warner; '96, Miriam W. Webb.

- '79. Mrs. Alexander Williams (Anna L. Palmer) spent the summer at Aixles-Bains.
- '84. Clara M. Clark is taking a course of Bible study at the Theological School in Hartford, with a view to teaching.
 - Fannie A. Allis spent several months abroad this summer, and is now in Wellesley, Mass.
 - Ella C. Clark is tutoring in Mathematics.
 - Mrs. C. L. Olds (Dr. Mary A. Johnson) has moved from Philadelphia to Renovo, Pa.
- '86. Elizabeth Eastman is principal of Michigan Seminary, Kalamazoo, Mich. Zulema Ruble is teaching Latin in Grinnell College, Iowa.
 - Leona May Peirce is registered at Yale University, taking lectures in Mathematics.
 - Jessie Anderson Chase has written a book called "Three Freshmen," the scene of which is Smith College.
- '89. Grace White is this year President of the Boston Girls' Latin School Association.
- '91. Elizabeth Williams of Buffalo has been appointed Resident Head at the College Settlement, 95 Rivington St., New York.
 - Alice H. Sherwood, now a graduate nurse, has changed her address to 21 East 75th St., New York City.
 - Grace W. Allen has announced her engagement to Mr. Frederick S. Hollis.
- '92. Margaret MacDougall Carr is now living in Roanoke, Va.

 Miriam Kerruish is practicing medicine in Cleveland, O.

Abby N. Arnold received the degree of A. M. from Radcliffe in June, 1898.

Martha Austin received the degree of Ph. D. from Yale in June, 1898.

Harriet C. Boyd is to spend the year in Athens, as Fellow of the American School of Archæology.

Grace T. Pratt is teaching Greek and Latin in the High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

'93. Jessica Grant, and Mariella Grant formerly of 1900, are spending the winter in travel abroad.

Stella H. Bradford is studying medicine in the Woman's Medical College of New York.

'94. Eleanor H. Johnson has accepted a position at Hartley House, 413 West 46th St., New York City, for the coming year.

Teresina Peck is spending a year in Rome, where Professor Peck has the position of Director of the School of Archæology for 1898-9.

'95. Caroline M. Fuller has just published four songs, three written for the Phi Kappa Psi Society setting to music some songs of Browning, and the other, "The Shepherd of the Day," written to words by Anna Branch '97. The price of the Browning songs is 60 cents, and of "The Shepherd" 40 cents, making the four \$1.00. The sale is a private one, and the edition limited. Any desiring copies of the songs will receive them by addressing Miss Helen Hart, 1912 Columbus Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Miss Fuller's address is now Colorado Springs.

Lucy D. Heald is teaching Roman History in the Springfield High School.

Mary P. Lewis is still teaching in a private school in Hartford.

Gertrude Simonds is taking the nurses' training in the Homeopathic Hospital in Boston.

Mary C. Stone is teaching in Templeton, Mass.

Helen Tucker is still teaching in Hampton Institute, Va.

Carolyn Swett is still teaching Biology in the Medford High School.

Rose Adelaide Witham is teacher of English in the Latin High School of Somerville, Mass.

Mary M. Melcher is cataloguing in the Society Library in New York.

Laura D. Puffer is taking postgraduate work in Mathematics at Radcliffe.

Augusta M. Madison is taking her last year in the Woman's Medical College of New York.

Anna Harrington is teaching in a private school in Worcester.

'96. Susan E. Foote is studying in Columbia University and the Teachers' College.

Ethel L. Warren was married October 1 in Springfield, to Mr. Marcus Allen Coolidge. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge will reside in Fitchburg, Mass.

Martha Davis Hale was married on October 27 to Major William Wright Harts, U. S. A. They are going to live at the Portland, Portland, Ore.

Frances Eaton Jones is teaching English in the Medford High School.

Hannah G. Myrick is taking her third year at Johns Hopkins University.

Edith H. Wheeler is substituting in the Boston Public Schools.

Eva L. Hills is taking courses in Philosophy and Hebrew History at Radcliffe.

Anita Fassett is teaching in Miss Babcock's School, Kenilworth, Ill.

Carlene Curtis was married in June to Mr. J. E. Blunt, Jr., of Evanston, Ill.

Elizabeth King sails this month for Italy, to spend the winter in Florence studying vocal music under Vannucini.

Mabel G. Bacon is teaching again this year in the Hatfield Academy, Hatfield, Mass.

'97. Mary Eleanor Barrows is teaching German and English at Dearborn Seminary, Chicago, and studying at Chicago University.

Grace Leonard Brooks is teaching Latin and History in Detroit.

Katharine Priest Crane is studying music in New York.

Belle Gertrude Baldwin is teaching English in Olivette, Mich.

Ida Darling is teaching in Chicago and taking courses at the University of Chicago.

Ethelwyn Foote is engaged in Scientific work at Northwestern University with Professor Losey.

Katharine Wilkinson is preparing several girls for Smith in New York City.

Clara Phillips is spending a year abroad.

Bertha E. Lang is teaching in the High School in Saugus, Mass.

Ella Hurtt is teaching Mathematics in the Salisbury School in Pittsfield.

Alice Fisher is teaching Mathematics and German in the Berkshire School in Pittsfield.

Dorothea Caverno's address is now 281 Main St., Northampton.

Lillias Stone Blaikie is teaching Mathematics and German at Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn.

Anna Hempstead Branch has won the prize for the best poem in the Century college competition. This is one of three prizes, of \$250 each, offered by the Century Publishing Company to college graduates of one year's standing. The poem will be published in the December Century.

'98. Christine Wright is teaching in the Hitchcock Free Academy in Brimfield, Mass.

Alice Gibson is studying Zoölogy at Radcliffe.

Mary Pickett is teaching in California.

Julia Pickett is teaching in Nebraska.

Elizabeth Mullaly is teaching at the Ivy Hall School, Bridgeton, N. J.

Mary Joslin is studying History at Radcliffe.

Alice O'Malley is teaching at the High School, Lawrence, Mass.

Mabel Brooks is teaching Greek, German, Algebra and English in Collinsville, Conn.

Catherine A. Farwell is teaching in the Turner's Falls High School.

Frances Osgood is studying at Radcliffe.

Ruth and Alice Duncan are spending a year abroad.

Eleanor Paul is teaching at Rogers Hall, Lowell, Mass.

Frances Bridges is teaching at The Pennsylvania School in Philadelphia.

Cora Waldo is also teaching at the Pennsylvania School, instead of at Miss Bateman's, as stated in the last Monthly.

Jennie B. Bingham was married in September to Mr. Fred Forest Dowlin, and will live in North Adams, Mass.

Ruth D. White was married in September to Mr. Arthur H. Benton, and will live in Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Clara M. Chapin is teaching Science and English in the West Boylston High School.

Elizabeth Johnson is teaching in the High School in Northboro, Mass.

Alice Ricker is teaching Mathematics and Latin in Westbrook Seminary, Maine.

Emma Fisher is teaching Mathematics and Science in the High School in Wilton, N. H.

M. Iola Clark is teaching in Whitinsville, Mass.

Jessie Hyde is teaching in East Machias, Me.

Frances Shepard is teaching in Deerfield Academy.

Della Finch is teaching in Ashland.

Katherine Ahern is studying at Columbia.

Mabel Rice is teaching in Pittsfield.

Angie M. Dresser is teaching in Pittsfield.

BIRTHS

Mrs. Wm. Fessenden (Alida Mehan '84) a daughter born in September.

Mrs. L. B. Frieze, Jr. (Mary Crowell '84) a daughter born in September.

Mrs. Wilder H. Buffum (Wilhelmina Walbridge '92) a daughter born in May.

Mrs. Blank (Isabel Cutler '97) a son Donald born in October.

ABOUT COLLEGE

As our college has grown in size, so have its interests widened, and these new and old interests we wish to see reflected in the MONTHLY. We have prided ourselves that the Monthly has been carried on independently by the students, that we have not required advertisements to help pay the running expenses of the magazine, and that this burden has been so willingly borne by the girls, but we want to ask their aid still farther. We want them to take such an interest in the magazine that themes, instead of having to be solicited, will be offered to us voluntarily. A box like those used for daily themes will be placed opposite the door of the editors' room, 3 Old Gymnasium, and contributions are earnestly desired. Especially let us urge your aid and cooperation in the About College Department. While our literary work finds place in the other departments, About College is equally for those who "don't write." Problems come up every week that it would be well for us to discuss frankly and thoughtfully. The more general the interest in all college or class questions, the more firmly will we be bound together. The editor does not want About College to show only the discontented side of our college lives, but hopes to have it reflect also that happy, truthful loyalty which we all feel so deeply towards class and college. Uncritical praise and blame alone are excluded; whatever is of interest, as well as of pleasure, in "our daily rounds" should find expression in the About College Department.

The Class of Ninety-nine, through the kindness of the Monthly, wishes to announce that the Senior play this year will be Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." In choosing a play the object of the class was to find something, if possible, which would meet with the approval of the Faculty, and which when given would be an artistic and literary production. By unanimous consent, the class selected "The Winter's Tale," as best fulfilling these requirements, and offering still further inducements. The play is distinctly many-sided. The blending of the comic and the lyric, tempered by the deeper strain of tragedy, offers wide scope in interpretation for various types of dramatic expression. A cast of twenty-two persons and numerous "mobs" give to a large proportion of the class a chance for the pleasure and education which may be derived from an intimate practical study of Shakespeare. It is hoped that these advantages, together with the possibilities in "The Winter's Tale" for charming scenic effects, will combine to make an acceptable entertainment for the guests of the College at the next Commencement.

BLANCHE AMES. President of the Class of '99.

The Freshman who in her innocence asked to be shown the Students' Building, "as she wanted to know where everything was," was perhaps not so very much more ignorant than some who know that as yet it exists but in our minds and on paper; for unless we have some idea as to what the Students' Building is to be when it shall materialize, the name can mean but little to us. We pride ourselves that as a college we do many things apart from our academic work, and do them well, but while doing them we are very apt to run across serious obstacles. Chief among these is lack of room. Our dramatics are always important events, and while we have the Academy of Music for the final representations of the Senior Play, and the Gymnasium for house plays, we often have the greatest difficulty in finding a place for rehearsals. The Gymnasium, the only available place, is in constant demand for gymnastics and basket-ball, so that much time is wasted by the girls in trying to make these different things fit in together. The societies and other associations would also profit greatly through such a building as is proposed: there would be rooms in it for the Smith College Association for Christian Work, for the Gymnasium and Field Association, the Literary Societies, the Musical Clubs, and for the Monthly board.

The scheme of having a building exclusively for the use of the students, to be built with money raised by them and to be managed by them when finished, was started in the spring of '95. It was approved of by the Faculty, the alumnæ and the students, and a collection was at once taken up and the fund was started with about \$1,000. The following year a number of small entertainments were given by the different houses and societies, raising the sum to \$2,426.90. In '96-'97, a Christmas Sale was held and the proceeds of this, together with various contributions from the girls and their friends, made a total of \$1,996.10 for that year. Last year a lecture course was given and in the spring we found that we had \$11,000, more than half the sum necessary to begin building. For it was decided when the plan was started that the cost should be not less than \$30,000, but that we might begin to build with \$20,000.

For this year we have already had one lecture for the benefit of the fund, from which we cleared about \$100. The main effort of the year, however, is the sale to be held December 10. It is hoped that this sale will be as great a success as the one held two years ago, but to bring this about the girls must work for it with the same enthusiasm. It certainly seems as if we might expect their interest to be even greater, as we are now so much nearer our goal than we were then. For this sale we want every one to work, each doing what she can in the way of sewing, drawing or painting, so that all may have a part in it, for the idea is not for a few girls to do a great deal of work, but for all to do a little. In this way we can not only accomplish more, but no one will feel a strain from the work.

It is impossible to explain here all the details of the sale, but any of the girls wishing to know more about it can easily obtain any information from the committee. This committee, which is always composed of ten girls, four from the Senior Class, three from the Junior, two from the Sophomore, and one from the Freshman, consists at present of Janet Roberts '99, Mary Kennard '99, Amanda Harter '99, Ruth Strickland '99, Carolyn Weston 1900, Ber-

tha Groesbeck 1900, Grace Russell 1900, Kate Rising 1901, Marie Stuart 1901, and Mary Thatcher 1902.

JANET WARING ROBERTS '99.

It is a constant surprise to discover just how little is known about the Council. It may be too much to ask that a Freshman should be informed of its organization, but one would hardly expect a Junior to confuse it with the Association for Christian Work. Yet this frequently happens. At times such a mistake would make no practical difference, but when the S. C. A. C. W. is charged with prohibiting the Washington's Birthday dance for religious reasons, we have gone a step too far. The Council is supposed by some to be a society for mental improvement, by others a social club. And even those girls who know better can tell almost nothing of what power is delegated to it. Various ideas of its office are held, and these ideas strangely conflict. The Faculty naturally suppose that it represents the students. The students. on the other hand, assert that it represents the Faculty. "What then does it do? Has it no distinctive duties?" you ask. No one seems to know, and what is truer still no one seems particularly desirous of knowing. There is a general indifference among the girls—a failure to comprehend both the possibilities of a body like this and the great need of their hearty cooperation if the possibilities be realized. The Council can never occupy the position to which it is entitled until two difficulties are overcome: first, the carelessness of the classes in choosing their representatives; and second, the irregular support which these representatives receive.

At Bryn Mawr, the election for President of the Association for Student Self-government lasts a number of days, and the merits of the several candidates are most carefully weighed and discussed. Here, the representatives which each class sends to the Council are chosen with little forethought and often upon the inspiration of the moment. I have known girls to be reëlected merely through fear of hurting their feelings, and although this motive may be unselfish it is hardly businesslike. There is a growing tendency to make the position of councillor permanent. Precedents flourish in Smith soil like Jonah's gourd. Some, it is true, are good, but others are very bad, and this custom of reëlecting the same girl for two, three and even four successive years is of the latter class. I do not mean that it should never be done. Occasionally a girl so stands out from among her classmates that her reëlection is taken for granted, but such girls are few. In the majority of cases it would be infinitely better to choose another, who would be equally good and who would bring new ideas to the Council. Take the present Senior class, for instance. According to the constitution, one of the three former members was to be reëlected. All unconscious of what it was doing, the class elected the same three over again and the two under classes straightway followed its example. The precedent is established, and if it continues the Council will degenerate into an asylum for ex-presidents. One member saves it from this condition now.

But the responsibility of the students should not end with the choice of their councillors. If the Council is to be truly representative it must have the coöperation of the entire student body. There should be a perfect un-

derstanding between the two-reports and explanations on the one side, a frank expression of opinion and a fair criticism on the other. We are so apt to be prejudiced in our judgments. In nine cases out of ten the decisions of the Council pass unnoticed, but the tenth arouses a storm of protest. And why? It has toadied to the Faculty. When this is said, all is said. There is a most false and unfair conviction on the part of many students that the office of their councillors is to administer the Faculty's pills. Now we are certainly old enough to make a less childish assertion. It is unjust to the Faculty and to the Council. Let me give two parallel cases, which show the inconsistency of the girls and prove how strongly the position of the Faculty affects their criticisms. The Council has reached a decision supposedly in accordance with the Faculty's wishes. The students are indignant. Council is not representative," they say. "Let us make it uncomfortable for our councillors!" And they do. Shortly after this the Council makes a decision supposedly contrary to the Faculty's wishes. The girls happen to agree with the Faculty. They have been misrepresented, but do they criticise? Not at all. "The councillors are our representatives," they say. "We must support them." Comment is superfluous. The Council would appreciate more uniform support and more honest condemnation. We all realize that it is not so strong as it should be, but with the help of the students it may be immeasurably strengthened. All it asks is that they cease to regard it as an autocratic body and remember that only with their cooperation can it represent the classes rightly.

CARROLLE BARBER '99.

It has been the aim of the Smith College Association for Christian Work to bring itself more and more in touch with the practical needs of the students of the College. During the last three or four years the Association has enlarged its sphere in many directions, giving assistance to all those interested in the work as well as to its members. In no way does it give more material aid than in the so-called Students' Exchange, which was started as an experiment last year. Many of the girls in college are in the habit of employing outside help in the line of sewing—darning, making button-holes, binding skirts and mending in general—besides many other kinds of light work, cleaning silver, printing blue-prints, reading, writing, etc. It is the aim of the Students' Exchange to keep this work among the students, since there are many among them who are anxious for such work and are capable of doing it well. For this purpose the writer will be in Dr. Brewster's room in the Alumnæ Gymnasium every Tuesday afternoon from 4.45 to 5.45 o'clock. There will also be a box placed in College Hall to hold all applications of both kinds. This box will be opened regularly once a week, and will be more convenient for many than going to the Gymnasium at the appointed hour.

ALIDA KING LEESE 1900.

The craze for souvenirs has become a fad at college, but until this year a comparatively harmless one; ferns from Mountain Day, blue-prints, or dance programs have been treasured to fill the pages of the memorabilia. But this year the collectors have grown more ambitious. Many visitors at the Sopho-

more Reception remarked that they had never seen the Gymnasium more lovely, hung as it was with red and yellow bunting and decorated here and there with bunches of golden wheat and scarlet poppies. It was fortunate for us that the visitors came the first of the evening instead of the last, or they might have gone away with less favorable impressions, for about the middle of the evening some one discovered that a red poppy was just what her memorabilia needed, and another that some golden wheat from the Sophomore Reception would give a most artistic touch to her room if draped over the corner of a picture. In less than ten minutes after the first poppy was torn down there was hardly a red flower on the wall, the wheat disappeared like magic, the bunting was ripped down and torn to shreds, and even the class seals and pins over which the decorating committee had worked so hard were torn down and carried away. The dance was finished in a room comparatively bare. The discouraged committee suggested that next year pieces of bunting or tissue paper poppies be presented at the door, so that the decorations might remain whole and fit to be used on another occasion. This is not the first time that this has happened, but we trust it will be the last, and that the decorations to be used on Thanksgiving Day or Washington's Birthday may be left for all to enjoy.

A new rule was made; this, year for Hallowe'en night. Students on the campus were not allowed to go outside their own houses in costume, and no students from off the campus could come in masked. Last year there was some trouble occasioned by outsiders who, like the young man in the nonsense rhyme, 'went to the party and ate just as hearty as though they'd been really invited.' So this year goblins and fairies, fair ladies and lords had to content themselves with the company in their own houses.

Tuesday evening, October 18, Mr. I. Zangwill, the well-known novelist and critic, gave a lecture in Assembly Hall on the "The Ghetto." The proceeds went to the Students' Building Fund.

It was decided at the meeting of the Smith College Missionary Society held last month to select Dr. Angie M. Meyers of New York as the Smith College medical missionary. It was therefore a great pleasure to the Society and their friends to hear Dr. Meyers speak at the Missionary meeting Sunday evening, November 13, and to be able to make her personal acquaintance. Dr. Meyers graduated from Vassar in '94, and finished her course at the Woman's Medical College of New York last June. She expects to start for Lamoy, South China, in the fall of 1899 to take charge of the Woman's Hospital there.

At the open meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society, held Saturday evening, November 12, Mr. Leon Vincent of Boston gave a lecture on Thackeray.

The Woman's Stringed Orchestra of New York gave a concert in Assembly Hall, Wednesday evening, November 9. The concert was free to members of the College.

Mr. John R. Mott, Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation. spoke in Vespers Sunday, November 6, and in the evening addressed a union meeting in Music Hall on the work of the Federation. His wide personal knowledge of different colleges all over the world made his talks very interesting.

Miss Mary Wilton Calkins, Smith '85, Professor of Philosophy at Wellesley, spoke at the open meeting of the Philosophical Society, Tuesday evening, November 7. Her subject was "A Study of the Nature of Time."

The Class of Ninety-eight has left the costumes used in their Senior play to form the nucleus of a Senior dramatics property-box. The costumes may be altered to any extent, but must be used only for the Senior play, and be handed on to succeeding classes.

Sarah Elizabeth Farquhar, formerly of '98, died of consumption at her home in Newton, October 20, 1898.

CALENDAR

- Nov. 16. Wallace House Play.
 - 19. Open Meeting of the Alpha Society.
 - 24. Thanksgiving Day.
 - 30. Hatfield and Dewey House Dance.
- Dec. 3. Phi Kappa Psi Society.
 - 10. Donation Party for the Students' Building.
 - 14. Washburn and Tenney House Dance.
 - 17. Alpha Society.

The

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THE

SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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JOHNSON, THE MORALIST

"The great man does in good truth belong to his own age; nay, more so than any other man; being properly the synopsis and epitome of such age, with its interests and influences; but belongs likewise to all ages,—otherwise he is not great."

This holds good of Samuel Johnson in his two-fold relation to his own time and to the Latter Days. The great are many-sided in their relations. The angles of observation are manifold. If we find a man who has been "Ruler of the British Nation for a season," we should ask many questions,—"How did he rule?" "Whom did he govern?"—and would look at him from many sides. There is one angle, however, it seems, from which there is a clearer view of the man's nature than from any other. It is taken when we ask the question, "What were the laws which he as ruler gave?—by virtue of which he was ruler?" Therefore it is Johnson the Moralist which this paper will endeavor to outline.

Johnson has been called the "John Bull of Spiritual Europe" of that time. The better we know him, the more strongly does he impress us as personifying his nation, as eminently typical. He is wholly English. He sees and knows nothing but England. But while he is an outgrowth of his time, he does not advance

with it on its course good or bad, but crystallizes those of its tendencies which reach back into the past, rather than develops the germs of its newer ones.

In this time, replete with contradictions, Johnson held firmly by the old traditions, opposing to innovations the doctrine of "Standing-Still." He sticks stubbornly to fact, with an uncompromising contempt for philosophic speculation. He manifests the English bulldog tenacity of grip on the actual and the known, as opposed to pursuit of the intangible, if higher, unknown and uncertain. Impregnated with reverence for existing institutions, he could neither interpret nor regard the signs of unrest which were growing more distinct under his eyes. This may have been not without advantage. Carlyle says that, although it is impossible for even "the greatest to stem the flood of Time, saying 'Move not!' yet in retardation may be much value," and that if England has been able to work out her deliverance into a new era calmly, without the horrors of a French Revolution, she is in great measure indebted to Johnson.

The particular forces with which Johnson the moralist had to contend were hypocrisy, unbelief and indifference. The doctrines of the Deists had spread throughout Europe, and English thought was flooded with skepticism. This resulted in a general notion that Christianity itself, while untrue, was still essential to society. The rational was everywhere exalted. Emphasis was laid on external morality, as distinguished from the dogma of the earlier controversialists and from the emotion of the succeeding revival. The preachers taught sobriety, moderation. good sense, and "their precepts went little further than the doctrines of Socrates or Confucius." Their sermons were metaphysical essays while the keenest intellects were ranging themselves among the "Infidels." Society as a whole was stirred by no strong enthusiasms, or passions, or profound speculations. was comfortable, getting on well in the world, and "much impressed with the importance of the domestic virtues." Among the people in general there was either a widespread indifference or a latent skepticism. The general trend of these influences is revealed in the corruption, the worship of expediency in politics, in the selfish cynicism of society, and in a literature marked by brilliancy, variety, purity of expression, and absence of depth, imagination and passion.

When a creed is dying thus, the importance of preserving the

moral law always receives emphasis. The practical moralist is distinctly called forth by such an age. So Johnson stands in the midst of the men of his time, of them but also above them. His teachings are in a measure age-bound, but their underlying spirit is that of a simpler, better faith. In an era of general skepticism, England produced not simply a moralist but a believer.

Johnson, in many ways, was peculiarly gifted for the office of moralist. He possessed the two main requisites,-deep knowledge of human nature, and the character of a teacher. His study is peculiarly man, and his knowledge of man is advantageously varied through his experience, from the poor hacks and social drudges whose struggles he shared, to the brilliant circles which comprised the best and the finest which the age had to offer. His wisdom-wisdom in the specific sense-was greater than that of any since Swift. But he had what was more than mere knowledge, the ability to impart it. There are species of men who can learn whole volumes but have not the ability to give back in teaching so much as one vital sentence. Such was not Johnson. He was a born instructor, with physical accessories to give force to his utterances, with qualities of mind and soul capable of impressing on his listeners confidence and faith in those utterances. His comprehensive and generalizing mind enabled him to analyze the primary elements of human nature, and his courage enabled him to give back those deductions without fear or favor or the partiality which awakens distrust. Among other essential qualities he had independence. so indomitable that he could scorn patronage and presents in his days of need. One to rule, spiritually, must command respect, and for this the great essential is that one should be able to respect oneself. Moreover, this man who was to teach, to enlighten, had much light himself. He saw things about him as they were, stripped of their apologies and false clothes. Lastly, he possessed that prime requisite of the teacher, love of truth. the love of spreading truth. What attracts real listeners in an unbelieving age is not so much that truth of one variety or another is being uttered, but merely that it is truth.

Johnson is thus by nature didactic. His moral code may be gathered not only from his works in nearly all their kinds, but from his every-day talk. He promulgated rules of conduct for every department of life, for almost every situation in which the ordinary man finds himself placed.

The Essays are a species of sermon. They contain few bold or striking thoughts, but plenty of good common-sense truths and practical reasons for virtue. They tell us that life is short and that therefore "interstitial, idle moments" should not be allowed to fall useless to the ground; that cowardice and inactivity are folly; that genius is inefficient without learning; that wealth is impotent; that perseverance is necessary. All this seems palpable and over-evident in these latter days, until we recollect when and to whom Johnson spoke.

At times we come across certain sophistries, especially in the conversations;—as, that "it is right for a man to claim as his own the bought writings of another;" that a lawyer cannot know a case to be good or bad, correctly speaking, until the judge has decided it to be one or the other,—therefore the lawyer need have no scruples in engaging in a case of doubtful justice; that "it is no roguery to play with a man who is ignorant of the game, for he thinks he can play better than you, and you think you can play better than he can, and you are on an equality;"—and so forth. So again we find ourselves picking flaws from our more modern point of view. Enough, for then, that there was growing up a spirit of nicer discrimination.

Of all Johnson's works that which contains, in epitome, his special message is "Rasselas." Here is an intenser expression of the "Vanity of Human Wishes." "Life is a school-house, where the rod is ever active." Rasselas, in the Happy Valley, "finds that all the joys of life without active use of its energies, can give no joy,"—and Rasselas in the world, seeking to make "choice of life," learns that all the active use of the energies of men are for ideals worthless or deluding. To this same dark conclusion of the wretchedness of humanity had the trend of the more earnest thought of the century come. But while the latter deduces the non-existence of a just God, Johnson's faith in an infinitely but mysteriously good Supreme Being remains unshaken. This miserable and evil life is to him but a preparation for the glory and happiness of the life to come.

Throughout there is no appeal to the reader in any respect but that of a reasoner of frigid emotion, and judicial, argumentative turn of mind. Pleasure, we are told, is in itself harmless, but "may become mischievous by endearing us to a state which we know to be transient and probatory, and withdrawing our thoughts from that of which every hour brings us nearer to the beginning, and of which no length of time will bring us to the end." The first requisite which the Prince would demand in a wife is that she could be led by reason. The Princess concludes that "marriage has many pains, but celibacy no pleasures."

There are also lesser echoes of the main theme. "The hope of happiness is so strongly impressed that the longest experience is not able to efface it. Of the present state, whatever it be, we feel and are forced to confess the misery." "We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each believes it to be possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself." "Whether perfect happiness would be procured by perfect goodness, this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding,"—the rain falls alike on the just and on the unjust; and this much we know, "that we do not always find visible happiness in proportion to visible virtue."

The most important of the sub-truths is that knowledge and virtue alone are worth while; the former to lessen the miseries of this world; the latter to assure the joys of the next. The two interact: "Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful." "Ignorance," moreover, "is criminal, when it is voluntary." "The natural consequence of learning is that we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range." This last is the same idea which Johnson expresses elsewhere. Knowledge increases the multiplicity of agreeable consciousnesses, and so happiness. A little miss in a new ball gown and a victorious general, "or a peasant and a philosopher, may be equally satisfied but not equally happy."

Such in brief is Johnson's stated idea of life,—a time of wretchedness and trials to be improved by a set of maxims tending to right living, and to preparation for the life beyond, which is separated from this by a gulf, a break,—a something of horrors. The code of morals springing from such a view has little that is cheering or inspiring. But it was infinitely superior to the cheap optimism of the "Pope-Shaftesbury variety." In such an age, it was qualified to impress its stamp more deeply, in actual practical benefits, with its simple maxims,—"Clear your mind of Cant! Work and don't whine! Stick to facts!" Resist fancies in the shape of Berkeley and others! "Resist anarchy as you would the devil!"—than would a wider, more speculative philosophy have been qualified to do.

Such a system of course has its limitations. Johnson was as good a moralist as one can be who believes that the final basis of morality is beyond the reach of speculation. As has been said, he abhors speculation itself. It loosens the fixity of things. He has decided once for all that religion is the thing needful, and that the best we can do is to hold fast by the established creed. Caring little for the foundation principles, he sets the highest value on truthfulness in ordinary affairs.

In this and in certain other respects Johnson is allied to the

two men bearing similar relations to their time, earlier in the century. In many respects, however, he differs from Addison and Swift. Johnson's task was eminently different from that of Addison. The public had passed beyond the stage where it had to be allured to read, by the delightful variety and lightness of the "Spectator." The follies against which Addison had preached had given place to a new set requiring a morality of their own. And now by virtue of its earlier training the public was ready for a different, a weightier discussion, even to the point of receiving the instruction without the amusement, in large Johnsonian doses. As compared with Addison's, Johnson's purpose was deep and solemn. He scorned to sugar-coat his pills, to win a hearing for his precepts through the charm of conceits and fancy or of any approach to a catering to the public. It was not his aim "to ridicule the frivolities of fashion, so much as to lash the enormities of guilt." Johnson is more terribly in earnest than Addison. He is in every way a bigger man.

Swift is nearer Johnson's size. They have much in common. Both have the same shrewd, English, humorous common sense. Both have much wisdom. Both revolt against the specious "Whatever is, is right." They have seen too much of the scars and sores of life to accept that doctrine. They are, equally, filled with a sense of the pettiness of life, and the little limits of human knowledge. Both realize the power of the unseen, but stop short at that, and in abandoning all effort at its solution they are part and parcel of their age. Their sense of the smallness and sinfulness of man generates an habitual sadness. But here they separate, each going his own way. Swift turns misanthrope, and Johnson, "sturdy moralist." Swift becomes a moody hater of the species, but Johnson is too generous and too wise for such impotent anger. He is delivered from Swift's hell of passion by virtue of a noble humanity. Swift lacked the unselfish nature and "indomitable belief in the potential excellence of human nature." He had neither the power nor the nobility to become a reformer. This, Johnson is in a sense. Reformer, though the form was not new, rather the best of the old.

Johnson's contemporary, Wesley, held that a blank collection of good precepts would never change men's lives,—that there must be an appeal to the higher imagination and to the emotions. What Johnson's lip-teaching may lack of such appeal, his life-teaching surely supplies. Johnson lived as rightly as, but more nobly than he taught. The dry-bones of moral maxims have after all little lasting influence. But the example, the heroism of a man living such a life and in such a way, cannot fail in inspiration. "His life has been turned inside out by friend and foe, and there was no lie found in it." He was stronger than disease, and temperament, and poverty. In the midst of selfishness, he was warm-heartedly generous; among contradictions, firm; in the midst of unbelief, sincere and reverent.

Johnson the Moralist belongs peculiarly to an age and a people. Johnson the Man belongs to the world-fellowship of brave men.

HARRIET CHALMERS BLISS.

THE TWO RACHELS

It was a very warm day, but in the old graveyard it was cool, and the fragrance from the sweet-fern just outside the wall was delicious. Surely no better retreat could have been found for a tired, disappointed girl than this quiet, dreamy spot, with no other presence than the ghostly ones of the dead, if indeed they do return to the places once familiar to them. She loved the spot, and loved to think that the shades of her ancestors might be lingering there, though she was rather glad that they could not take tangible form, for they had been strict, forbidding individuals.

The old graveyard was a square of grassy ground, surrounded by a massive wall which extended on down the lane to the house. It represented the labor of one of those firm, unrelenting men who now lay peacefully under the sod, and seemed to say in its unpretending massiveness: "I shall endure when you and your successors are lying as my builder now lies." However, where this wall surrounded the burying-ground, it was overgrown with woodbine and here and there with ivy, and a narrow strip within its boundary was planted with nasturtiums and pinks, so that its grimness was softened. On one side of the burying-ground was a pine grove, and on the other side a dense growth of sweet fern and juniper.

Within all was order. The grassy mounds of recent date, with their little white headstones, contrasted with the slightly sunken ones of more ancient time with their slaty-looking stones and queer inscriptions, as much as the monument of red sandstone freshly inscribed differed from the old granite shaft covered with moss. How peaceful it was! Not a sound seemed to break the stillness except the farmers in the field far off calling to their cattle.

The girl sat leaning her head against the old monument, drinking in the sweet odors and welcoming the quiet; thinking of the trials of the day. It had been the same old story; the endless complaint and scolding, the utter lack of sympathy, and the disagreeable clashing everywhere. "And all because I want to know something," she sighed. "Because I don't want to learn to milk and help haying and knit and—Oh, it's dreadful! Why can't I have some chance?

She was the youngest of the family, and instead of having ambition to become a smart housekeeper and thrifty farmer's wife, to take prizes for butter or a silk quilt at the Grange Fairs, or on the other hand, to work in a store in the city and earn her living in that way, wanted to go to college. 'What was the use of a girl's going to college?' her maiden aunt said, with a scornful look that seemed to add, "And such a girl as you." She chafed under the whole narrowness and tyranny, and longed for freedom—freedom to study and expand in every way. She had no vague ideas of college social life,—fudge, dramatics or house dances. To know something, that was her only desire, and it was forbidden her.

All her life long it had been this one continual struggle. Even in the district school it had been hard to go regularly, there had been so many times when she was needed at home to do odd jobs. Then had come the struggle to go to the academy. Teaching school had been the means, in spite of the evil forebodings of Aunt Nancy. It had been a success, and she had gone to the academy; first a year of school, then a year of teaching, and so on. Now she had been out of school for some time, feeling the academy was not what she needed. Home had seemed to claim her, but now she had made a plea for a little money to aid her in going a year to college. The money earned by teaching would go such a pitifully little way. She must have help, but where was it to come from? The continual refusal and discouragement was commencing to sap even her energy.

To-day in the old graveyard it seemed more intolerable than ever. She had tremblingly asked for a family council, and begged to be allowed to put her case frankly to them. With what a shout of derision it was greeted! How Aunt Nancy sniffed and said, "Rachel, clear off the table and hold your council with the dish-pan. That ought to be enough for the present."

Only poor mother looked at her with a tearful smile and seemed to offer sympathy with that one pathetic glance. "Mother would help me if she could, I know," thought Rachel now. "But what's the use when Aunt Nancy has such opinions? As well try to move the heavens."

"They had to admit that I could teach," she thought. "Then they wanted me to keep on, teaching district schools for life. They haven't the slightest idea of my ambitions. They don't understand me at all. But my money's my own, what little I have, and when that is gone I can earn more. Just to try it!"

It would not be impossible to go on what she had. She might get a chance to wait on tables or do something of the kind to help out. After she had gone a year she could teach again, and then she could go again. It would be hard, but what was that? She could learn anyway. Just show them that she could go one year and perhaps they would give her money to go longer. She knew there was little money in the family anyway, but a piece of land could easily be spared. She fell to thinking again.

No, there was no hope of help from the family. She must work out her own salvation. Should she make the effort? As she thought, her eyes fell upon one of the old slate-colored stones. She had often read it, but now it seemed to appeal to her with new force. The inscription read: "Rachel, dau. of Josiah Clifton; died Aug. 3, 18—, aged twenty years. Safe

in the arms of Jesus." Sweet Rachel! how often she had heard about her! So pretty and so discontented with herself.

"Rachel had your same wandering spirit. She wanted to improve the world, poor thing. Isaac Dodge wanted her to be contented with just improving him, but she wouldn't, she was so ambitious. Then when she was twenty years and two months old, she got the typhus and died. Isaac felt awful, but that spiteful Jane Lowizy Bell was after him all the time, and in time,—well, she got him. He never forgot Rachel, though."

This familiar story of poor, ambitious Rachel came back afresh now, and a picture rose up before her of her sweet greataunt, as she imagined she had looked. And she tried to think of Rachel's view of her case. There could be no doubt about it: Rachel would be her firm ally. And she felt encouraged at the thought. But her grandfather, Rachel's brother, how would he have looked at it? Had she not often heard that Rachel was his favorite sister? How he favored her projects and championed her cause, though he could see no reason in it? And the fondness with which he had always greeted her she could still remember, though her grandfather had died many years ago. "Bless little Rachel," he had said many times. Yes, if grandfather were here, he would help her.

One by one the girl called up the forms of her ancestors and imagined what the wisdom of her course would seem to each. And finally, having passed them all in review, she found at the end that the general verdict was, "Go, my child, and fit yourself for whatever mission you may have in the world. Success shall attend you."

The sun was setting, and a golden light fell through the trees upon the tombstones and grassy mounds, when the girl started to leave her seat. "Good-bye, dear friends," she said. "Thanks for the comfort you have given, when all living kindred were against me. Your advice shall be followed. I trust you."

From that time Rachel's native energy became more vigorous. She coolly announced her intention of entering college in the fall, and made her preparations in a decided way that admitted of no opposition. Some clothes had been given her by some rich relations, and Miss Ann Pearson, who had been her old school teacher, helped her fix them up. Shabby enough they were, when all their hard work was done, but to the girl who looked upon them as only so many necessities, they were sufficient.

In the fall she bade good-bye to her home and family, and set out alone for college. Not a bit of quailing could be seen in her face, though Aunt Nancy was as supercilious and ungracious as ever, and hardly deigned to speak a civil word to her. Mother cried and said, "I hope you carry God's blessing with you, my child. But it seems strange to have you go off this way such an awful ways."

The journey was long and dreary, and the arrival in the strange town and the lonely search after a room were disheartening. But finally in a little third-story room, a long distance from the college campus, she settled her few belongings and prepared to carry on the work of her first year.

Recreation was an unknown quantity to Rachel Clifton that year. She had found that her Greek was very hard, her Latin still harder, and her Mathematics hardest of all. The preparation given by the little academy was anything but sufficient for college. So work she must and work she did, every minute. The lovely fall days passed away, when the purple haze lay on the distant mountains and all the air was full of a sweetness that made an outdoor life almost an absolute necessity. Winter came, and with it snow-shoeing and coasting, skating and punging, followed by evenings with fudge and rarebit. Rachel sat in her bare little room, working, working. Her only moments of recreation were those when she seized a piece of paper and breathlessly unfolded her ideas on "The Big Senior" or some other subject that to other girls seemed hopeless. Then she did indeed enjoy life.

One cold day in February, one might have seen in the little room a pitiful sight. It was the figure of a girl, sitting in one of the straight-backed chairs, surrounded by books and papers strewn heedlessly over the floor. Her face was a picture of utter hopelessness. Her attitude expressed as much. All was the overflowing of unutterable despair.

She must go away—they had told her so that day. How long ago? Only an hour—absurd! a year. One brief sentence, and what remained of her ambition, her hope? One brief sentence: "It is useless for you to attempt to pass your examinations." The work, the privation, what had it all counted? All was gone. She was not fitted to be a college girl. Everything had conspired against her. There was no justice in it, no justice in the world anyway. How could she face the people at home?

What would they say? The same old story. And before her there rose again the vision of "Rachel, daughter of Josiah Clifton aged 20 years." "She was happier than I," she thought. "She never knew but that her ambition might be realized if she could try. But I—I have tried and failed."

Failed utterly? She stooped and lifted from the floor a pile of papers, and a faint smile crossed her face as she tenderly turned the leaves.

ELISABETH SCRIBNER BROWN.

A MEETING ON THE ROAD

OLD RÉGIME

Scene, a small Inn on the Paris Road.

Persons.

THE INNKEEPER.

THE MARQUISE.

ROSINE, her Maid.

Afterward

THE QUEEN.

(The Innkeeper ushers in with scant ceremony the Marquise and Rosine.)

The Innkeeper. Madame can wait here, if she chooses.

Rosine.

Fellow.

Put to the horses instantly; my lady Is in great haste.

(The Innkeeper goes out.)

The Marquise. They hissed at me, Rosine!
Did you not hear them, how they yelled!—Canaille!
But wait till I come back!—They flung things at us.
I thought the windows would have broken.—Then
This innkeeper—I have seen him bowing double
To me. But some shall pay for this.—Rosine,
You do not think the King will die?

Rosine. Dear lady.

I pray he may recover.

The Marquise. You were best!

And yet, suppose the worst: there's Paris still;
I am hardly poor.—But no! Rosine, you saw
Madame la Comtesse' carriage? Till to-day
Madame la Comtesse has seen me: some time
She shall again, when I shall scarce see her!—

He is not old. I do not fear his dying,
Unless the priests should kill him. Ah, those priests!
I ask you, can it profit Louis' soul
To send me from him, and to bring instead
The yellow Queen, to plague his sight? But you,
My lord grand almoner, this will hardly prove
The way to that red hat!—When I return—!

Rosine. Madame, you are so sure you will return?

The Marquise. Yes, child. The King is ill—why, any hand May place the bandage on his brow: a priest's, A doctor's, nay, a queen's: all's one. But wait Till he be well: it needs a whiter hand To smoothe out that brow's wrinkles.

Rosine. Grant it, Madame :

There are more white hands in France —

The Marquise (striking her). What, insolent wench!

You too will turn on me? You too?

Rosine (aside). Bourgeoise!—
Spare me, dear lady! I but jested: no one
Has hands like yours, no other—

The Marquise. Hark you, little one:

When all the world is bowing at my footstool—;

When prelates, ministers, scarred generals

Attend my fan's least flutter—thou hast leave
To speak impertinencies; thou art my toy:
I choose to play with thee, to fling them by.
But now, my court being shrunk to this mean room,
And thou my only courtier, I keep state,
And thou shalt serve me as a queen.—Now, Heaven
Avert the omen! May I never come
To keep such wretched state—

The Innkeeper (outside). Make way there, fellows!

Room for the Queen! Your Majesty will deign
To honor my poor house?

Rosine. Ah, Madame, flee!

You cannot meet her here! Quick! To the courtyard!—

Where does this lead?

(The Marquise at the first moment has looked about hastily for a means of escape; now she draws herself up haughtily.)

 $\begin{array}{ccc} \textit{The Marquise.} & \text{I called this room my court.} \\ & \text{Here I receive the Queen.} \end{array}$

(Cries of "Long live the Queen!" heard outside.)

How the curs yelp!

The Innkeeper (very pompously).

Room for Her Majesty the Queen of France!

(The Queen enters attended.)

The Marquise (with a deep reverence).

I have the honor to present your Majesty
My humblest service.

The Innkeeper. If your Majesty wishes—

The Queen. Nothing, good fellow; leave us.

The Marquise (after a pause). So, your Highness Forgets her lady of the bedchamber By patent from His Majesty the King?

(Slowly, after a pause.)

It may be that your Majesty can guess
The place I come from. You have naught to ask
After the health of—Louis?

The Queen.

I have borne the insult of your presence; borne Your mockery in the guise of service, all Your jests, your coquetries, your insolent aping The state of queen; but from this hour forth I think, and pray, I shall not see you more.

The Marquise. Your Majesty then prays the King may die?

The Queen. Madame, how dare you-

The Marquise. 'Tis but natural:

The Dauphin crowned, our court becomes precise, Pious, Heaven help us! with an inner circle More pious still round the Queen—Mother. She Controls church policy; the Dauphin looks To her for counsel, while herself selects Her ladies of the bedchamber! Small wonder The prospect charms your Highness. But for me, I dare to hope the King may live, and so We two may meet again.

The Queen. Now, but for stooping
To ask this blasphemous woman—what ill power
Is her reliance, that she knows so surely
Her hateful influence triumphs over mine?

The Marquise (addressing Rosine).

Is there no mirror in this hovel, child?

The Queen. Your beauty will not fade?

The Marquise. You will not see it.

But that is least. Nay, Madame, for a pastime,
Tell us your art of charming.—List, Rosine!—
The King is well: for the first time, to-day,
Your prayers and masses pall on him; as yet
They will not let him hunt, so, he is pacing
Your chamber up and down, and with his whip

Taps out upon his boot a tune I know
(You never heard it, Madame), and watches you
Bending above your broidery, and yawns.
Quick, now, the secret! With what witchery
Will you enchain him? With a masque? A play,
Yourself the heroine? A merry song
Not too precise? A subtle flattery?
A scandal, new and piquant? Which of these
Shall bind our monarch to your Highness?

The Queen (after a pause). Yea,

These are the tricks, then, that outweigh with men

Pure hearts and virtuous lives?

Woman, the past May have been thus. The past is past. The King (Whom God preserve!) lies on a bed of sickness; The awful hand of death has touched his soul And chastened it; the follies of the world, Which most endanger kings, have fallen from him Even as a garment: he is penitent: His heart is humbled at God's throne. If now That gracious God preserve his life, would he, Fresh from that terrible Presence, turn once more To painted vices? I should scarce be proud, If long humiliations, constant prayers Can make one humble, vet I dare believe His Majesty, recalled from death, may turn To one who casts no blot, in birth, in life, Ay, or in inmost thought, on that great name Of Majesty, but has lived reverencing God and the saints in Heaven, on earth the King.

The Marquise (thoughtfully, half to herself).

Reverence? Why, yes, but more than reverence
A man must have.—Madame, I had not known—
You love him. too?

The Queen. Be silent, thou pollution!

The Marquise. Nay, but you do?—We are both women. Say, Love you him?

The Queen. In a sense you have not dreamed of I love my Lord the King.

The Marquise (breaking into laughter). Why, there, Rosine!
You have it in a nutshell!—Oh, I choke!—
My Lord the King! She loves—oh, cut my lace;
I shall die laughing! Why, I feared, my girl,
She was a woman—after all these years
Of playing death's-head at our feast, I feared
There was a heart beat there—my faith! A thought
That well might fright one! But she is a thing

Born of a parchment pedigree, her life Etiquette and devotions, and her love Is for 'my Lord the King'! A wager, child; This emerald ring to nothing, that not once In twenty years has she addressed the King As 'Louis'! Tell me, Madame, do I win?

—Yes, by her silence!

Nay, your Majesty,
It seems you had not thought, I too may love,
After my kind,—no, not the King—the man
You never found in the King's robes. Can you,
Who never raised your reverent eyes enough
To know if Louis' eyes be blue or black,
—Dare you usurp my place, who hold the power
Of Louis' heart, through arts I conned more deeply
Than you your prayers, through toils and wearinesses
More painful than your vigils? Who but I
Has learned to sway him? Who but I divined
The mind, the will his sluggish bearing masks,
And stung him to ambition? If his reign
Is marked as great—as if he lives it shall be—
The praise be mine! For it was I who first—

The Innkeeper (entering). The horses of Her Majesty the Queen!
(The Queen goes out.)

The Marquise. Her horses before mine! They serve her first!

When I come back—! Rosine, the King must live!

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN POE AND DE MAUPASSANT

"Yea, I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death: I will fear all evil." This sickly paraphrase of the brave old Jewish words it has been reserved for these our latter days to give expression to. We humans have surely sold our birthrights when we have come to be afraid of death,—afraid with the dishonorable physical fear, that robs Death itself of decency and leaves it no more dignified attributes than the worm's.

Without pretending to a technical mastery over the term, we may fairly label this puny attitude decadent. This occupation with death it is that depresses the pages of Maeterlinck until his pallid series of attenuates seem at their livest but anticipative corpses. We are conscious of the same feeling toward

Paul Verlaine's pale, green-eyed women; while Poe, with his ghastly crew of spectres, is most of the time across the line entirely, and the inmates of the charnel-house seem the beings most truly present to his distorted vision. With all these men and their kind, the unholy fascination of those secrets which the grave might be allowed decently to cover is only equaled by their fear, and their one relief they find in the endeavor to inoculate their readers with their own affection. Literature to Edgar Poe, for example, is the table on which he spreads out and dissects before us, whether we will or not, the objects of his ghoulish investigations. I have just called his world a charnel-house, but it is rather a morgue, for all its horrors are public.

Guy de Maupassant is another of these moderns who is occupied with Death; as a certain also of his own critics, René Doumic has said, the figure of La Mort stalks all across his pages. But De Maupassant is healthy, he loves what is beautiful and strong and animal; he hates death and resents its inevitableness, but it is a manly hatred for a red-handed death, the natural protest of the living against the interruption of life. He does not brood upon its repulsiveness, nor wish to pry into its after-businesses.

In comparing two men of different nations, it is a great temptation to look for certain neat ready-made estimates that come of analyzing nationality, and we think to say lightly: Lo, of such a combination has Nature made unto herself an Edgar Allan Poe, or a Guy de Maupassant. But this is a specious fallacy, for genius is not made by recipe. Yet it may well be the sense of form and the uncomprehending dislike of whatever is grotesque, that come of being born a Frenchman, which keep De Maupassant on the side of decency when it comes to horrors. When it comes to morals, however, we do not look to see nationality work that way.

But of those neither man has any to speak of. De Maupassant does not pretend to any. Under cover of the extreme impersonality of his style, he can offer what he likes without necessity for any comment of his; his attitude is that of the scientist: he analyzes and observes, but never criticises. But Poe is intensely personal in whatever he writes, and it is in the self-conscious, and avowedly most moral commentary with which he accompanies his statements of atrocity, that we detect his essential unmorality. All his tales are told in the first person, and

the hero continually turns to the audience. "See," he says in effect, "Am I not monstrous!" "Have you ever heard of anyone so wicked?" "Is it not strange that a man should be so bad as I?" But in all this exclamatory piety there is no feeling of real moral outrage at all. Here is nothing, simply, but vanity—the vanity of the madman who is conceited for that he is so very mad. His very wickedness is become a distinction. But this continual reminder of it palls on us in time; we understand at last the fatigued, satirical reply of Johnny's papa in the nonsense rhyme, and long for a like anti-climax.

Both men are interested in whatever is out of the ordinary, be it supernatural or only unpleasant, but Poe must have his setting to match; he darkens the stage always to a night scene. and goes far afield to find strange dungeons, torture chambers and dim castles, Venetian canals and treasure-hiding wilds. He cannot do without all the traditional paraphernalia of mystery and sensation, nor can his luxuriant imagination concede any constructive power to his readers; he feels bound to tell it all. He is almost too painstaking and thorough-going in the fidelity with which he pictures emotion. He tells a story as we are taught to demonstrate a problem—without making one gratuitous assumption. Thus, vividness sometimes oversteps the mark and becomes diagrammatic. The whole is always in a fearfully high key, yet the exaggeration is consistent throughout; once accept his artificial atmosphere, and you are bound to believe everything that happens in it. Turn up the gas and read far into the night, for it is bald and absurd to read Poe in the day-time, and straightway the world is recreated, turned into a hideous waste place peopled with murderers and madmen. with ghosts and the walking dead. And here your soul walks. isolated and amazed, seeing in all these unreals the sickening. the only reality. But this mood vanishes with the morning. Poe's world is but a theatre after all; when the footlights are gone out we can no longer accept the conventions which a moment ago we did not question. It is all so unrelated that it requires too great an effort for continued adjustment; Poe seduces and persuades, but can never quite convince.

With De Maupassant it is all quite different. He asks no accessories whatever, and no concession from his readers save the involuntary one which he compels from them. He seeks to create no atmosphere, but lets the strong Norman sunlight

stream as it will across his scene. To him the extraordinary has all the more value when it is the accident of the commonplace, and a haunted life is of far greater interest to him than a haunted house. He needs no more elaborate stage-setting than the crime-darkened soul of a peasant-woman, old Marguérite, who killed her sister's lover in her youth and whom we see on her death-bed, giving up at last with her own the ghost of her terrible secret; or the unheroic soul of a pampered dandy, whom a strange cowardice drives to shoot down his own throat to-day, to escape the fear of death by a duel to-morrow. He asks no more significant plot suggestion than a piece of dirty string or a paste necklace. But the woman who borrowed that necklace and lost it, thought it was real, and squandered her substance of youth and hope and beauty toiling ten years to replace it. And the old man who picked up that bit of string, and whom shame for his own petty economy led to conceal it, died mad because he could never convince men that it had not been a purse. These are the sordid little tragedies that grow out of the cruel tricks of circumstance, the "whimsicalities of this thick-witted world,"-yet they seem to us quite as terrible as "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," with its careful intricacy of plot and its kaleidoscope of horrors.

Then there are those two ruthless little stories of revenge and the fierce, red joys of killing—"The Wolf," and "La Mére Sauvage." These, too, are told so simply and quietly, yet with such telling precision. Truly, De Maupassant is master of an instrument that emits no uncertain sound, and we are pleased to have our delight in it confirmed by the French critic who says, "Under each of De Maupassant's little contes, one can write This is perfection."

He can deal with real ghosts, too; although I have wished to show that he never need depend for his effects on the god from the machine. But there is not one in all literature more satisfying than that in the tale called "The Ghost." Here are no clinging cerements, no ghastly grave-marks,—only a tall, beautiful woman who glides through closed doors and begs always to have plaited and combed her long black icy hair. She is described quite simply, and the dread she arouses but slightly insisted on, but you cannot read that story in broad daylight without a thrill, and even by daylight you are not quite ready to contradict its possibility.

It is hard to say why this form of modern realism, with its decorous understatement of the extraordinary, its almost gentlemanly suppression of details, appeals to us just now so strongly. It may be that we enjoy its implied flattery of our imaginations; it may be that a relish for elaborate horrors is a healthy, primitive taste, and that without it we are blasé. But so it is. While we acknowledge the tremendous power, and the absorbing quality of Poe's stories, yet in his inordinate self-consciousness and infinitude of detail, we catch too frequent glimpses of the mechanism to please us. De Maupassant, with his simple, absolutely controlled narrative whose mastery is a finished thing that leaves no loose ends to point out the process by which he learned it, may not have the same subjective interest as Poe's autobiographical analytics, but it betrays more truly the touch of the artist.

I have already named the name of realism without throwing mud balls at Messieurs Howells and James, and now I am going to close by committing another faux pas against modern criticism, and declare that one thing is better than another,—Guy de Maupassant is a greater artist than Edgar Poe.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS.

THE SEA IN SUMMER

Mysterious greens and vivid opal tints,
And rosy dawns and softest noon-day blues,
Blend in the sea-line, clasp and interfuse
With unimaginable charms and hints
Of color, seen in shifting gleams and glints.
Gay laughter mingles with the lapsing deep,
Gay voices mock the booming of the swell,—
Like wedding music mixed with funeral knell,—
Of children sporting by a giant's sleep.
The sails of Fate drift past, unseen, unguessed,
Swift speed the days on wings of rainbow hues,
Joy seems a daily comer, met and kissed,
And for a season life seems but a jest,
A game—bright, aimless, watched through fairy mist.

Helen Ruth Stout.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S INDISCRETION

The Prince of Wildburg-Hohenfeld came riding into the castle courtyard, heralded by a pack of yelping hounds. He was worn and jaded, for the day had been hot, and the chase was somewhat tedious, since boars were no longer plenty in the country. Moreover, it was nine o'clock, and the prince had not dined; and a day's hunting may make even Royal Highnesses hungry.

At the small stone staircase leading to the Princess' apartments he stopped; for the Princess was waiting for him on the upper portico. He jumped somewhat wearily from his horse, threw the reins to a lackey, and walked up the steps, flicking the dust from his boots with his crop as he came.

The Princess was quite pale, and had evidently been crying; he could see that in the moonlight. She did not speak nor move towards him as he came up, but waited until his face was opposite hers. "Dillenburg has insulted me," she said in a low tone.

The Prince let his crop fall clattering upon the stone floor. "Dillenburg? Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"I knew you would say impossible," said the Princess bitterly, "but you may believe me; it is quite true. I have sent him away,—to Hexenwald Castle, and all the court is gossiping over it." She stopped, and looked squarely into the Prince's face.

"Tell me this thing you have done," demanded the Prince, his voice rising angrily in the still night. "I go away in the morning for a day's hunting, and I come back to find my wife angry, my court in confusion, and and my minister,—my first councillor, my right hand,—disgraced. By what authority, what right, have you done this thing?"

"By the authority of the Princess Helga-Marie of Wildburg-Hohenfeld, acting regent at Hohenfeld in the absence of her lord and spouse, His Royal Highness," she reforted with a sweeping courtesy. "Is it nothing to you that your wife is insulted? Has the Prince of Wildburg-Hohenfeld no royal pride, which demands that his household shall be protected from the insolence of their inferiors?"

The Prince put his hand upon his wife's arm. "Tell me about this, Helga," he said gently, as he drew her down beside him on the balustrade.

The Princess sobbed a little, and drew away from his side. "It was through Sophie," she began.

"Sophie again?" broke in the Prince.

The Princess did not answer him. "She was dressing my hair for the audience with Holldorf, and she was very angry, because of what Lenore, Lotta von Dillenburg's woman, had told her." The Princess stopped. She knew that the Prince hated waiting-women's gossip.

"Go on," he said, sternly.

"Lenore told Sophie that while she was attending the baroness, Dillenburg came in, and they talked of us—of me. He called me Helga Bernenhof."

This time the Prince did not answer.

The Princess went on: "He said that before we were m—before you married me, the Bernenhofs were below the Dillenburgs in rank; that at the coronations and royal christenings the Dillenburgs walked with the royal suite, while we—the Bernenhofs—came behind with the judges and the mayors."

Still the Prince was silent.

"He said—" and here the Princess' voice broke again—"he said that you married beneath you, and not—oh, Fritz! not because you loved me, or even because I was pretty, but because—because I had money! I sent for him, and he came. He went pale when I accused him, and craved my pardon, but he would not deny it. Not one word, not one syllable, Fritz. And I ordered him to Hexenwald."

The Prince bent over and picked up his whip from the floor. "He must come back," he said.

"Fritz," cried the Princess sharply, "what do you mean?"

"He must come back, Helga," repeated the Prince without raising his eyes. "It was fool's gossip, and I am sorry—I am grieved that he has offended you, my wife, but he must come back. Don't you understand?"

"What am I to understand," she said in a strained voice, "but that I am a dishonored woman? You do not love me, and you have deceived me. Oh, Fritz! for four years I have been your wife, and I thought—I thought in my folly that even though I was a princess I could still be a happy woman. It was

cruel of you not to tell me!" The Princess was sobbing now. "Let me go away—I will go to Hexenwald, and your Dillenburg shall come back." She started stumbling towards her chamber door.

The Prince grasped her arm and drew her back. "Helga," he commanded, "my wife, come here. Stand there before me in the moonlight, where you can see my face. Now listen. It is true, what Dillenburg said, every word, and more. Don't shudder that way. Do you remember, one day a long time ago, when little Prince Friedrich was walking in the park with his tutor, and you ran after him and gave him some clover blossoms? He had been ill, and he envied your bright cheeks and happy eyes.—That was the first time I ever saw you, dearest, and I didn't love you then. I threw away the clover blossoms."

The Princess still kept her eyes on his face.

"And the next time,—I remember Dillenburg telling my father we were pauper princes; that I must marry, and that I must marry money. And when my father asked me I said I would marry whom he pleased, for he was an old man and I loved him. Yet when Dillenburg suggested my cousin Ludovine, who was rich, I rebelled; for I said I could not endure looking at a wife who had no eyebrows and a Roman nose. And when he spoke of Helga von Bernenhof, the colonel's daughter, and added that her looks would not offend my taste, I shrugged my shoulders and told him to close the bargain. So you see, even Dillenburg knew you were pretty."

The Princess did not smile nor shift her gaze.

"But I didn't love you yet. Then we were betrothed," he continued, "in the little chapel in the Hexenwald. You laughed when I bent to sign the contract and dropped the pen, and I was angry. And afterwards we walked in the park, and the boughs were so low they brushed your hat. So you took it off and made me carry it. It had yellow roses on it. And you wouldn't let me kiss you because you said you hated a mustache—and I had mine shaved that afternoon.

"The next day I rode down to see you, and you pretended not to know me, and said I had a hideous mouth. But I caught you in my arms and kissed your lips, and you struggled away and ran into the house and shut the door in my face, and would not see me again for a week. I was surly as a bear all that week, and Dillenburg and the rest thought I had inherited gout."

Still the Princess did not smile. Instead, she trembled a little, and a tear gathered on her dark eyelash and dropped upon her cheek.

"Do you think I loved you a little then?" asked the Prince, and his voice was exquisitely tender. "Do you remember," he went on, "our wedding morning,—how while the priests and the ministers and the whole court waited, you came to me all in your white bridal robes, and we went together to the bedside of my old father, and knelt for his blessing? And as we came away we stole for a moment into the little empty chapel, and knelt hand in hand at the chancel. The light from a stained glass window fell across the altar and wrapped you in a sort of purple glory. You said that our real heart-marriage was then, and that from that moment I was not your prince but your husband. Do you think I loved you then, sweetheart?"—the Prince's voice suddenly broke—"and do you see why Dillenburg must come back?"

Just here a gentleman-in-waiting appeared on the balcony below, and crossed the silent garden in the moonlight. "Holldorf," called the Prince, leaning over the stone railing, "we wish to speak to you a moment." The gentleman turned immediately and came up the steps.

"Holldorf," said the Prince, steadying his voice, "ride to Hexenwald Castle early to-morrow morning, and bear to the Baron von Dillenburg our most felicitous greetings. Tell him also that we wish to confer with him immediately concerning

the Steinberg appropriation."

The gentleman stared in astonishment, bowed, and started to retire from the royal presence. At the staircase, however, he paused. "Your Highness—?" he murmured, deprecatingly. But as he glanced backward his figure stiffened suddenly, and he bowed obsequiously and descended the stairway. For there in the moonlight the Prince had the Princess in his arms.

MARGARET EWING WILKINSON.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ROMANCE

The long light of the afternoon On garden, terrace, dewy lawn, Cast golden shadows, then was gone; On that fair day in latter June.

The river on its winding way Lapped softly 'gainst our light canoe; And there were only I and you,-And you were fairer than the day.

And as we drifted there, the long Soft shadows on the mountains streamed. But in your eyes the sunset gleamed: And then you sang a little song.

It was a gay fantastic thing That little song of love, and yet A subtle note of vague regret Forever in my heart will ring.

'Twas long ago. We dreamed a dream. But why repine, when you and I One day, beneath the summer sky Floated together down the stream.

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

It was a large quaint house, set a little back from the street, and we were immediately attracted by its air of old-time com-

fort. The lawn with its arching Caught in Our Own Trap elms was always shady and quiet,

the broad, white-pillared piazza was always cool and pleasant. Polly and I noticed it the first time we walked down the village street, and according to our custom we fell to making stories about it. We knew that if we opened the heavy door we should catch a glimpse of a long hall, where passing figures are reflected in the polished floor. On both sides of the wainscoted walls hang family portraits in heavy gilt frames, and over the wide fireplace are crossed the sword of the grandfather of Revolutionary fame and that of the gallant younger brother who fell at Antietam. The door on the right leads into the drawing-room, with its stiff-backed mahogany chairs and general air of severe elegance; on the right is the library, and in its high dark shelves, half-musty volumes of ancient learning stand next to the latest novels in their handsome bindings. We pictured the dining-room, too, with its mahogany sideboard loaded with old silver and blue and white china, and the round, claw-footed table where the family take their meals.

The family itself was a subject of never-ending interest. Polly was sure that the place was full of romping children, who raced down the long halls and made the old orchard merry with their fun. I was in favor of an older generation: a white-haired colonel, tall and erect, a courteous gentleman of the old school; and his maiden sister, gentle and serene, whose lover had died long ago. She cared for the house and had brought up the colonel's children after their mother died. Now the children were grown and gone away, and the two old people lived alone.

Every day we spoke of our friends and added new details to their story, and every day we longed more to have a peep at that long hall and old parlor, and perhaps at the colonel himself. And so, I regret to say, we began planning how we could get that glimpse. We spoke of it to no one, but plotted mysteriously, and at last the conspiracy was ripe for action.

We were strangers in the village; what more natural than for us to be ignorant of the owner's name, to ring and inquire if Mrs. Levi Johnson lived there. "Levi Johnson" we chose as being the most improbable name for the people of such a place. Of course they would say no. Then we could gracefully apologize for our error and go away. The coveted inside view would be ours.

So one sunny morning we swung open the gate and walked up to the old door. I had been chosen spokesman, and somehow, as I looked at the dignified old place, my heart misgave me. But—there!—the bell was pulled and we couldn't retreat. Hark! Polly and I looked at each other in dismay. A creaking step

was heard, the door was slowly opened and we were greeted by
—a strong odor of onions and a girl with her hair in curl-papers.

I felt Polly gasp and braced myself for the attack. "Does Mrs.
Levi Johnson live here?" I asked.

"Yes," said the girl.

This time the sound of Polly's gasp was drowned by my heartbeats. For one awful moment there was silence, then,—

"The undertaker's wife?" I demanded.

"There ain't any undertaker of that name in this town," I was informed, "the undertaker's name is Libson."

"I must have made some mistake," I murmured, feeling somewhat warmer than the day demanded, "it was the undertaker's wife I wanted."

Alas, my prevarication was in vain. The girl tittered audibly. "Mr. Libson ain't married," she said. "It's evidently my ma you want."

Despair looked me in the face, but I trusted to luck and said faintly, "Very well."

Into the hall we walked, a narrow hall, with unadorned walls and a rag carpet on the floor. From the rich library on the left came the sound of a sewing-machine, and the whine of a teething baby.

And the stately parlor on the right, where we waited in such trepidation? The wall-paper was one dark blotch, darker than ever in spots by reason of crayon portraits; and the cheapest and rickitiest of modern furniture took the place of the antique chairs of our imagination.

We could hear Mrs. Johnson bumping around overhead, and at every heavy footfall our hearts sank lower. Then we heard her coming downstairs and with one frantic effort we stifled our giggles. At last she came in, a huge, raw-boned woman, with stiff, sandy hair and general air of modern unpicturesqueness. I rose, and drawing once more on my imagination said in my most self-possessed manner, "Mrs. Johnson, I believe? I was told you could direct me to a dressmaker."

"Um—yes—who was it told you?" asked my stern questioner.

"I—I—I'm afraid I don't—at least I mean—I can't remember," I stammered, turning helplessly to Polly. "Do you remember, Polly?"

Polly shook her head. "It was somebody we met at the church sociable, don't you remember?" she answered tentatively.

"Oh yes, of course," I said, inwardly blessing Polly for that flash of genius, and my mother for making us attend the stupid supper. "I really don't know her name, but I wanted some work done and—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Johnson, "I take in sewin' myself. What sort of work?"

"Just a plain waist," I said, glibly enough, "and I want only

your prices to-day, please."

I rose as I spoke, and at her answer I heaved a sigh of relief. It was not that the price was so low,—oh, no—but I felt that I had successfully done a hard day's work. It was easy enough to get out with proper apologies for my first mistake, and oh, the pleasure we felt when that big door slammed!

"Of all things!" I began, and then the utter absurdity of the

situation burst upon me and I found comfort in laughing.

But Polly was silent. She said not one word till we reached the gate, then she turned and gave one last look at the house of our dreams. "I like illusions best," she said, "before they're dispelled."

HELEN DOROTHY RICHARDS.

BARN-YARD NOTES

Dear Mistress Duckie Daddles,
Can't you come out to see
How very nice the great world is?
You're safe to trust to me,
For I know well the dangers
That lurk along the road,
But much I'd like to walk with you.
Do come. Yours,
HOPPY TOAD.

Dear Hoppy Toad,

I'd gladly come
To see the world with you,
And I could trust you everywhere
For well I know you're true.
I hope you'll hold me tenderly
Forever in your thoughts;
Believe me, I am wild to come,
But I'm afraid of warts.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

Into one cup of common sense, stir two cups of good health; add slowly the good effects of six small or five large experiences, then the bad effects, beaten as light as possecipe for Boy sible. Stir into this mixture a cup of the milk of human kindness and stiffen with four cups of knowledge, not sifted fine. Flavor to taste with mischief and bake to a rich brown in the seashore sun. Frost with a cap and overalls.

Heaven had blessed me with four brothers. It is most generous on my part to put it in that way, for wild horses could not have made any one of my four brothers confess A Brotherly in public that Heaven had blessed them with a Bringing-up sister. For, you see, they were "bringing me up," and in the brotherly bringing-up process there is no place for a word of praise. Sam and Ted were older than I and considered themselves the commanders-in-chief of my school of discipline. Rob and Harry were younger and of course I in turn brought them up a trifle,—but that is a different story and a more sisterly one.

I had passed through the stage of bodily discipline, when they pulled my braid and jiggled my chair while I was trying to read, and endeavored in every way to give me more "sand." Now I had reached the stage where mental discipline was considered fitting. My thoughts, actions, clothes and friends were daily criticised by judges who religiously overlooked nothing.

I had four methods of defense,—first, to say nothing and look uninterested; second, to say nothing and look scornful; third, to say a great deal; and lastly, to cry. When one was not successful, another would be, although I am not ashamed to admit that my side, being somewhat inferior in numbers, often made illogical and excited retorts in the third method of defense, and lost the point by crying in the end. When this occurred, or when the "bringing-up" grew too marked at the dinner table, an older and a wiser mind added a few practical and effective arguments which, combined with my tears, brought my disciplinarians to beg my pardon. "It is mean to tease you, isn't it! Well, never mind, Mary, you're all right," and a brotherly pat on my head completed the apology and dried my tears.

One day at the tea table I had a thought, and they wondered

at my silence. After supper I sat down at my mother's desk and, with a pathetic sacrifice of meter to emotion, wrote and presented to Sam my epitaph:

> Here lies little Mary, She did her best, But she had four brothers And welcome came this rest.

Her faults? pass them by Forgotten, forgiven. Her virtues? they said she had none, May they blossom in Heaven.

Ye sisters take warning Ere here ye be laid-Muzzle your brothers: Jaw killed this maid.

Now Ted says with dignity, "Yes, you see I brought Mary

up."

Whereupon I remark, "Well, Ted, if I couldn't show a better result, I wouldn't brag about it." This always silences Ted, for to agree with that statement might detract from his reputation as a bringer-up, while to disagree might detract from my fitting humility of spirit.

MARY HOADLY CHASE.

"Oh dear," rustled the Note, "do you ever get blue?"

The Note usually rattled off her words in a flippant, thoughtless way, but on this occasion her voice

The Old Letter and had such an unusual note of sincerity the Modern Note that the Old Letter fairly trembled with surprise. However, he instantly

recovered himself, and replied in a well-bred but slightly bored tone, "No. In my day the prevailing style was white, and I have never cared to adopt any color."

At this the Note fairly mouned, "Is it possible that even you don't understand me? I wasn't referring to the color of my clothes. Of course I know you never will give up that plain unbecoming white for any of the charming new shades that are so exquisite. I mean do you ever get discouraged and wonder if you are of any use in the world?"

"Of course not," answered the Old Letter, carefully concealing his interest in the conversation. He had been acquainted with the Note for several years; yet this was the first time she had seemed to care for anything beyond the fashionable tint of the hour or the prevailing style in monograms. "Why should I? Look at all the volumes of letters that are published and you'll see that your question is an insult to me. From Cicero down to Mrs. Browning, I have been in constant demand for all the literary geniuses, besides being of the greatest service to everybody else who pretended to be cultured. In fact, it's only during the last few years that I've had any spare moments. I can remember the time when—"

"Yes, yes," impatiently rattled the Note, "I've heard you tell that before. I want to talk about myself to-night; I'm tired of being a good-for-nothing, and I want some advice. Of course, I'm popular, but lately I've been afraid that my popularity even was on the decline. Why, sometimes I've felt that the only reason people cared to see me was to get a new monogram, or to find out how their friends signed themselves. Of course it always will be a matter of interest to people to find out whether their correspondents are 'as ever theirs' or 'remain their affectionate friends,' but I really doubt whether people care anything more about me."

"I'll admit that I've thought at times that you were rather a useless individual," replied the Letter with old-fashioned frankness, "but it may not be entirely your fault."

"Do you know, I think for some reasons it's a great misfortune to be born pretty," sighed the Note. "When I was younger people thought I was very graceful and dainty, and had a charming way with me. I'm afraid now I'm too superficial and frivolous to have anybody care for me."

"No, I think not. Of course it may be hard to eradicate these faults, but with time and patience I see no reason why you can't become an honored and useful member of society. In the first place you should be more particular about your words. You are very careless in that line. I've heard you say in the same message that a girl and a play and a new gown were all 'perfectly dear,' without describing any of them in any other way. That's fatal to good correspondence. Compare the way in which I used to describe Madame de Sévigné's circle of friends, or the royal banquets that Sir Horace Walpole used to attend, and

you'll understand how weakening it is to describe everybody and everything by one expression."

"Why! those little expressions are just what make my messages sound cute and sort of unique. If I give those up people

will think I'm very ordinary and uninteresting."

"Well, my dear," replied the Old Letter firmly, "You must choose between seeming and being, there. Either you can seem to be cute, and say nothing at all, or else you can be really straightforward, and in the end tell something. I advise you to consult Webster on that point. He has been a close friend of mine for a great many years, and he will help you wonderfully about this."

"What was the name again?" questioned the Note.

"Webster. Noah Webster."

"I'll put that down. It's quite unfamiliar to me. Any more

advice? I'm simply absorbing everything to-night."

The Old Letter fairly glistened with pleasure. He could look back to the time when everyone had honored and loved him, and he felt as if he were renewing his youth as he uttered these remarks of sterling common sense. He could almost feel his yellow pages growing white again and shining with their pristine beauty.

"The most important thing," he continued, "is to say something worth while. Don't carry merely the news that So-and-so is well, and the rest of the family are ditto, and So-and-so hopes that Thus-and-so is the same. Only a few years ago the Edinburgh Review remarked that my presence in society argued the existence of a cultured and leisurely class, and implied conditions of confidence and sociability. And why? simply because I never permit myself to repeat any message that is not of genuine value to both the sender and the receiver."

"Yes, it's very good theory," replied the Note, "but people scarcely have time to think any thoughts, much less to write them out; and those that they do get into proper shape, they economically save for themes or magazine articles."

"How you tire me! Don't you understand that it would be a great deal better for one friend to send another only a message a year, perhaps, and have that express real sympathies, and show the line of true mental and spiritual growth, than a dozen that are simply chronicles of petty events, and assurances of health and love? There's a fundamental principle at stake here.

Is friendship to be mere superficial intercourse? No! But one can't keep up in separation a deep, genuine friendship on exchange of data."

"You're so amusing," giggled the Note. "It is so funny to

see you get excited. You're fairly trembling."

"This means something to me, if it doesn't to you. If it keeps on, man will revert to the animal state and lose entirely the power to think. It's a bad sign when all one's good or brilliant thoughts have to be saved up for newspapers or themes. It means that what people appear to be to the world is more important than what they are man to man, and woman to woman. Do you know that you have it almost entirely in your power to right this condition? You can start the whole reform by striking when anyone attempts to misuse you."

But the Note did not regard the proposition very hopefully. "Yes, of course, it would be a great thing to do; but I should make so many enemies, and disapproval is the one thing I can't stand. I must have people like me and flatter me."

The Old Letter made no answer. He heaved a deep sigh and shed a few bitter tears, which dissolved themselves in the air and gave it a faint musty odor.

ETHEL MARGUERITE DE LONG.

A GYPSY LULLABY

Down amid the whispering grain,
(Swinging low—soft and low)
Where the bending poppies blow,
(Blowing red—nodding slow)
For thy stars, the fireflies' gleaming,
Nestling winds to lull thy dreaming,
Baby mine, Baby mine.

When the fleecy clouds blow chilly,

(Blowing pale—drifting low)

Drift where branches swing snow-laden,

(Swinging slow—hushed and low)

For thy stars, the embers, glowing,

From thy father's camp-fire blowing,

Baby mine, Baby mine.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER.

EDITORIAL

"When you have got too much to do, don't do it." There are few places where this maxim, gratefully ascribed by Ruskin to his favorite tutor, could find a wider application than here in college. Nearly all of us, at one time or another, have too much to do. To nearly all of us comes that despairing vision of a procession of days, endless as the line of kings in the Witches' glass, and each filled full of prescribed work, prescribed study, prescribed amusement. From one task we are hurried on, watch in hand, to the next, with a recollection of the one after next still present in our minds, until the sense of definite duties is lost, and we rush desperately along, hag-ridden by a vague consciousness of "things we must do." This is decidedly the time to stop doing them, and seriously to consider what we have done to forfeit our precious birthright of Time.

It is a curious thing, this poverty of ours in a commodity of which, after all, there is so much attainable. Every day brings us twenty-four long leisurely hours to spend, and yet for some reason we are perpetual bankrupts: we "have no time for anything." Once more, why?

Just here let me premise that these remarks are intended for those students, unquestionably a great majority, whose Theoretical Selves learn their lessons thoroughly and with interest, hand in papers on time, and fulfill their obligations generally, however their Real or Accidental Selves may fall short in these particulars. With this reservation, I venture to assert that much of our lost time is squandered in a childish obedience to the dictates of something that professes to be conscience. How many hours we spend with our eyes fastened to the pages of a book, not at all in the effort to absorb its meaning, but simply from a superstitious feeling that there is something virtuous in the performance! How many are lost in dawdling on the way to some unpleasant duty, not thoroughly doing the thing we

want to because we really must go to work in just one minute! But most useless of all is the time spent over lessons after the limits of profitable study are passed, when every minute of vain effort serves only to dim the impressions already gained. All these things show mistrust of our own integrity of purpose. If we were really actuated by scholarly motives, should we feel bound to pay such grotesque reverence to the outward forms of scholarship? Surely in that case we could afford to give fuller recognition to the demands of joyful, restful, whole-hearted idling.

We have too much to do: let us stop doing it for a while and see what is the matter. Here is actually so much time, an income constantly accruing to us, in spite of all the obligations with which we have burdened it. Suppose we should frankly set aside part of it as spending money, to be unblushingly expended on walks and chats and half hours over the magazines, and all the little pleasures that crop up by the way for her who has time for them, and meanwhile to give us a quite disproportionate and delightful sense of wealth and freedom. With one spare penny, or one spare hour, to spend at will, "Man is man, and master of his fate." Our personal dignity is vindicated: we are no longer slaves of a schedule, but independent beings dispensing our possessions according to our sovereign will and pleasure. So that with the rest of our time we shall be able—but that moral is too obvious to require pointing.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The satirists of the American Jacobins could invent no more "levelling" mode of address than "biped." If they had but lived to-day what pleasure the still more degrading fico-ed" would have given them. It could easily be stretched to the same universality of meaning. Fortunately its use is at present confined to a few unfortunate females; for in the places of their abode it is always the girls who are "co-," the men are just "educated."

This fine distinction is pointed out in an article in the Wellesley Magazine, which gives the feminine point of view of coeducation at Cornell. It is equally evident, though unexpressed. in a pluckily independent editorial of the Wesleyan Literary Monthly, calling for the abolition of this element in that college. The interest of these two articles lies mainly in the fact that they treat of the subject from two entirely different points of view, and arrive at the same conclusion. Their arguments supplement each other in refuting those most commonly urged in defence of co-education. The man finds the "refining" effect of the girls' presence entirely lacking, and complains that they destroy college spirit; while the girl considers that the introduction of masculine society prevents that development of executive ability and independence, which some ignorantly deem unattainable in a wholly feminine community. She also points out that truly "pathetic" fallacy of those who apparently reason on the assumption that to send a girl to a girls' college is to deprive her of all male society for the next four years.

In the matter of study also, the two points of view dove-tail neatly. The man finds petticoats in the class-room, "to put it mildly, frequently inconvenient"; the girl feels that depth is not gained, as is popularly supposed, by studying with men, and that the stimulus of the girl's presence to "the man's slowness

at academic work," (!) has been greatly over-rated.

This is pretty direct evidence from the two of the Eastern colleges where the experiment has been perhaps best made. It presents a new view of the struggle between girls trying to get into men's colleges, and men trying to keep them out. This will be especially interesting to those spectators who have regarded it merely as a phase of the so-called Woman Question, in which the turning worm is bound to get her rights if she only keeps on turning long enough. The fact that those who have thus at tained their rights are anxious to get rid of them throws a new light upon the situation. The rapid rise of girls' colleges in the last ten years, and the growing recognition of their social importance lends weight to this disapprobation of what is no longer a necessity.

A few years ago the fact that co-education destroyed true college-life would not have been considered important. To-day all collegiate writing testifies clearly to the value of this experience. It seems only a question of time when the recognition of the mutual injuries of association will confine co-education to such specialized study as cannot yet be obtained at the colleges intended exclusively for either sex.

A SEA SONG

He in whose ear the sea-shell sings
Far from the sea,
Must harken to all other things
Unheedingly.
For, though to bar him from his own
Stretch plain and hill,
The patient ocean's undertone
Calls to him still.

He who hath seen the sullen surf
Swing shoreward slow,
Quick foam above, and tangled coils
Of kelp below,
Hath for his comfort, though he be
Far leagues inland,
The pounding, curling, pounding sea,
The beaten sand.

Williams Literary Monthly.

BOOK REVIEWS

*"The Building of the British Empire" by Alfred Thomas Story. A homely adage notes the existence of a troublesome class of persons who, when given an inch, proceed to help themselves to an ell. This ambitious spirit is not altogether wanting in the make-up of the average Briton, and its manifestations during the past three hundred years in the line of Empire Building form the res gestae of the eight hundred and odd pages which Mr. Story devotes to this interesting subject.

The author has pieced together the accepted facts in the history of England's expansion to a world-wide Empire, and the continuous story should appeal to the mind and heart of every true Briton. For the general reader on this side the water, the work is not void of contemporaneous human interest; pleasure and profit wait upon an intelligent perusal of the printed page, and the frequent portraits and illustrations cannot fail to bring a glow of appreciation to the heart of the most hardened reviewer.

As the work does not profess to be more than a skilful compilation, it is not destined to be hailed with enthusiasm by the scholar in history. Indeed, from a rather cursory examination, it appears that the author has not availed himself of the best second sources of information. He follows the well-blazed paths of a generation ago. In his review, for instance, of the rupture of England's friendly relations with the American Colonies, he details the burning of the *Gaspee* and minutely exploits the performances at the "Boston Tea Party," but he has nothing to say of the burning of the *Peggy Stewart*. Similarly he rehearses, as has been done a thousand times, the old story of the first resort to arms at Lexington, but passes over in silence the outbreak of the North Carolina Regulators as early as 1770.

But most of all we are interested in the author's conclusions, and with him we would fathom the future. Having the "inch" in Egypt, will Great Britain take a longitudinal "ell" through the heart of the dark continent? Will England become the political legatee of the "Sun of Heaven" in the Middle Kingdom? These questions are neither asked nor answered by the adventurous author. It is enough for him to sound the note of warning. Some old fogies, whom the author has in mind, would "arrest the stars in their ecliptic roll and have the Solemn March of the Ages lag to the tune of their buttery hatch," but this is evidently not in harmony with what, in fine clairvoyance and a pretty rumble of words, he calls the "land-loving, autochthonic, amphibious instincts of the race."

To the British mind, the notion of "humane and righteous warfare" as a preliminary to considerable acquisition of territory, is but a practical program of action. The thesis that grasp of empire beyond the seas derives its proper sanction in humanitarian desire to uplift the "lesser breeds without the law," is now of the nature of res adjudicata. To American ears the persuasive appeal is beginning to have a familiar if not a genuine ring. The voice is the voice of Jacob—but the hands are the hands of Esau.

"WILLIAMS SKETCHES." The college story by the undergraduate has arrived. Long and eagerly anticipated, it has appeared at last in the shape of a volume of "Williams Sketches," by three Williams undergraduates. It is disappointing to add that, like its own preface, we must 'begin the book by apologizing for it.' Little as one cares to acknowledge it, the "Sketches" have all the faults which supporters of the "alumnus theory" would declare inevitable. They are, if frequently spicy, frequently inelegant in style; even degenerating at times into positively bad grammar. They are weak in construction, with a noticeable lack of attention to the logic of cause and effect; and, most youthful of failings, they contain a large element of sentimentality.

To specify: there is a painful lack of probability in the behavior of the girl in "The Black Sheep," who can think of no way to detain the hero of her young dreams until he shall have missed an appointment with his wicked companions, except the fearfully bald one of confessing her love. Any girl could do better than that. However it is scarcely fair, considering their limited opportunities, to condemn college men for ignorance of feminine capabilities. It is equally unjust to dwell upon faults of technique, which in amateurs can be readily condoned, especially where adverse criticism is so modestly deprecated.

To take up the other side, then, and quote the preface again. There can be no doubt that "the undergraduate has the same advantage over" the alumnus "that the man in the street-parade has over the person watching him from the sidewalk." There is a freshness of local color; a breeziness and vigor of treatment about many of the stories, which is exactly what we want. The racy humor of "The Bootlicking of Bronson," for instance, and "In Honor of the Saint," will appeal to everyone who has successfully "worked" a blessed crank of a professor—they do "exist in every college"—or outwitted the malevolent schemes of fiendish Sophomores.

There is one element of college life presented, with which most readers are familiar in a very different form of treatment. Drinking at the colleges has been a subject of concern to others beside "The Voice," but in most of the college stories it is used as one of the comic properties, not immorally, but quite unmorally. In these "Sketches" another side is shown. "The Band of Mercy" is not convincingly evil; but the degradation of that room-mate for whom "Holy" Hedges has to tell what is presumably his first lie; and of Thornton on that "Next Morning," when the drunken workman he befriends recognizes in him a kindred spirit, is a novel aspect of a well-known "joke." It is as effective as encouraging.

Other purely local elements there are, sure to recommend the book to "All Williams Men," to whom it is dedicated; but there is enough of wider interest also to make the "Sketches" a very welcome addition to the meagre stores of genuine college literature.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

COLLEGES AND SETTLEMENTS

It is a little more than ten years since the Northampton meadows and their encircling hills heard on an autumn day the first talk about college settlements. That name however, now so familiar, they did not hear; for it was strange then, even to those whose troubled hearts and minds were dimly feeling toward some means by which the privileges so freely given to modern college women might be shared in a measure with the great throng of manual workers. But the name was not long in coming. Personality, all college training taught, was the best thing to share, and it could not be shared from a distance. A house in a poor neighborhood was essential to the dream; let it be a settlement. It should be a house in organic relation with the colleges, sustained and filled by their students and graduates; let it be a college settlement.

In a surprisingly short time, the dream was realized, as is the way with dreams when the dreamers are in earnest. To-day, not one but three houses stand in vital relation to the colleges, offering centers where those who are trained to work with their brains can enter into loving fellowship with those who work with their hands. These houses are supported and controlled by the College Settlements Association: and the two thousand odd members of this association, who are for the most part either graduates or students of our colleges, represent a wide body of people convinced that the colleges as wholes have a definite responsibility toward the social needs of our times. and a definite contribution to make toward their solution. The three houses: the college settlement in Rivington Street, New York; Denison House, Boston: the house in Rodman Street, Philadelphia,—will always depend on the College Settlements Association for support: other subscriptions, which are frequent and generous, are given to them because they are supposed to represent in a semi-official way the social work of college women, and because the Association in the background is thought to furnish a guarantee for a high standard of work, and for stability of existence.

It is well to remember the special relation of the colleges to the three settlements that they have themselves founded; for as time has advanced, we have found ourselves only part of a great movement. Eighty American settlements are registered in the last edition of the settlement bibliography, and all over the country settlements are starting up day by day, established by varying agencies religious or secular, or by individuals as the case may be. To know how many college women obey the impulse to enter settlement life

is impossible; for many of them focus their effort, after they leave college, on the settlement nearest at hand. It is natural and right that this should be the case; yet at the same time it would be a pity if the local opportunities were to weaken or annul the claims of the college settlements upon their natural supporters. For these settlements bear a peculiar witness, and do a peculiar work. It is surely the belief of the democracy to which we are pledged that the nation is to advance, not by the isolated self-culture of the learned few, attractive though this ideal may be, but by the swift transmutation of the best that is gained and learned into forms in which it can be shared by the many. National progress thus made will be slow indeed, but sure as slow. If this be the ideal of the New World, it is deeply fitting that our women's colleges should establish centers in the midst of our industrial population. Such centers, placed among the classes occupied with material production, but drawing their life-blood from the classes most dedicated to intellectual pursuits, may to a peculiar degree bring the distant near to one another, and promote that untrammeled fellowship which is our great national aim; for they furnish a means that is proving month by month its rare effectiveness, by which the industrial population may be drawn into intellectual and spiritual unity with the rest of the nation. It is needless to speak of the reaction of the college settlements upon the colleges. Affording as they do points of contact between the students and the workingpeople, they help to keep the larger life of the nation before the eyes of those who are soon to play their part in that life, and to kindle that sense of social responsibility which it is one of our most imperative duties to arouse if we are ever to spiritualize this mighty democracy of ours.

The relation which these houses bear to the colleges is then not accidental, but vital; and college women owe themselves and their support in a special sense to college settlements. A settlement connected with a college should be of a distinct type. It must indeed like all settlements stand for life rather than for work, for attitude rather than achievement, and must have for its firm foundation personal fellowship with the unprivileged; it must not neglect practical work, in the many departments which all settlements are establishing: but it will emphasize and develop the opportunities for sociological study which settlement life affords; it will continue the tradition of the colleges in doing its evangelical work indirectly, and will therefore not narrow its scope as must be the case with the avowedly religious settlement, placed in the midst of our foreign population with its alien faiths; it will or might offer a systematic training of workers to a high standard of social efficiency; and it may well place a good deal of stress on presenting to workingpeople, in terms which they can understand, some of the most life-giving results of academic studies. Nothing strikes a person first brought in contact with the monotonous and material existence lived by most manual workers more than the absence among them of what are to us the source of purest joy. Shut up in the prison of ceaseless daily labor, they have been unable to discover for themselves the worlds of art, of thought, of learning. But it is surprising to see how quickly love and intelligence can open these worlds to them, and quicken in them the sensitiveness to beauty of music and pictures and great imaginings. College extension work, if carried on by people who

really know those whom they teach, has a great future before it, not only in stimulating many to a higher kind of pleasure—itself a great aim—but in helping to lessen our social anomalies. A class in poetry for a group of trades-union leaders may excite the derision of the scoffer; yet it is through such means as this that much may be done to bring about harmony of understanding between people whose complete alienation from one another in their inner as well as their outer life is a grave menace to our civilization.

It is a temptation to dwell on the many forms of special work which a college settlement is peculiarly qualified to do. There is much to say, because our three houses are already doing much. But to realize their full possibilities they need to be far more generally supported by college women than they are. If a larger proportion of their residents were college women, if the Association grew in membership as it should from year to year, the settlements could do a far more distinctive thing. With chapters both alumnæ and undergraduate in thirteen colleges, moreover, we ought to have more than three houses; we should have five at least. To such expansion the Association confidently looks forward; but first the colleges and their alumnæ must strengthen the things that exist.

We dare to urge expansion in the future because the past and present mean so much. No one can know any one of the three houses controlled by the College Settlements Association, without feeling that whatever defects it may have, it is full of life, of enthusiasm, of that vigorous impulse to press outward and upward, which preserves an enterprise from becoming stereotyped in the reproduction of its own past. It is an inspiration merely to watch from week to week the different groups of people coming into our lovely rooms. Here are the kindergarten children, absorbing unconsciously influences that make for harmony of spirit from the tranquillity and beauty of their surroundings. Here, a music school develops, and helps to self-expression that wonderful instinct for melody latent in the Hebrew race. Here, industrial training in arts and crafts tries to set free the artistic gifts which many of the European nations, Italy, Armenia and others, can contribute to us if we will refrain from imprisoning those whom they send to our shores in a ceaseless round of mechanical toil. Here, classes in Shakespeare, Dante, or other great imaginative literature, nourish that Celtic craving for the dream and for poetic beauty which the Irish have so often to suppress when they reach our prosaic shores. Practical instruction in household arts for girls and mothers; debating clubs or dramatic clubs for the young men; conferences where labor leaders and college professors join in friendly interchange of experience: all these and many other activities are fused in any college settlement into a certain unity, despite their heterogeneous character, by the strong fellowship of social hope and faith which holds those who direct them and those who share. To join the happy energetic life of a settlement household, is to realize what the community idea at its best, free from asceticism yet fed by a true religious fervor, can mean in the modern world.

Settlements are as yet in their infancy. We all, of course, look forward to the time when they will be no longer needed; when no artificial or arbitrary means will be needed to enable people of the same nation to draw together. But while we wait for the more truly democratic state that we desire,—and

the waiting bids fair to be long,—settlements offer one of the best methods to gain a real knowledge of the conditions under which working-people live. Such knowledge is an inestimably valuable possession, a part of the education which every American woman should receive. For those to whom settlements minister are the great throng of the forgotten. Below them, are the dependent, defective and delinquent classes; for these, rescue agencies spiritual and material abound, and the eyes of society are almost morbidly fixed on them. Higher than those whom a settlement knows, is the vast body of the more or less educated public, which reads the same books and thinks more or less the same thoughts. But in almost complete isolation lives the immense class of self-respecting working people who create for us the material values by which we live. They ask no charity; and the organizations for relief pass them by. Though overshadowed by the constant dread of illness or unemployment, they earn in good times a "living wage" for the body. But do they earn a living wage for mind or soul? They do not; under present conditions they can not. Great is our privilege if we may bring to them as a free gift some of that heritage of thought, beauty, gracious living, which perhaps they might if they chose claim as a right. They need and we need that spiritual reciprocity which shall bind us into one nation. For the "two nations," of whom Disraeli long ago wrote, are among us. Apart in their inner life of thought, of inspiration, of desire, as well as in the outer life of their interests, it would seem impossible that they should ever be united into one organic whole. Yet across the yawning wounds that divide us, "organic filaments," as Carlyle called them, are spinning; filaments of personal friendship, of sympathy and understanding, that bring promise of the time when wounds may be healed, and the whole social body energized to healthful life.

VIDA D. SCUDDER '84.

REMINISCENCES

On that eventful September day twenty-three years ago, when for the first time students arrived at Smith College, there were no more than six who then saw it for the first time. The other ten members of the first class came from Northampton and the vicinity, and had had an opportunity of watching College Hall and the President's house grow, and the Dewey House move back from its front rank on Main Street to become transformed out of a stately mansion of the Parthenon-bandbox type into a college cottage.

One by one, as these six strangers were whirled up Main Street and jerked round the turn into the college grounds, the place in all its newness burst upon their view—fresh brick and freestone on each side, and beyond, the Dewey House looming up big and light-colored, unrelieved by vine or shrub.

Agitated girls have often since then alighted on the Dewey House veranda, but none have had President Seelye hasten out to greet them, and been taken as we were, by him and the gracious lady who met us at the door, at once into the heart of the institution: the reason for which is probably in the fact that though we were very young and very few, it was a delightful surprise, in the then problematic stage of women's higher education, that there were any of us at all.

We were very young and very few and everybody was very kind, so kind that it seems trivial to recall for the amusement of a later generation the mistakes and peculiarities of the start. It is true we went to bed that first night with candles stuck in potatoes, the college linen got marked "Smith Colledge" with delightful distinctness, and the housekeeping generally during the first term-Mrs. Hopkins did not arrive till the second term-was a comfortless affair. Our classes were all held in No. 2-is it?-the small recitation room between the Registrar's office and the Teachers' Room. Two halfrows of chairs in Assembly Hall-we called it Social Hall-sufficed for prayers, and the rest of the room was used for gymnastics. The chairs faced the other way from what they do now and we had a grand piano for music. The college library consisted of Webster's Dictionary, increased in the course of the year by the addition of an Atlas and Smith's Classical and Bible Dictionaries. These stood in state on the mantel in what is now the Teachers' Room. There were no other books until our Senior year. Except for the rooms which I have mentioned, the rest of the college building was empty and unused, not even heated during that first winter.

I have already mentioned the absence of vines and shrubs, but the Smith' College student of to-day must further imagine the grounds to have been not quite half in extent what they are now. On Green Street in place of Music Hall, Lilly Hall and the Hubbard House, were several farm-houses and barns. There was no back campus, but instead. Deacon Stoddard's apple orchard. On the lower campus, probably not far from the north side of the Morris House, was a willow log, and thereby hung a tale—the one "association" which we had. When Dr. J. G. Holland was a young man first studying medicine, he lived at Judge Dewey's and occupied a little room which looked westward. Thence he saw a willow tree, our log, and wrote a poem, said to be his first poem, about it. Dr. Holmes quotes this story in his "New Portfolio" as having been told, without any truth, about himself, and was much interested at subsequently hearing the above application of it.

The teachers we had deserve a chapter to themselves, but no recollections of that far-off first year would be complete without some mention of the wisewoman who made us strange young things acquainted, tempered our stern enthusiasm for study, and gave a little air of home and comfort to that chilly, brand-new, barren Dewey House. She was the lady principal. The possibilities of the "Lady-in-Charge" were afterwards evolved, but the College started out with its social and domestic functions separated and attended to respectively by a lady principal and a housekeeper. It was our lady principal who had a fire for us in the fireplace in the small parlor-afterwards Mrs. Hopkins' room—on our first Sunday afternoon, while we wrote our home letters, and I had a birthday and a toothache. She soothed our boarding-schooly sensations when President Seelye, in the kindness of his heart, sent us out riding in a barge. She showed us where to get and how to press trailing fern, and in many other ways taught us to know and love the beautiful Northampton region. Evenings after tea we gathered in her room and she read George MacDonald's "Alec Forbes" aloud to us while we sewed on our gymastic suits. Those gymnastic suits deserve a word to themselves. They were of a mixed brown cheviot, because we thought blue flannel belonged to

school-girls,—you perceive that boarding-school was our bug-bear; the skirts were long and full, the waists big and baggy; we made them ourselves and they were neither comfortable nor beautiful: and yet the sight of even a scrap of that homely brown cloth has always wakened in me the most agreeable memories of being young, and one of a circle of girls together round an evening lamp, read aloud to expressively by one of the most womanly of women. Later in the evening we gathered in the back parlor and she read prayers with us.

She must have thought us a particularly solemn set, in more need of being taught to play than to study. The responsibilities of life not unfrequently weigh heavy on girls under twenty, and we had the added burden of living up to our opportunities as college students. This charming and clever lady, therefore, took us in hand and taught us to play games—finding a key by laying on of hands, lifting one of our number by holding breath and pressing with finger-tips, walking duck—if nobody knows what that is I shall not tell! -and various tricks of bodily strength and skill,-anything to make us relax and laugh. On rainy Saturday afternoons she had a fire in the back-parlor and beguiled us with fancy-work and light literature. On Thanksgiving evening, round a specially bright fire, we all sat up till eleven o'clock and told ghost stories, she being the life and soul of the entertainment. I am afraid we thought her, with her pretty face and dainty perfumes and brown curls and infectious laugh, a little frivolous—Heaven forgive us!—but not all the other women put together who taught us things out of books, did as much toward putting me, at least, at ease with life as she. She only stayed two years, and her office ceased on her departure; I have never seen her since; but she was the bright spot of that first year, especially of the first term, and I bless her memory!

Our social life was otherwise liberally provided for by weekly receptions to which Amherst students and young men from town were freely invited. These occurred in the Dewey House parlors and it bores me even to think of them. Our guests and we sat round on the red plush chairs trying in vain to think of anything to say. We were also called upon by ladies in town, who had kindly intentions toward the new institution, and in course of time, on precious pleasant Wednesday and Saturday afternoons we went by pairs and repaid these social amenities, being oppressed here, too, with a dearth of subjects of conversation. Now and then we were all invited—the whole college!—out to tea or in the evening. Very solemn occasions these were, which must have been even more trying to our hostesses than to us. We were shy and awkward and felt foolish talking to each other in our best clothes. The refreshments were the only feature which we thoroughly enjoyed.

One exception to the general dreariness of these formal efforts at entertaining us I remember to have been on Washington's Birthday—Smith College's first Washington's Birthday. We were invited to a colonial supper at a beautiful old colonial house, and we dressed up as nearly in colonial style as our imaginations and the fragments of our ancestors' wardrobes permitted. Our host and hostesses were genial and kindly enough to warm even more difficult subjects than we were into naturalness, the house and its treasures interested us, and altogether we really had a good time. Yet another red-letter day in

that first year was one on the evening of which President Seelye took us all over to South Hadley to hear Professor Churchill read at the Seminary. It was toward the end of the spring term, on a mild and moonlight night. We went by the Hockanum ferry—the whole of Smith College in a barge!—and came back by Mount Tom, and what with the beauty of the ride, and the pleasure of hearing Professor Churchill for the first time, we were very happy indeed.

I should like to believe that on the whole we were not more strenuous and self-conscious than other serious-minded girls of eighteen, but we certainly bore a burden from which girls entering college to-day are relieved, namely, the doubt whether the college was going to be a real college or only a woman's college—that is, something inferior to a man's college or to what we should have found in the two or three co-educational institutions of good standing then in existence. This was what we talked about when we held counsel together. This was the question in the light of which we weighed our work, our teachers, and ourselves. In the midst of much enthusiasm and real pleasure in study, this was the drop of bitterness. What we had faith in was our own purpose and—the President. He wasn't a woman, he knew what real college was, and he seemed to have faith in us. The things he omitted as well as the things he said to us and the many kind things he did during that trying beginning, would fill a volume with our gratitude.

The best type of the present Smith College girl is a much more agreeable person than her earliest predecessors. She not only knows more, but her clothes and her manners, her temper and her health, are vastly in advance of ours. And this is poetic justice, that we "oldest living graduates", along with our memories, such as they are, partly pleasant and amusing and partly of things to be apologized for, should live to see our college produce girls so much nicer than we ever dreamed of being.

KATE MORRIS CONE '79

Items for this department may be sent to Ruth S. Phelps, 19 Arnold Ave., and are desired by the third of each month, if they are to appear in that month's issue.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Western Massachusetts Association of Alumnæ and Non-Graduates: President, Mira H. Hall '83; Vice-President, Alice Clarke Hubbard '94; Secretary and Treasurer, Mary Webster Clark '95.

The Chicago Association of Alumnæ holds an informal meeting on the first Saturday of every month until May, and all alumnæ and non-graduates who may be in the city over those days are cordially invited to meet at 66 Bellevue Place, from three to five o'clock.

A Smith College Club has recently been formed in Washington, D. C. At the first meeting in November, nine graduates and one non-graduate came together for the purpose of forming an organization of Smith women resident in that city. The intention of the club is to hold two or three social

meetings during the year, one at the Christmas holidays and another at Easter, to which all graduates, non-graduates and undergraduates who may be in Washington will be cordially welcomed, and in this way the members hope to keep the Smith graduates in the vicinity of Washington in touch with the interests of the college. The club desires that all Smith women visiting Washington, particularly at Christmas and Easter, shall send their addresses in the city to the Secretary, Josephine A. Clark, Librarian of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ will meet in the College Club Rooms, Grundman Studio Building, on Saturday, December 17, at eleven o'clock. Miss Mary A. Jordan of Smith College will address the meeting.

- '82. Mary Gulliver is studying art in Paris.
- '84. Louise H. Kelsey sold her school in New York last spring, and is now teaching in the New York High School.
- '89. Emma G. Sebring has been appointed principal of the St. Agatha School, 117 West 92nd St., New York City.
- '91. Charlotte G. Franklin, who was a marked success in the Senior Dramatics of her class, is studying at the Sargent School of Acting in New York.
- '92. Mary S. Nixon will spend the winter in Italy, studying art.
- '93. Cecilia A. Sherrill is librarian in the Worcester Public Library.
- '94. Clara M. Greenough is a Senior at the Woman's Medical School of Chicago, a department of Northwestern University.

Mary S. Johnston is also studying there.

'95. Cora A. Smith, after a year's work in Chicago University, is teaching Biology in the Erie, Pa., High School.

Ethelyn McKinney will spend the winter in Germany.

Alice Derfla Howes, and Elizabeth Wolcott Stone '96, spent the summer in England and Holland.

Rose Adelaide Witham has most creditably edited "Silas Marner"; it is published by Ginn & Co., and is especially adapted to high school work.

Margaret E. Hyde is teaching English and History in Goshen, N. Y.

Anna P. Hazen has the graduate Fellowship in Biology at Bryn Mawr this year.

Amey T. Taintor was married on November 23 to Mr. Charles E. Bronson of Saginaw, Mich.

Mary W. Clark is one of the cataloguers of the Harvard University Society.

Anna E. Gardner is teaching in the High School at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey.

'96. Margaret Manson was married Dec. 14, to Mr. Harry Holcomb. Jeannette E. Fowler was married on Oct. 19, at Oriskany Falls, N. Y., to Mr. Clarence James Geer, of Pittsburg, Pa.

'97. Agnes Jeffrey was married in November to Mr. Frederick Shedd.

Anna D. Casler is teaching Literature and History in Little Falls, N. Y.

Grace E. Browne is teaching English and History at the New Church School, Waltham, Mass.

'98. Julia Morris is teaching Chemistry and History in the Rix Preparatory School in Utica, N. Y.

Grace Blanchard is teaching Mathematics and History at the Fitchburg High School.

Josephine Clarke is spending the winter in Washington.

Helen Lewis is studying the violin in Boston.

Marion French is teaching Latin and Algebra in a private school in Winchester, Mass.

Florence Reed is teaching in the High School in Greenfield, Mass.

Anne H. Hall is teaching Latin and German in the High School in Rockville, Conn.

Annie Brooks is the first assistant in the Woodstock Academy, Woodstock Conn.

Mary Potter is teaching in the Williams Memorial School at her home in New London.

Marion Melius is engaged in journalistic work in Springfield.

Mary R. Joslin is studying Education and Teaching at Radcliffe, not History as was stated in the November Monthly.

BIRTHS

Mrs. Fred H. Law (Mary Thorp '95) a son, John Thorp, Aug. 23.

Mrs. A. C. Lane (Susette Lauriat '91) a son born Nov. 14.

Mrs. G. D. Yeomans (May B. Stoddard '92) a son born July 25.

ABOUT COLLEGE

Basket-ball seems to be taking each year a more prominent place in the athletic interest of the college, yet even so there are many to whom the teams, their management and formation, not to mention the game itself, are still a mystery. It was but four years ago that the Freshmen first learned to play during November in the gymnastic classes, but now those who are interested in the game are assembled, divided into teams and taught the game by the Juniors almost as soon as college opens. The fact that every year more girls enter from the large preparatory schools who are already good players, and that the Seniors and Juniors now have teams as well as the lower classes, and above all the simplicity of basket-ball as we play it have combined to increase the enthusiasm for the game.

Since there are many girls who frequently come to the Gymnasium to watch the practice, yet who do not understand the play, a short description of the Smith game may not be superfluous here. The Gymnasium floor is divided into three nearly equal parts—a "center" and two "sides". In the "center" are four girls from each team, and on each side six girls, three "homes" to put the ball in the basket and three "guards" to keep them from doing so, and, if they secure the ball, to send it through their "centers" to their "homes" at the other end. The rules of the game are chiefly negative—a player must not knock or snatch the ball from an opponent; she must not hold it for more than three seconds nor take a step while she has it in her hands; moreover she must not step on, or over, the line which divides the floor. To do any of these things is a foul and three fouls count a goal for the other side. The game goes to the side which scores the most goals either from fouls or by putting the ball in the basket. Played in this way the game depends largely on quickness and jumping, sureness in catching, accuracy in throwing and above all in team-work. Toward the end of February Miss Berenson chooses the Freshman and Sophomore teams, and from that time until "The Big Game" on the last Saturday in March their practice is behind closed doors and they are "in training." Both practice and training are under the direction of the captain of the team and two coaches elected from the supporting upper class—Seniors for the Sophomores and Juniors for the Freshman.

On the afternoon of "the" game the Gymnasium presents a marvelous appearance, trimmed and decorated as it is with the colors of the contending classes. On the platform sit the President and Faculty all showing their colors in the shape of flowers or large tissue paper chrysanthemums presented

them by the teams which they have been pledged to support. In the running track are the students—Freshman and Juniors on one side of the building, Sophomores and Seniors on the other. Generally between eight and nine hundred people watch this game. It seems to be an admitted fact that the Sophomores will win, since with one exception they always have, but still the fact that there has been one exception urges the Freshmen to do their best. "Class spirit and enthusiasm run high at this time; some have thought too high and suggested the forming of other not distinctively class teams.

Following this suggestion, last fall a team of girls from the Lawrence House challenged any team which could be formed from another campus house. The Hubbard quickly accepted the challenge and an exciting game was the result, the Lawrence winning by a small margin. This contest led to the "Yale-Harvard" game on the same afternoon that a similarly named contest took place in Cambridge. Of all the games of this kind which have followed perhaps none has created more fun or greater general interest or has been better basket-ball. The two picked teams entered simultaneously from opposite ends of the Gymnasium in suits decorated for the occasion with large blue "Y's" or with crimson "H's," not to mention shoe-strings, belts and hair-ribbons which showed their colors. A strange coincidence was the fact that both the game in Cambridge and our game ended in a tie. Since that time all kinds of games have been played, the Students' Building against the Gymnasium and Field Association, the Hatchets against the Cherry-Trees (this on Washington's Birthday), Yale vs. Princeton, etc., etc. This year we have again had a Yale-Harvard game, a Yale-Princeton game and various others, but the most successful so far was the one on Thanksgiving Day between the Indians and the Puritans. The Indians entering with a wild war-whoop fell suddenly upon the devout and sanctimonious Puritans, and after a desperate struggle were finally completely victorious.

As a whole the college supports basket-ball well and the running track is often filled when these match games are being played. Moreover, students often come to watch the regular practice, for basket-ball is not all fun and while these interesting games are going on the Sophomores and Freshmen are doing hard and often discouraging work for their teams.

It has been proposed that all the classes should have teams and play for the championship of the college, but this seems impracticable, since the Seniors are always too busy after Christmas to practice sufficiently, and, moreover, if the Juniors were training for themselves the Freshmen would have no coaches. The Sophomore teams are, however, kept together as much as possible in Junior and Senior years and play fairly regularly during the first semester.

Some think that basket-ball distracts us from our lessons and is therefore bad in the extent to which we play it. This, however, is a mistake, because no one can play on a team who has had a condition at the mid-year examinations, or whose general work is low. It is then for a student's own interests to keep her work up to the standard if she wishes to play basket-ball.

ABBY LOUISE ALLEN '99.

On December 16, the Wallace House presented "A Russian Honeymoon," an adaptation by Mrs. Burton Harrison, with the following cast:

Alexis Petrovitch.

Emily Locke

A journeyman (afterward Gustave Count Woroffski).

Poleska, his wife.

Mary Wilder

Baroness Vladimir, his sister,

Madeleine Doty Agnes Childs

Ivan, a master shoemaker, Micheline, his daughter,

Florence Dow

Koulikoff Demetrovitch,

Margaret Wilder

Intendant of the Chateau Woroffski.

Osip, a young peasant,

Miriam Choate

Peasant Girls, Journeymen, Guards.

Acts I. and II. A room in the house of Ivan the shoemaker. Act III. A drawing-room in the Chateau Woroffski.

The play is but mildly interesting since it has no very exciting situations, and the performance, while smooth, was not such as to conceal the deficiencies of dramatic structure. Miss Locke made a very good-looking hero and had an unusually good voice. Miss Wilder was sufficiently haughty in the earlier part of the play, but failed to make Poleska's change of heart quite convincing. The Baroness of Miss Doty was charming to look upon and very well acted. One regretted that she did not appear until the last act. The minor parts were all satisfactory. The costuming of the play was noticeably good, Miss Margaret Wilder's make-up as the Intendant being much more realistic than usual. The scenery has been altered since last year and the improvement is very marked. It is now possible to go through a door without seriously disturbing the surrounding wall.

The Hatfield and Dewey House Dance given in the Gymnasium Wednesday evening, November 16, took the form of a Colonial Ball. Guests were requested to wear old-fashioned costumes with patches and powder, and the effect was charmingly picturesque. The especial feature of the evening was the minuet, by eight girls from the houses which gave the dance. These houses are the first to carry out a departure from the stereotyped fashion of "program dances", which was proposed by the Council, and their marked success will furnish great encouragement to the plan.

The Donation Party for the benefit of the Students' Building was held on Saturday afternoon and evening, December 10. Many doubts had been expressed whether, under the restrictions laid upon the committee, the success of the occasion would approach that of the Christmas Sale two years ago, but all fears on this head proved groundless. The fancy articles, offered for sale at long tables on either side of the hall, were perhaps fewer than before, and some difference was made by the absence of decoration. But this latter change—not to speak of the time saved by it—was almost compensated for by the many clever signs which covered the walls, calling attention to "side-shows" in the small offices and dressing-rooms. Of these side-shows the most distinctive was the model of the Students' Building itself, exhibited by "experienced guides", who called attention to the kitchen which students are

urged to enter, the room in which pins and tacks may be driven at pleasure, etc. Next to this in novelty was the lecture on "The Social Side of the Late War," by "the special correspondent of the Ladies' Home Journal". Less unusual perhaps, but no less interesting, were the Minstrel Show, the Vaudeville, the scenes from "the Bab Ballads", and the booths devoted to palmreading and graphology and to the taking of weights and measurements. Candy, coffee, lemonade and Welsh "rabbit" were also sold. The evening closed with a most successful auction of the remaining articles, and of the signs. The entire sum cleared for the Students' Building was about \$900. The committee wish to express their deep gratitude for the hearty coöperation of the whole college.

Dr. Moore, of the Department of Economics. has been compelled to resign on account of ill health, and Mr. Edgerton, Hamilton '82, will take his place. Mr. Edgerton after a postgraduate course at Cornell taught some years at Columbia.

Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee, (Jennette B. Perry '86) is to take the place of Mr. King as instructor in the Department of English Literature. Mr. King's ill health prevented him from finishing this semester's work. Mrs. Lee has taught at Woman's College Western Reserve, Cleveland, and for eight years at Vassar College.

CALENDAR

- Dec. 17, Open Meeting of the Alpha Society.
 - 21, Christmas Holidays begin.
- Jan. 5, Christmas Holidays end.
 - 11, Dickinson House Dance.
 - 13, Open Meeting of the Voice Club. Lecture by Mr.F. Hopkinson Smith.
 - 14, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

The

Smith College Monthly

January = 1899.
Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE

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MARRILE MORRIS UFFORD.

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JANUARY, 1899.

No. 4.

THE SMITH COLLEGE RULES*

This fall each student received a printed copy of the general regulations of the College. They were regulations with which the girls were supposedly familiar, yet the fact that this was the first authorized set of rules which had ever been distributed among the students caused much comment and criticism.

Our position in the matter of government is certainly unique. We are known abroad as a college with no rules except that lights must be out at ten. At home, however, limits are defined by a series of "should" and "should nots," by precedent, and by advice which it is always safest to follow. We have no written code like Bryn Mawr, but this does not prevent our regulations from being as strict as they are general. Two main divisions include them all. First, those which relate to our academic life; and second, those which relate to our social life. We must remember that we are students and gentlewomen. The very fact that these regulations are so general necessitates a wide interpretation. Does this promote the best intellectual and physical results? Is that in accordance with the standards of good society? The interpretations, then, of these questions which constantly present themselves to the Faculty and to the

² Modeled after Bryce's "Interpretation of the American Constitution."

students, compose the Smith College Rules. Naturally the questions change with each succeeding class. There is need for development to suit the changing conditions of the college, and it is interesting to notice that as the college develops and increases in numbers, so the regulations develop and increase.

It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of specific rules. Some of them are attacked so vehemently that I am sure they need rest. Nor shall I try to prove that we are not degenerating into a boarding school. I only wish to indicate very generally the way in which our rules are formed and with this in view to discuss the following points:

- I. The persons who have authority to interpret the regulations.
 - II. The main principles followed in this interpretation.
 - III. Checks on the possible abuses of this interpreting power.
- I. Who has the power to say what we shall do and what we shall not? This depends entirely upon the nature of the question. Anything relating to the conduct of the students will be settled either by the President, the Faculty, the House Committee, the Council, or by the student body itself—that is, by the action of the respective classes. All of these bodies have the right to interpret the regulations, but the more important questions are referred to the President and to the Trustees.

When a question has been once decided, the students must abide by the decision. But there are always questions which have not been passed upon, either because they have not previously presented themselves for consideration, or because they do not concern the college as a whole. These questions must be settled by the various authorities and by the individual girls themselves. Of course, in the latter case, there is a chance that the decision will not meet with the approval of a higher authority, but it is better to judge carefully and honestly and find one's judgment overruled than to be like an imbecile who can neither think nor interpret for himself.

Certain regulations are left to special authorities. For example, the Faculty would not interfere with the size of the various class taxes unless those taxes should be exorbitant. The House Committee would not regulate the length of examinations, nor would President Seelye say whether a girl should receive a glass of milk at eleven o'clock in the morning. These special regulations, however, demand as absolute obedience from the students as do those which are more general.

We make a great mistake sometimes in thinking that the formal bodies, which we know have authority to interpret the regulations, are the only interpreters. A responsibility is placed upon every girl in college. As soon as we enter our Freshman year, we become responsible beings in a wider sense than ever before. We must decide and act for ourselves. And because the regulations here are so general, there is much greater need for individual interpretation. Only when this is in opposition to the recognized standards of the college will there be interference. We often hear the complaint that rules and restrictions are increasing on every side. Do the students realize that if specific rules are increasing, it is because the general rules have been misinterpreted? And that often a new rule reflects not so much upon the character of the Faculty as upon their own judgment? An example of this is the decision of the House Committee that students must not go from house to house in costume on Hallowe'en. Now this rule was not made simply to keep the girls from having a good time. It was because certain students had apparently forgotten that to parade the streets as devils and ballet dancers is not sanctioned by even "middling society." Therefore the whole must suffer for the sake of the part, and this is not peculiar to Smith College.

But there are students who do not confine their individual interpretations to questions upon which no decision has been pronounced. They reserve the right of ignoring a regulation which they do not approve. Take the matter of swinging with men in the back campus hammocks. President Seelye has interpreted such action as undesirable. But some students assert that were President Seelye in their place he would understand that entertaining one's friends in a hammock is perfectly proper. They have always done so in their own homes and see no reason, barring the President's request, why they should not do so in the Smith College orchard. And there is a possibility that the private interpretation of good manners will be considered instead of the President's decision.

This individual interpretation is increased by the fact that there is an uncertainty about many rules, a doubt as to what a rule is, whether it is supposed to be kept, and what will happen if it is broken. Lines are not clearly drawn. We are all familiar with the "Room Rules," which are tacked up on our closet doors. We are told that we must not be out of the house

over night without the consent of the lady in charge. We must not go to the kitchen for any purpose whatever; lights must be out at ten; and no washwoman must be hired without due permission. A new student would naturally suppose that these rules were equally important. Two years in a campus house gives a different impression. The washwoman rule is practically a dead letter; no one is expected to observe it. The ten o'clock rule is more stringent and care must be taken not to break it too often. To go to the kitchen for milk or butter is regarded as a more or less serious offence—usually the former. I knew a girl who was kept off the campus partly because she had broken this rule, which is ignored in most of the campus houses without a moment's compunction, by girls who are not lacking in common honesty. They merely misinterpret its importance and class it with the washwoman regulation. I do not attempt to excuse this, but merely state a fact. We may go one step farther. Although it is a violation of House or "Room Rules" to use the kitchen as a grocery store, it is a violation of "one of the fundamental rules of the College" for a student to sleep over night in a campus house other than her own. For this offence she may be sent immediately to the President. Is it strange that there is individual misinterpretation on the part of the students? If "Room Rules" were reprinted upon fresh cards and dated, they might be regarded as seriously as they deserve. If a regulation is of such importance that its infringement is seriously detrimental to a girl's character, she should be informed of the fact. If studying in the parlor is forbidden, there should be some way in which a new student could find it out.

II. We have now come to the second point under discussion: namely, how it is determined whether a course of action is permissible,—in other words, the main principles which are followed in the formation of rules. I use *rule* here in the widest sense of the term, as any decision which establishes a may or may not in regard to the conduct of the students.

The rules are developed in two ways. A course of action is either approved or disapproved by a higher authority. The interpretation of the students is accepted or overruled: for example, the Council decides that an informal Glee Club concert before Christmas is not opposed to the intellectual or physical welfare of the students. This decision is presented to the

House Committee and to the President. If they offer no objections, the concert is given. The interpretation of the Council is accepted and becomes a rule according to the definition which I have given above, although the decision may be reversed at some future time. This is development by approval. Development by disapproval is just the opposite. Some action of the students is declared to be a misinterpretation of their rights or of the college regulations. The Hallowe'en rule to which I have referred is an example of this, also the decision forbidding the Christmas Sale. The students had decided at a mass meeting and through their representatives to hold a sale for the benefit of the Students' Building Fund. This sale was declared injurious to the health and standing of many girls most actively interested in it, and the decision was overruled. These questions which are constantly coming up for discussion are of two kinds: questions of interpretation which involve the meaning of a term, and questions of construction when a subject has not been previously contemplated. At times a rule which is apparently definite discloses certain ambiguities. One of the regulations on the printed list is as follows, "Application for permission to attend entertainments in other places than Northampton should be made to the registrar as far in advance as possible." A question of interpretation immediately arises. Does this refer merely to evening entertainments, or are all kinds included? The students exercise their common sense in deciding. No girl would think of asking Miss Knox for permission to attend the theatre in Springfield. It would be sufficient to go to the lady in charge of the house where she boards; and in case of a matinee, even this would be unnecessary. In matters like this each student decides for herself, and if her interpretation is wrong she will certainly hear of it. On the other hand, the question whether there should be a dance on last Washington's Birthday was a question of construction. It had not previously arisen. Was this dance a privilege which the students should have? Would it be a dignified and academic entertainment under the existing conditions? The decision was to the contrary.

Two principles are followed in the formation of rules.

First. A body cannot exercise a power unless it is shown that that power has been granted it. We all see the necessity of this. The Council decided not long ago that there should

be variety in the house entertainments. The House Committee asserted that the regulation of this part of our social life did not lie with the Council and that its decision was therefore invalid. The Council had misinterpreted its constitution.

Second. When a power has once been granted, liberty is allowed in the exercise of that power. The registrar may excuse the students at her own discretion. The ladies in charge make whatever rules are necessary for the order in the respective houses. The classes are allowed to regulate their affairs with little interference. And the Council has entire charge of the Property Box and the Reading Room. It is an interesting fact that the very freedom which is granted in certain cases is the cause of much of the dissatisfaction which is always to some degree prevalent. This is especially noticeable in regard to the rules which are enforced in the various campus houses. We are told that they differ from each other as Turkey differs from England. Of course this is an exaggeration, but there is just enough truth in the statement to cause feeling among the inhabitants of Turkey. There is a growing tendency among the girls to demand a more definite code of rules. always running against something unexpectedly," they say, "and bumping our heads." It is the same old question of implied powers with which every student of American history is familiar. We have strict and loose constructionists just as they had in Jefferson's day. Some want definite rules which will define more exactly the privileges of the student body—a bill of rights which will be observed. They are our strict constructionists. The others say, "No. Now we have loop-holes. Let us rejoice in all the ambiguities that exist and hope for more privilege of interpretation instead of less." These are our loose constructionists. It will be exceedingly interesting to watch the development of these two factions in our college world. The publication of the "Smith College Regulations" was a concession to the former class.

III. The third question is this: how is the interpreting authority restrained? What keeps us from degenerating into a boarding school on the one hand, or a community without law or order on the other? Mr. Bryce says that the interpreting authority of the American constitution is restrained in two ways—by the judiciary and by public opinion. I think that this is also true of the interpretation of our "regulations," with a slight difference in meaning.

First, let us consider the restraint of the judiciary. In our national government it is separate from the legislative and executive branches. "There is therefore a probability that it will disagree with either of them when they transgress the constitution." This is not always the case at Smith. When the students decide a question or make a rule, the judiciary is indeed separate, but when a higher authority comes to a decision, we find the legislative, executive and judiciary combined in one. We readily see what prevents the abolition of all rules, but why is it that this judiciary does not develop a boarding-school system through the sanction of its own legislative acts? The answer is twofold—because of its experience both in legislating and in judging, and because of public opinion. The United States judiciary is supposed to look at questions of interpretation in an impartial way because of its separation from the other branches of government. Our judiciary has not this safeguard of organization. It has, however, the safeguard of character. It is composed of those who wish to develop the highest individual responsibility among the students, and who have studied not only when to make rules, but also when not to make them. Should this safeguard of character and experience fail, we have still the restraint of public opinion; and if public opinion fails to restrain, we have an alternative which is much easier for us than for citizens at large—namely, emigra-

If the judiciary is restrained by public opinion, this is no less true of the students—public opinion in the house, in the class, in the college, in the town, in the world outside. If a student goes beyond a certain point she is sure of a condemnation as severe as it is deserved. In the college it is the criticism of the students. Outside of the college it is the criticism of society in which she will soon be a part and whose good opinion she values.

CARROLLE BARBER.

A WAVE

Far out, far out it rose and fell, Nearer and nearer it swelled and rose. Gray gulls circled above the foam, Sunshine dazzled along the crest. Rolling and rising, Rearing and falling, Mighty, appalling, Surging and tossing; Hollowing, gathering, lifting, steadying, Towering, staggering, drenching, plunging, Onward riding, Majestic advancing, Surging in might to the ocean shore-Upward it rose in last proud triumph, And in its hollows were strange sea-things, Steadied a moment with crest uplifted, Then fell with a roar on the long white beach. JULIA POST MITCHELL.

AN EXPERIMENT

The scientist lay in his bed, white and worn, with heavy eyelids closed over heavy eyes. His pale, fine face was drawn to emaciation; the features, clearly cut by nature, were sharpened by pain and suffering. His young wife sat at the bedside and gazed at him eagerly—anxiously—one might say, fearfully. Her eyes, red with watching and weeping, traced and retraced with passionate intensity every line and curve of the wan face, as if she would burn and sear into her very soul a lasting image of it. So rapt was she, she scarcely seemed to breathe. All consciousness—all sensibility was concentrated in that long look.

The clock ticked softly on the mantelpiece; the fire burned to embers; the embers fell apart—dulled and died. Outside, the sun sank low over a wintry landscape—but still she sat motionless, and the scientist slept on.

Finally he stirred, sighed, turned his head, and opened his

eyes. The girl, roused from her long trance, sat up suddenly, startled. "What is it, Edward?" she whispered.

"I have slept, haven't I?" he asked. "What time is it? It seems quite late—and dark."

"It is five," she answered, "almost tea-time. Yes, you have been sleeping for two hours. Do you feel better, dear?"

"I am feeling much refreshed. I fancy I shall be able to sit up by to-morrow. Will you bring my tea, May?"

He heard the soft rustle of her skirts as she left the room, and the sound seemed to please and soothe him. He nodded his head after her approvingly. "Taking it all in all," he mused, "I am glad I married May. It was a grave risk at my time of life, but I find that I was not mistaken in my choice. She is a good girl, and has served me faithfully and well. Besides, she has a certain womanly quality—a quiet grace, and maidenly sweetness, which are very gratifying."

At that moment the subject of his thoughts entered. She carried a little tray, covered with a snowy cloth, and bearing a shining tea service. With hands that trembled with zeal and eagerness, she poured out his tea, and buttered the crisp squares of toast she had prepared. Then she drew up her low chair, and sat down beside him.

The scientist, propped up against a pile of pillows, sipped his tea and crunched his toast with satisfaction. A ruddy glow came in through the window from the western sky, and lent a little color to his pallid face. He was not old. His hair, though prematurely gray, grew thick and low upon his temples. His face, though wan and thin, was smooth and unscarred by time. He was broken, not by age, but by disease. Beneath this frail exterior there lurked a certain power—the power of a personality that had never succumbed to physical assaults—a personality, cold, proud, self-centred, and analytical; a will, persistent, unbroken, indomitable. The girl at his side had felt this power, had shrunk from it, fought against it, yielded to it, given her life to him who possessed it. And now—

"May," he said, "I really believe I am improving. I think that in a month perhaps—why do you start, my dear?—I think that by a month, or six weeks at the outside, I may be restored to my normal state of health. Do you not think so? What was the doctor's opinion to-day?"

The girl turned suddenly away to hide the tears she could not

control. What had the doctor said indeed—that in a month, or six weeks at the furthest, her husband would be beyond the reach of suffering.

"He said," she murmured brokenly, "that you were doing as well as he had expected—at least he implied it.—Oh Edward!" Her voice was a moan.

But the scientist did not observe her agitation. He was looking absently into his empty tea-cup. "Well, my dear?" He spoke abstractedly.

Covertly she dried her eyes on her apron, and came back to the bedside. "Do you—do you want some more tea?" she asked lamely.

Her husband looked surprised. "How odd of you to ask," he said. "You know the doctor has limited me to one cup aday."

A great angry pity swept over her. How futile was this self-denial now! "Oh Edward!" she said, timidly. "You are so fond of tea. I don't believe another cup would hurt you."

The scientist looked at her almost sternly. "I confess that you surprise me, May," he said. "I should not have believed you capable of sacrificing my ultimate good to pamper my palate to-day. You may take away the tray."

Quick tears started to the girl's eyes. Her lip quivered so that she had to close her teeth upon it. "Oh no, dear," she murmured. "I did not mean that."

When she returned to the room, her husband lay back upon the pillows with his eyes closed, and a complacent smile playing on his lips. She sat down beside him, and took his hand. It was thin and white, and she held it beside her own plump one, and sighed. They were silent for a while. Finally he spoke.

"It is singular, May, how much interest one takes, in such a situation as mine, in revolving and reviewing the years and circumstances of one's past life. To-day particularly I have given much time to this consideration. My life has not been long perhaps—a matter of fifty years—but yet I flatter myself it has not been utterly devoid of achievement. I think I can conscientiously say that only a small proportion of it has been spent in idleness. For the rest, I have profited by my opportunities, and utilized my time and talents in the manner I deemed most advantageous."

He paused. With a movement of supreme tenderness the girl

dropped her cheek upon his hand and let it rest there. "Indeed, Edward," she murmured, "I think you are the most industrious man I ever saw."

"The results of my labor are highly gratifying," he continued. "My experiments have rarely betrayed my expectations, particularly those which have matured in recent years. I think I may say with perfect accuracy and truth that the past two years have been more successful—more rich—more satisfactory than any other period of my life."

A faint color tinged his wife's soft cheek. She raised her head, and looked at him with shining eyes. "Do you mean since—since I have been with you?" she asked.

The scientist seemed to weigh her question judicially before replying. "No," he said, finally. "That is not what I meant. I was speaking more especially from a scientific standpoint. But I admit the pertinence of your question, and acknowledge that our marriage has contributed not a little to my comfort, and—ah!—happiness."

May dropped her head again, and sighed.

The scientist lay quiet for a while, his eyes shining as with some inward excitement.

"I have not long to wait now, May," he finally broke out. "The sixteenth of December is not far removed. I can remember when it was distant twenty years. Interminably long, it seemed, interminably long."

"Is this the greatest of your experiments?" she asked.

"The greatest of the age!" he cried. "Two men only besides myself have ever experimented along this line, and they both met with failure. Success would mean undying fame for me! Ah! it must succeed—it must! It must!"

He tossed restlessly to and fro. The girl's keen eyes saw the flush of fever burning in his hollow cheeks. She rose in alarm. "My dearest, you must sleep," she urged soothingly. "Already we have talked too long, and you are tired."

"Nonsense, May." he answered, with a ring of impatience in his voice. "I have not the least disposition to sleep. Besides, there is a new 'Review,' containing an article by Professor Stokes, which I desire to hear."

"Oh Edward!" she begged. "If you can't sleep, at least don't work. Let us watch the sunset together. It is so beautiful to-night!"

"Oh doubtless!" responded the scientist; "but I have no time for sunsets. I cannot afford to fall behind the scientific progress of the day. Pray bring the 'Review' at once."

With a sigh the girl obeyed, lighting the little student lamp on the table, and moving the shade to screen his eyes. Laboriously she read through seven pages of words—meaningless to her, for the most part, and difficult of pronunciation. At the end, she closed the book, and looked up timidly for his criticism or approval.

"You have improved in your enunciation," he was pleased to say, "but your pronunciation was faulty in several instances. To-morrow I will mark the words in respect to which you have been in error, so that you may refer to the dictionary for them.

You know my theory about the value of self-correction."

"Yes," answered May, meekly.

"And now, I will prepare to sleep. I think that I shall pass a restful night. I have felt stronger to-day than for many weeks. There is no doubt that I am convalescent. Good-night, my dear."

Two weeks passed, but the scientist's convalescence did not keep pace with his expectations. Instead, he grew steadily weaker, but so gradually that the meaning of the change was not apparent to him.

"You must tell him," said the doctor at last. "He's got to give up. It is madness for him to try to work—it is simple sui-

cide. He won't live a week!"

"A week!" cried the girl, looking up at him with fright in her eyes. "Oh, but doctor, he has to. You must make him live till after the sixteenth—Oh, you must! You must!"

Something like a smile quivered under the doctor's mustache,

but his eyes were kind.

"I will do my best, my dear," he said; "but you will have to help me. You must tell him right away."

"I don't see how I can!" she mourned. "It will kill him to

give up his work."

"It will kill him not to give it up," replied the doctor trenchantly.

She went to her husband's bedside and stood over him. Her pity for him fought with her own anguish, and mastered it.

"Oh, poor Edward!" she moaned. "Poor Edward! Poor Edward!"

He stirred and woke with a start. He tried to sit up but fell back weakly.

"Is it time to begin, May?" he asked faintly. "What time is it?"

"We can't work to-night, Edward," she said hoarsely, "the doctor says you must not."

"Not work!" he echoed. "Why, that is the sheerest folly. I assure you that I am perfectly able."

"Oh no! no! Edward!" she begged. "Please don't—please don't. I am sure you ought not to."

Her distress seemed to irritate him. "I consider that I am the best judge of my own ability," he replied severely. "Pray, make a light immediately."

She trembled before him. For the first time in their married life she was to disobey him. "Oh no, Edward!" she pleaded miserably. "I can't—indeed, I can't!"

He turned his face to the wall in silent displeasure.

She fell on her knees, and caught his hand. "Don't-don't, dearest!" she prayed. "I can't bear it, if you are angry with me. But you must not work to-night—or any other night—oh, how can I tell it—how can I tell it!" She broke off.

"What do you mean, May?" he asked gravely.

For answer she drew closer to him. She wound her arms around his fragile form, and laid her cheek to his. Her dumb grief told him more than any words.

"Do you mean, May, that I-that I shall not recover?"

"Oh Edward!—Edward!"

"But I shall live till after—after—?" His voice broke.

"If you are careful, dear."

"I will live!" he muttered hoarsely, and his eyes gleamed.

The days and nights dragged on. The scientist lay passive with closed eyes. He seldom spoke, and only permitted himself to be roused to receive necessary nourishment or medicine. He seemed to begrudge himself the very breath he drew, lest the mere effort of breathing should drain his precious reserve of strength. But it was clear that his mind was active, ceaselessly working over the details of his experiment, for in his sleep he muttered and mumbled of it, and of the wished-for day.

At last, after a seemingly endless succession of days and nights, the scientist's wife stood at the window, watching the

sun set on the fifteenth day of December. Little by little the glow died out of the west, and the shadows fell on a dreary waste of snow. The girl shivered as she looked out. Grief and weary vigils had driven the color from her cheeks, and the lustre from her eyes. Her hands moved restlessly, and she trembled with nervousness. Yet she turned from the window, and dismissing the nurse, sat down by the bedside to watch. She had a feeling that she must be there to keep the spirit in his body—that if she left him, alone and defenceless, to the death that was hovering over him, in the unequal struggle he would lose.

Her husband lay motiouless with closed eyes. In the dim light his face was waxen. His faint breathing was inaudible even in the deep stillness of the chamber. He barely lived. The hours wore away. The girl strained her dim eyes through the shadows for the first glimmer of change in the beloved face. She was too spent to weep, she could only dumbly pray. When the sick man stirred, her heart stopped, and then plunged on with wild leaps that made her head whirl. Once his eyes opened. She bent over him.

"What day?" were the words his lips formed.

She dared not tell him. "It is not any day, Edward, it is night," she answered evasively, and held a glass to his lips. "Here, drink this—and sleep."

"You will wake me on the day?" he whispered. "You will not let me sleep too long?"

"No-no, dearest. Indeed, I will wake you-you know I will."

He sank back into lethargy. In spite of time—in spite of death, the night wore on. A grayness grew in the east. Faint streaks showed through it, which turned silvery—then golden—then glowed into fire. The sun burst over the hills—and it was day!

Trembling so that she could scarcely stand, and clinging to the bed-post for support, May looked down on the sleeping man. A horrible temptation seized her. Why wake him, when to wake him was to kill him? The moment he unclosed his eyes must be but the beginning of the end. Yet on the other hand, she had promised. It was criminal to delay, when minutes were as precious as years. She stooped over him, and whispered softly in his ear.

"Edward-it is time!"

He thrilled perceptibly. With a tremendous effort he lifted himself on his elbow and looked at her. "Time!" he gasped. "Then why do you stand there? Raise me! Raise me! Quick! Hasten!"

She lifted him to a sitting posture, and held a wine-glass to his lips. He drained it, and fell back against the pillows. His eyes were gleaming, his face was livid. He clutched the sheets with both hands. All the strength he had been hoarding through those long, slow days, was concentrated in this moment.

"Bring it!" he commanded huskily.

She ran to a closet and brought forth a sealed box. He snatched it from her, and vainly tried to break the seal with his weak, aimless fingers. He thrust it back upon her.

"Open it!"

She obeyed, and pulled out a vial containing a dark liquid. She tried to draw out the glass stopper, but it adhered to the neck of the bottle.

He quivered with impatience. "Why are you so weak?" he cried. "Break it! Break it!"

Spurred by his words, she gave a frantic wrench, which tore the skin on her hands, but effectually loosened the stopper. As she held out the vial to him, her hand shook so that a few drops of the precious liquid were spilled on the bed. Wherever they fell, they burned a hole, through the sheet, and even the blanket.

The scientist seeing this gave a shrill scream of triumph, pitiful in its weakness.

"Eureka!" he cried. "I have found the secret! I have proved it. See, May, how it burns—like liquid fire. Quick! Quick! bring a tablet—write! Quick!—I am—"

His head fell back, and the bottle slipped from his nerveless hand. She caught it as it fell; then pouring out wine, held it to his lips. He sipped it, and revived.

"Paper-write!" he repeated.

Stunned—bewildered, she wandered about the room, looking for paper and finding none.

His impatience became uncontrollable. "Fool!" he cried. "Why did you not provide some? I depended on you to have everything in readiness. You have failed me miserably. Why do you roam about in that distracted fashion? Ah—!" his voice died away in inarticulate rage.

"I will find some, Edward," she answered dully. "Only wait a minute, till I can think—and see."

She tore a fly-leaf from a book, and picked up a pencil that lay near it. She sat down beside him, and waited for his dictation. The scientist forgot his wrath, and remembered only his experiment. His mind worked quickly and clearly; he spoke huskily, but coherently. Whenever his voice grew faint, his wife would stop to revive him with a stimulant. Once when she looked up, she saw an ashen grayness spreading over his features.

With a wild cry of alarm, she ran to him, and forced the fiery wine between his half-shut lips. In a moment he had struggled up again. But he gasped for breath, and clutched her wrist convulsively.

Without knowing what she did, she crumpled the paper in her hand, and flung it from her. She threw herself down beside him, and looked up at him in speechless agony. But he, by an effort of pure will, opened his eyes again, and bade her go on.

No—no!" she cried almost sharply. "I can't—I won't! Why Edward—you are dying! What difference does it make—what difference?"

His anger rose again and lent him strength. "Difference!" he cchoed. "Say rather what difference does my dying make, so that my name lives on. Don't you realize—oh write! write!!!

Perhaps his eyes were too far dimmed to see the anguish in her face. At all events he shook her weakly off. She staggered up, and set herself once more to her bitter task. On and on she wrote, stumbling over long words that she had never heard before—spelling them as best she might—dashing away the tears that blinded her. And now it was finished—the last word written! The paper fluttered to the floor, and May dropped on her knees.

"Speak just one word to me, dearest!" she prayed. "Tell me just once—just once before you go. I have loved you so long—so utterly! Have you nothing to say to me now? Oh Edward, speak! speak! for the love of God!"

She bent close over him, and caught the word he breathed as he died. She sprang back with a despairing cry, and flung herself face downward on the floor.

In a frenzy of grief she lay tossing and moaning, shaking

with sobs that brought no healing tears, but racked her cruelly. At last, she half rose, pulling herself up by the bed to look into the dead face. How stiff it was—how cold! Alas—how hard! A memory of his cruel words—of that last knife-thrust uttered with his dying breath—forced itself slowly into her numbed consciousness.

"No thought for me!" she moaned. "For me, left all alone. 'His last word—not 'love,' nor 'wife'—but 'fame'! Oh, cruel! cruel!"

She paced the room from wall to wall, her passion rising with each quivering breath. A mad revulsion of feeling-a wild reaction—a passionate revolt drove her beyond and beside herself. She snatched the scattered papers, ground and crushed by her tread—the records of a life's labor—and tore them into tiny fragments. She held them on the dying embers of the fire till they burst into flame, and parched and shrivelled into a little heap of blackened ashes. She seized the vial of precious fluid, and hurled it on the hearth. It shivered into shining splinters; the liquid fire spread out into a broad stain, and filtered through the cracks between the tiles. She laughed wildly -exultantly, and turned toward the bed, but at the sight of the dead face her laughter ceased. She moved slowly toward the spot, as if fascinated. Her eyes dilated-grew wide with horror. Did he know what she had done? Would he rise up in his dead might, and smite her? No, no-he was powerlesshelpless now. He had trusted in her—and she—oh heavens! she had betrayed his trust. Perhaps in that moment of realization, she had an earnest of her future life—its endless remorse -endless expiation.

She flung up her arms with a cry in which her heart broke.

"O God! What have I done! What have I done!"

EMILY IRISH STANTON.

VERSES

I.

O siren river, list to the wind
In love with her own wild tune!
She sings how down in a dusky dell
Is a bud as white as the moon:
How a bee is waiting to forage for gold
In the deepest rose of June.

II.

She sang along the mountain-tops
And flung aerial music where,
Below the vales crouched listening:
And she was wondrous fair,—
The moonlight pallor on her cheek,
And star-beams twisted in her hair.

GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD.

BALZAC

When Dante wrote his Divine Comedy he embodied in it the spirit of the Middle Ages. Balzac in his Human Comedy believed himself to be expressing that of the Nineteenth Century. What he believed that spirit to be, and how he chose to express it, are matters worthy of attention, considering the extent of his ambition, and the position he has attained in literature. His own opinions on these latter points are well-known. Under his bust of Napoleon, he wrote: "What he failed to achieve by the sword. I shall accomplish by the pen;" and in regard to his literary rank he said: "There are only three men in Paris who can write, Hugo, Gautier, and myself." If the world has not wholly agreed with him in these views, it has given him no fee-Taine called him, "The greatest depository of ble backing. human documents since Shakespeare;" and the famous modern school of realism in France claims him as its originator and master.

This is an unexpected title for one whose life covers almost exactly the period of influence of the Romantic School, and whose literary associates were deeply imbued with its principles. That he was, however, in no sense inspired by that school is sufficiently evident from the character of his work. His own description of himself indeed forbids any such idea. "I am," he said, "the secretary of society," purposing merely "to set down the inventory of their vices and virtues."

Judging from the pessimistic nature of his writings, the former must have predominated largely. The spirit of our age is no glorious one as he presents it. Everywhere the greed of gold prevails. The animal craving for luxury is exalted into a spiritual need, due to the exigencies of society, by which culture, refined sentiment, and all the graces of life are possible only to the rich. "La carrière" is no longer open to any talent save that of intrigue. The young, the beautiful, the generous, are to be supplied with the means of happiness; but it can be obtained only at the hands of those successful in crime.

The pure and simple in heart do occasionally appear in this arena of conflicting interests, but it is always as the sufferers. Moreover, Balzac is seldom happy in their depiction. There is a grossness and sensuality in his nature which renders it impossible for him to carry out a delicate conception. The virtue of his good women is never convincing. There is an indefinable savor of hypocrisy about it. In his attempts to portray the exquisite naïveté of youthful love, he bungles revoltingly. The last refinements of taste are beyond him.

Although lacking in the power to present the beautiful and virtuous, he is a master in painting the hardened and hopeless. There is a sordidness, a sense of the degradation and the deformity of crime in his presentation which is at least as repellent as disillusionizing. He is equally powerful in depicting the waverers between good and evil. It is with the most agonized sympathy that we follow their struggles, their ups and downs, as they are swayed first by one and then another of the varied influences that surround them.

It is, however, as the artist of the victims of a single passion that Balzac is best known. His plots are invariably intricate and confused, like the life he is portraying, to be sure, but without the artistic values of unity and subordination. When a mixture of motives is added, the result is often mere inefficient obscurity. His skill in adding detail to detail to build up a single powerful impression is on the contrary unsurpassed. Pére Goriot absorbed in his neglectful daughters, and the Curé de Tours wrapped up in his precious furniture, the collection of a life-time, are two famous examples of this class.

It is some palliation of the bitter pessimism of Balzac's view of life to know that it is the reflection of his own long struggle with poverty, and passionate, almost morbid craving for beautiful objects of all kinds. Everyone knows that story of his writing on the walls of his empty garret, at a time of exceptional distress, the names of the gorgeous tapestries, wood-work and bric-a-brac he desired, thus cheating himself into belief of their presence. Even with this explanation, however, the picture he draws is fearfully convincing, and we turn with a shudder from the depths of human meanness it reveals.

We have seen what Balzac aimed to represent. The method he employed was equally grand in design, and unsatisfactory in execution. It is semi-historical, semi-fictitious, and aims at absolute accuracy of detail. The result is a series of histories rendered untrustworthy by the introduction of fiction, and of novels overburdened with historical matter. This is due to the interest of the author in the soul as modified by its environment, whereby environment often predominates greatly at the expense of soul. Surely every reader of Eugénie Grandet has felt, by the time he got through the description of the town in which the Grandets lived, the street on which their house stood, and the house itself down to the minutest detail of wall-paper and molding, that he had very little interest left for the Grandets in person.

This injurious effect is heightened by Balzac's use of words, which, as M. Albert despairingly remarks, resembles nothing but itself. His vocabulary is drawn from every department of life,—from the law-courts, the laboratory, the gutters; and it is applied with a lack of discrimination that is frequently incongruous. It is technical in the extreme and therefore seldom

suggestive or picturesque.

In spite of these defects, however, we should not forget the principle of which they are only excrescences. The influence of environment and that of heredity form the two most important principles of modern psychology; and no one has done more for the former than the author of the Comédie Humaine. If he has gone too far in his treatment, and allowed a force to circumstance which cannot always be admitted, it is a fault in the right direction after the "detached" condition of most previous fictitious personages. Moreover, the same method has been employed by later writers with more restraint and attention to proportion, gaining by it the utmost delicacy of finish. Flau-

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bert is one of the most charming of these writers. His work resembles the exquisite miniature effects of Gaugengiegel, while Balzac's may be better compared to Hogarth's, the intrusive nature of whose details is notorious.

The Comédie Humaine is incomplete. Enormous as was his strength, Balzac abused it to his destruction. At the time of his death, it was considered a fearful loss that so powerful a genius had not been able to complete the portrayal of the whole range of society. We consider how quickly that society changes, and recognizing the limitations of the man's art, do not feel this as so great a deprivation. We are waiting for a Human Comedy in which there shall figure the simple, the high-souled and the generous-minded whom we see around us, as well as the mercenary, the intriguing and the base.

CLARACE GOLDNER EATON.

MOODS

I.

The voices of Earth call softly.

Her warm, brown breast lies bare,
Her sweet breath quivers upward,
Thrilling the heavy air.

It kisses my eyelids open,
And I turn as from weary sleep;
The beautiful Earth lies waiting—
All mine—to grasp and to keep.

II.

The star-light glistens coldly
On the heaving, wide expanse.
The burnished heaven is cloudless,
Bent in a holy trance.
The thoughts of earth fall from me,
While with eager, straining eye,
I seek to read the meaning
Traced by the stars on high.

MARY BUELL SAYLES.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A BALLADE OF WINTER

When sleigh-bells chime on the frosty air,
And ever faster the white roads slide
Under the hoofs of my lusty pair,
While the cutter sways to their swinging stride,
And up in the sky where the light clouds ride
The moon shines clear on the sparkling wold,—
With laughing Helen at my side
What care I for the winter's cold?

The ring of skates on the glassy bay,
And the joyous thrill of the power to glide
Here and there as our fancies stray,
Over the depths where our oars have plied,
The broad, still breast of the frozen tide
And the flood of the sunset's rosy gold,
And laughing Helen at my side—
What care I for the winter's cold?

When swift flakes dash on the window-pane, And we hear the storm in its savage pride, And the wild night wind as it chafes in vain To find the reach of its power defied, When flames leap up on the hearthstone wide, And the genial cheer makes my heart grow bold, With laughing Helen at my side What care I for the winter's cold?

L'ENVOI

So shall it be as the swift years glide;
Hearts so merry can scarce grow old.
With laughing Helen at my side
What care I for the winter's cold?
ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

Miss Butler and Miss Baker sat in the hammock on the south piazza. The mail had just come (in a market basket) and with it the August number of the Home-Room Poor Mr. Pookles Herald, the pages of which they were cutting with hat-pins. Their hands trem-

bled with excitement.

"Here it is!" shrieked Miss Butler at last, and tore a page almost in two.

"Look!" wailed Miss Baker. "It's to be concluded in the next."

"Don't waste time!" said her friend. "Stop looking ahead. We knew it must end some time. Come,—begin."

Their heads bent together over the magazine, and there was silence for a few minutes, broken only by the squeak of the hammock-hooks.

"It's heavenly!" broke out Miss Butler suddenly, "Dolly, this man is a genius."

A rapturous "O-h-h!" was the other's only response.

"I prophesy," continued Miss Butler, "mark my words, Dolly. I prophesy that the name of Archibald Arthur will some day be the glory of the American literary world. This chapter is the most dramatic—he's only twenty-two, I've heard, Dolly!"

"O-h-h!" again responded Miss Baker. She had time for no more, in fact, owing to a certain remarkable noise which issued suddenly from a window a few feet behind. The sound resembled, though only slightly, a human sneeze and clearing of the throat combined, followed by a suppressed choking. Miss Baker clutched her friend's sleeve. Miss Butler, calm as always, threw a look of scorn at the window, and resumed her reading.

"But what was it?" said Miss Baker.

"You goose! Don't you know that's the Pookles creature's room? That was simply a delicate intimation that we were disturbing him."

"Poor Mr. Pookles!"

"Poor helpless lamb!" was the caustic reply. "Just like him to interrupt in the most—in the—Dolly! She's going to accept him after all. How that man does understand women!"

"Mr. Arthur?" began Miss Baker, "or—" But again she was prevented from adding more,—this time by a heavy tread at the end of the piazza. Both young ladies looked up, and then nudged each other. It was the "Pookles creature" himself approaching. His hands seemed to dangle more helplessly than usual out of his short coat-sleeves. When he caught Miss Butler's eye, he scuffled paint off the piazza floor in two places before reaching the nearest chair. The chair happened to be

the only one on the piazza, and very near the hammock. He upset it, somehow or other, the moment he touched it. "Dear me!" was all he said.

"Won't you sit down and talk to us?" said Miss Baker, faintly, but sweetly.

"Why-upon my word! Dear me!" said Mr. Pookles, and sat down.

"We've been reading the Home-Room Herald," continued Miss Baker.

"Yes,—yes," said Mr. Pookles, looking at it very hard through his spectacles. "Has it come then?"

"Oh no!" said Miss Butler with terrible sarcasm, but her friend continued, "And we were just getting enthusiastic over Archibald Arthur's serial. Perhaps—"

"Arthur Whose serial,-er, Whose?" asked he, apparently

in great distress of some kind.

"And we were just remarking," said Miss Butler, "how well he understood women and what a rare accomplishment that is nowadays."

"Yes,—yes," murmured Mr. Pookles, thrusting his fingers through his hair, in a futile attempt to make it more perpendicular than it was already. Miss Butler tapped the floor with her foot.

"And I was just going to say," continued Miss Baker, "that I thought he was a little too cynical about us."

"He is not!" exclaimed Miss Butler. "He sees through us, that's all. He's clever, and we who aren't like to call his cleverness cynicism."

This profound observation caused Mr. Pookles' eyes nearly to pop out of his head. He made no reply.

"Have you read many of his things?" began Miss Baker

again.

"Upon my word,—er," said Mr. Pookles, in unnecessary alarm, "I don't read much of that sort of thing. Pamphlets on coal, you know. Mines. That sort of thing."

"Yes?" said Miss Baker. "He's my favorite of the modern

writers, I think."

"I could hug him!" exclaimed Miss Butler.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pookles.

"He looked as silly," said Miss Butler to her friend afterwards, as if he were afraid we were both going to embrace him on the

spot." Fortunately the supper-bell rang and rescued the young ladies from further conversation with him. It may be recorded that at supper that night, Mr. Pookles dropped his knife on the floor, dipped his coat-sleeve into his tea, and then into his butter, and upset the cream-pitcher, flooding with the contents thereof Miss Butler's fresh green muslin.

It was one morning a week later, when the two young ladies in the course of a walk through the woods came upon Mr. Pookles. He was sitting on a log. Balanced on his knees was a tome in which he was writing with apparent enthusiasm. The crackling of pine-needles made him look up before Miss Butler had time to order a retreat. Upon catching her eye, his hair seemed to rise with alarm.

"Pray don't let us disturb you," said Miss Butler. "Don't think of rising!" He had shown no symptoms of making such a move.

"You have chosen a beautiful spot," said Miss Baker hastily.
"If one were only a poet, now."

"Perhaps he is," remarked her friend. Miss Baker gave her a look that was her nearest approach to a manifestation of anger.

"Well,—upon my word!" stammered Mr. Pookles, looking hard at Miss Butler's shoes. "You ladies—er—well, it's singular, but I did happen to be wooing the Muse at this moment."

"Indeed!" Miss Butler's amazement was quite unfeigned. She soon collected herself. "Allow me to ask,—is it an ode to an ash-bin, or an elegy on a dead coal?"

"Er—yes,—just so," murmured Mr. Pookles; he had gone insane without a doubt. "Coal—coal. Just so! Oh my eye!" and he began to write furiously. "Just what I was searching for:—

"As withered then the heart within my soul, So into ashes sinks a dying coal."

He closed the volume with a bang, and stood up. "Upon my word, ladies,—I would say, Miss Butler,—that was a happy thought. Shall we—may I,—er—I mean, are we going home?"

"We," began Miss Butler, but a distressing occurrence interrupted her. At that moment she dropped her parasol; he lunged at it to pick it up; she stooped at the same instant; and her hair caught on one of his buttons. Thorough was that catch, and cunning. At last, when she rose in the dignity of independence, "O would that I were covered with buttons!" said Mr. Pookles. He accompanied them home.

"It is too much!" broke out Miss Butler, late that afternoon. She and her friend were standing by a window. The exclamation was not to be misinterpreted, for two reasons—first, because it had been uttered in that same tone three times since morning; secondly, because of the view which the window commanded of Mr. Pookles. He was sitting out on the lawn, in the shadow of the hedge, writing,—not in a volume as in the woods, but on loose sheets of writing paper. Every now and then he would tilt his chair back against the hedge, and undergo a paroxysm which might be interpreted as stifled laughter. For these reasons, then, Miss Baker asked no explanation of her friend's words, and sighed.

"Yes," continued Miss Butler, "It's more than mortal can be expected to endure. What such a creature's place and pur-

pose in the world is, I don't know."

"You remember," suggested Miss Baker, "what Archibald Arthur says about unattractive persons."

"Unattractive! Yes, but he never defined the sphere of walking insults."

"Poor Mr. Pookles!" said Miss Baker.

Meanwhile, Mr. Pookles sat in the shadow of the hedge, and wrote.

The arrival of the mail has at all times its mysterious charm. In that place it was the primary object of living—as Miss Butler declared, "the sole inducement." Accordingly, half an hour later, when the mail basket was known to be on its way from the post-office, she and Miss Baker rushed downstairs and out to meet it. It so happened that at the instant when they emerged from the house Mr. Pookles was in one of his paroxysms. At the apparition of the young ladies he tipped over backwards into the hedge, which engulfed him completely.

"Two letters for you, Dolly," said Miss Butler, hunting wildly among the contents of the basket. "Not one for me. I do de—" She stopped, and stared at an envelope in her hand. Her friend looked over her shoulder. Both screamed faintly. "Archibald Arthur!" "From the Home-Room Herald Com-

pany!"

"It is addressed here!" said Miss Butler.

"Pardon me," said a voice at their side, "I think that letter is for me." Mr. Pookles bowed gracefully as he took it from her hand.

The next morning he was gone. Later in the day, Miss Baker flew to her friend with a half-sheet of writing paper which she had found in the hedge. It was nearly covered with fine, beautiful handwriting. "I think it's his," said Dolly: her face was scarlet. Miss Butler read it through aloud. It began in the middle of a sentence: "-but there is a point beyond which pride cannot go. I admit it, -I have some pride. I'm aware that I am never, even under favoring circumstances, an Apollo. However, if I keep on, I shall one of these days become my Hyde, irrevocably, once and for all. Besides, it gets to be a mental strain. I've had a bully good time,-I'll confess it; though when I contemplate myself as a man of thirty-one, I blush at the confession. I'll tell you what; never till you've tried it can you realize the ecstacy of being for two solid weeks as extraordinarily queer as you please, with no one to expect anything different of you. In these weeks I have realized one of the ambitions of my life. Good Heavens! To think of being rational again! But the time has come. The two admirers of Archibald Arthur,—I can hardly say of myself,—have added to my joys. Bless'em! But all things must end. See you in a week. Meanwhile I sign myself-"

There it stopped. "O which, which is it?" gasped Miss Butler, "Archibald Arthur, or—Pookles!"

MARIAN EDWARDS RICHARDS.

THE TWO SEASONS

Ŧ

Afloat: and drifting slowly with the tide
In the hot hush of summer's drowsy air.
The kindly willows, overhanging, hide
The burning sun and noonday's fiercest glare.

Bright sunlight on the hazy hills along,
Deep gloom in woods and tangles overgrown.
The murmuring leaves compose a slumber song,
The rippling water adds an undertone.

Π

Space; and swift unretarded, unlimited motion;
Freedom as perfect as that of a bird on the wing;
White glittering ice, appearing as broad as the ocean,
And the ring of the skate that can carry past everything.

On and on; what a glorious exhilaration
Thrills every pulse, flying on in the face of the blast,
Passing beyond every sign of mankind's habitation,
Casting off all bonds of self, and leaving the Finite at last.

ALICE CHOATE PERKINS.

A girl hates to have her hair blown the wrong way. Tempers that will be sunny through disaster of every other sort will go down before that. If a man is in love and The Wind Test longs for some conclusive proof of Her amiability and self-control, let him take her on a trolley ride, and let him with malice aforethought select a crowded car, so that the man and the maid will have to ride backward.

The girl will not agree to the arrangement if she can help it. She knows her weakness; but successful manœuvering will put her in the desired position and the man may settle himself for an interesting character study. At first she will listen to his conversation with rapt attention. Then, as stray locks begin to escape from sidecombs and wander over her cheeks, she will give a furtive poke here, and a tuck there, still listening attentively to masculine eloquence. As the havoc grows worse she will become more and more uneasy. She will pull hairpins out of one place and put them in another; readjust sidecombs, answer questions at random and show certain telltale lines around the mouth and eyes. Her gloves will come off so that she can manage the straggling tresses more skillfully. She will pat, and smooth, and coax, and hold her hair, growing more exasperated with every moment. She will squirm and try to look out of the front window so that she may face the breeze. She will ask her escort to put up the windows, and he will try; but the windows never were known to come up, and the passengers who are seated facing the breeze and reveling in it look relieved and smile thankfully.

Up to this point the program will be the same with any woman whose hair isn't anchored by a tight veil; but there comes a moment when the worst is realized, when the girl looks like an animated haystack—and knows it. Knows, too, that there is no hope of checking the demoralization until she can have a comb and mirror. This is the point where feminine dispositions diverge. The good-tempered girl reconciles herself to her fate, gives up the struggle, laughs a resigned little laugh, and once

more pays attention to the man, trying by unusual twinklings and vivaciousness to make him oblivious to the fact that she looks like a feather duster. There's a girl to tie to! Domestic cyclones will not disturb her equanimity, house-cleaning time will not drive her family away from home, the men whom her husband brings home for luncheon on wash-day will find a serene and amiable hostess. She is a jewel, but a rare one.

Another girl refuses to give up the struggle even when she is defeated. She doesn't really lose her temper but she is nervous, irritated, self-conscious. Her vanity is suffering, and she cannot bear that serenely. She twists and wriggles and fusses with her hair, harpooning it desperately with a large shell hairpin, when the man is not looking. She says, "Beg pardon," every time there is a pause in the man's conversation and smiles a smile that is as much out of focus as her coiffure. A man must take his chances on that girl. She isn't to be depended upon in emergencies, but she might be managed with care—and in a light breeze. She is the average woman.

The third girl loses her temper with her hairpins and doesn't care who knows it. Her hair blows over her eyes and into her mouth, twists around her ears and straggles down over her collar, and she feels vicious. Deep lines develop between her eyes and her mouth doesn't look pleasant. She wishes she hadn't come out on such an evening; she wishes she'd never seen a trolley car; she doesn't see why anyone need to ride backward on a car; then she decides that a man ought to know better than to put a girl on a seat where her hair would blow the wrong way, anyhow! That brings her to the man: it is a tremendous relief to have someone to blame for her discomfort: ergo, she is systematically disagreeable for the rest of the trip.

If he is a philosopher intent on the study of feminine phenomena, it is all right. But there is something pathetic about a mild-mannered, propitiatory man, who is sitting on the front seat of an open car with a disheveled and exasperated woman and doesn't understand why he is being abused.

DOROTHY LOUISE VAN SLYKE.

"Yes'm, that old gentleman you see at church to-day was old Cap'n Warren, and a mighty queer old codger he is too. Think he's interestin' lookin', do you? Wal, I guess A Sot Pair you'd find him a heap more interestin' to look

at than to live with, 'cording to all accounts.

"That his wife with him? I dunno as you'd exactly call her

"That his wife with him? I dunno as you'd exactly call her his wife, and I dunno but you would. No, 'course you don't understand. Jest you wait an' I'll tell you.

"You see, ten year ago this summer the Cap'n's wife died an' left him with three young 'uns, all girls. The oldest was seventeen, or somewhere raound there, an' the youngest was ten, and all together they was a handful fer the old Cap'n, I tell you. Wal, they most druv him crazy, and at last he tuk the bit between his teeth and went an' got married to the Widder Foster and then they was wuss off'n ever.

"The darters, they wouldn't speak to their step-mar, an' she wouldn't do anything but speak to them, while the Cap'n he used ter just rate'em all raound every time he put foot inside the house, which warn't any oftener 'n he could help. Wal, things went on like that for more 'n a year an' er half when, finally, after a bigger row 'n usual, the old lady vowed she'd quit. The Cap'n, he said she should never speak to him or his again if she did, but she said she'd never want to, so off she went back to the little house where she'd lived as the Widder Foster, and there she is naow.

"What about their settin' in church together? I pretty nigh fergot that. Wal, you see he was obstinate ez a mule 'n she was wuss, and they both was j'int owners in that pew. He vowed he'd set there till he died, an' she vowed she'd set there till doomsday, an' the children vowed they'd never set with either of them, so there they were. The darters, they stay ter hum, but he an' she go to church jest ez reg'lar ez a clock, an' sit in that pew, though if everybody raound was struck by lightning I don't suppose they'd ever speak to each other. That's the way they 've done for ten year an' that's the way they'll do till they die, for if there's anything sotter 'n the old man, it's the old woman."

PERSIS EASTMAN ROWELL.

PLANS FOR A VOYAGE

I read a book the other day about a boy—"Tim True, The lion-hearted lad who sailed to Chili and Peru." This feller ran away to sea, and left his native land, And all the sailors thought he had just heaps of grit and sand.

I thought about it quite a while and thought that I'd go to, And see the cannibals and whales and sail the ocean blue; Tim True was only twelve years, too, when he became a sailor, And so I planned to see the world a-sailing on a whaler.

Last night when all the house was still and the folks was all asleep I tiptoed softly down the stairs as still as I could creep.

I left a note to let them know that "by the break of day."

I would be gone, and as Tim said "full many a league away."

'Twas awful dark and scarey as I went along the road, I couldn't see the ground at all and I squushed a hoppy-toad. It made me feel so creepy that I just began to run, And kept wond'ring how the folks 'ud feel when they heard what I had done.

The shadows from the trees and things were awful thick and black, And they looked like great big wiggly things a-blocking up my track. The tree-toads kept a-screeching, and once I heard a growl Among the bushes, and it seemed just like a panther's howl.

And once I shut my eyes and ran, and all was black as pitch, But I opened 'em again because I fell into a ditch.
But when I got to Joneses barn, Gee! what a fright I got!
I felt all weak and trembly, and I turned both cold and hot.

For by a pile of cornstalks was an awful grinny head, 'Twas terrible bright and shiny and a sorter yellow-red. It had great teeth and 'normous eyes that blazed and blazed—I turned and ran like forty, and I guess I was most crazed.

I never stopped a-running till I reached our kitchen door, And on our steps there was a face more awful than before. And then I just began to laff and then felt 'shamed because My jack-o-lantern sat there with its blazing eyes and jaws.

Next morning at the table, Pa he read my note and smiled, And I stared hard right at my plate, but Ma just said—"My child, Won't you have another griddle-cake with syrup?" That was all; And I don't think I'll go to sea before some time next fall.

SARAH WATSON SANDERSON.

All day the hot south wind had blown across the prairie, not in puffs and sudden fitful gusts, but in a straight steady blow

which gradually increased in volume until at

A Storm on noon the fields of growing wheat were lashed
the Prairie and beaten into swirling waves of everchanging green. The young box-elders writhed convulsively; the windbreak of slender willows bent low toward
the north. In the garden the big leaves of the squash-vines
were limp and torn; the corn was wilted and scorched. There
was no cloud in the burning sky, no moisture in the air hazy
with dust. Yet in the sultry heat, in the dim atmosphere, even
in the musical "swish, swish," of the surging sea of grain, the
old settler of the prairie read the signs of coming storm.

At six o'clock a long narrow strip of cloud appeared just above the northwestern horizon; the wind went down suddenly and a dead calm and silence followed the ceaseless motion and noise of the day. Innumerable yellow butterflies fluttered over the motionless wheat-fields, a drowsy bumble-bee came forth in quest of honey, and fierce dragon flies cut through the sultry air. The old speckled hen, that had been trying all day to keep her chicks from blowing away, was now busy scratching in the garden, so busy that she forgot to cluck. Yet in the infinite silence and the awful calm of the unbounded prairie there was the foreboding of gathering violence.

The cloud in the northwest spread slowly across the sky. Now the deep purple black was rent by a zig-zag line of fire; now a broad area was lighted by a brilliant flash. The faint rumble that followed from the north was answered by a low peal farther to the south. Soon half the sky was covered by the advancing cloud. Then the lower edge seemed to lift, or rather to fade to a dull rainy gray, with here and there a streak of copper color. Across the upper edge of this rain belt, stretching from northeast to southwest, there appeared a fluffy mass of pure white, which rolled wildly toward the zenith. The wind had changed and was bringing the storm rapidly upon us.

Between the wheat-fields below, unruffled by the slightest breeze, and the threatening sky above, a cloud of brown dust whirled along the horizon ten miles away. As it rolled nearer, obscuring everything in its course, it shut out from view the little town in the distance. A tree-claim three miles away vanished from sight; a neighbor's house disappeared. The willow

hedge dipped low, the tops almost touching the ground. The house quivered as the first gust of cold wind struck it on the north and the air was filled with sticks, straws and leaves.

For some moments there was no sound but that of the furious blast. Then a few big drops splashed noisily upon the window. The farmer watched anxiously. Was it hail? Would five minutes of wind and driven ice beat the grain into the ground and leave only a black, frozen prairie? Or was it rain to water the parched, cracking fields? Then the drops came faster. The clouds opened and poured out floods of water, which lashed into foam was driven over the ground in white spray. The darkness of the storm was illuminated by incessant flashes of lightning and above the roar of the wind and rain resounded the sharp crash and the jarring rumble of thunder. The ditches were filled; the drive-way was flooded; the wheat lay prostrate upon the ground.

For about half an hour the rain came down in opaque sheets, the wind let loose ploughed through the green grain, snatched big handfuls of straw from the stacks, slit the long corn-leaves and tore the green currants from the bushes. Then the cloud, more sullen and awful than before, rolled on toward the east. The wind subsided, the rain ceased. For a moment on the western horizon the sun shone out upon the dripping prairie. Across the upper edge of the dark receding cloud, athwart towering peaks of white and salmon around which the lightning still flashed, stretched a bright rainbow. A little brown sparrow came to bathe in the full pool, while a meadow lark from the topmost peak of a haystack looked out over the great prairie, refreshed and fragrant, and poured forth an evening song of rapturous delight.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS.

EDITORIAL

Certainly, very many of us are snobs. Not necessarily the ones whom we call so; the word is one of our hit-or-miss epithets of opprobrium, as likely to indicate absent-mindedness or a reserved manner as anything else. I turn to the classical authority on this subject, the Book of Snobs, and find the whole human race included by implication, but no accurate description of the

species which might be classified as the College Snob.

The distinctively College Snob cannot be accused of cherishing undue regard for wealth or the social distinction of the outside world. These things may exert an indirect influence, but the conscious importance assigned them is probably slighter than in any other community. They do not constitute success for us, and the mark of the Snob is blind reverence for apparent success. And "apparent success" is more obvious in college than elsewhere. It is certainly one of the charms of the life that we are all so intensely interested in one another's achievements. We are all nearly of an age; there is a real similarity, underlying all the divergence, in our aims and interests; finally, we are isolated from the rest of the world and connected with one another in intricate and constantly changing relations. It follows that success in any direction is a matter of interest not only to those whose ambitions lie in a similar line, but in some degree to the whole community. The girl who can write has an importance in the eyes of the girl whose interests are chiefly musical, the successful actress in those of the athlete. It is an interweaving of interests which gives a zest to success, a poignancy to failure,—and a notable opportunity to snobbishness.

How curious many of our contemporary judgments doubtless are! How many of our unhesitating awards of success or failure "posterity" (represented in part by ourselves ten years hence) will be obliged to reverse! And meanwhile what definite forms public opinion takes, and what great weight it gives, even though grudgingly and against its will, to pins and badges

and official positions, however fallible the authority by which they were conferred! There is something absolutely brutal in the blindness of a true College Snob, whether herself within or without the pale of supposed success, to the qualities of persons not labeled "prominent."

And yet after all this tirade I feel disposed to offer some feeble defence of College Snobs-perhaps even of Snobs in general. For what is snobbishness but a kind of hero-worship gone wrong? It is 'mean admiration of mean things,' says Thackeray. Only, who is to be the judge? Who shall say just what objects are totally unworthy of sincere admiration? Hereditary rank, presented in some lights, appears one of the absurdest superstitions that ever obtained among mankind. Yet one hesitates to call Athos, Comte de la Fère, and Sir Walter Scott snobs, though both these gentlemen regarded noble birth with almost religious awe. It is plainly a mark of Snobs in general, and of the college variety in particular, that they substitute in their veneration the symbol for the thing which it represents. But symbols would be of very little value in the world if we could not sometimes accept them without stopping for a close scrutiny of their meaning—if every coin must be tested to see if it is a counterfeit. Speaking in general, coins do represent value of some sort. And so I think most of our college homage is really paid to the idea of Ability in some direction, however ready we may be to recognize an inadequate test of ability as final.

Most of us, in short, take pleasure in "walking down Pall Mall between two dukes"—with the necessary personal substitutions. It is not difficult to point out the meannesses, the petty cruelties, the truckling, the needless heart-burnings, the arrogance, and the misdirection of ambition which arise from the acceptance of a false standard of values. But—not to dwell on the question whether snobbishness is equally implied in rancorous hostility to honors and marks of distinction—it is not fair to disregard the realities of which our snobbishness offers an imitation or a perversion. These realities I take to be, deep absorption in the life immediately about us, and fervent admiration of ability, energy and power, however manifested.

EDITOR'S TABLE

There is a deplorable lack of good stories about men's colleges. There is a still more deplorable lack of any stories at all about girls' colleges. In view of this fact, it is often surprising what vigorous ideas about college are held by preparatory-school girls who have never been there. The gross inaccuracy and even absolute falsity of these views are equally startling. They are due to the nature of their source, namely, the boarding-school tale of our childhood masquerading as collegiate. We all know the breed, the weakness of its morality, the inanity of its fun, its complete ignorance of real girl-nature. As a traducer of boarding-school life it was weakly pernicious. As a potent influence upon the minds of future Freshmen it is decidedly noxious, and as such should be condemned.

Its most insidious characteristic is its verity of detail. People identify this Tree Day or that Daisy Chain, and defiantly demand 'if that isn't such and such a college?' It is useless to reply 'yes, but it isn't college.' The distinction is too fine to gain respect. It is only natural considering how recently all girls' colleges were regarded merely as pretentious boarding-schools; but it is hard to be credited with the very attributes we are most

proud to have outgrown.

The harm of this exactness of detail, I repeat, is that it blinds the general reader to the incorrectness of the point of view. The inconsistency, for instance, of making love a prominent feature of that part of a girl's education in which she is most isolated would seem sufficiently evident; yet nine-tenths of these stories end with a wedding. As long as the engagement comes off at Commencement time it is considered quite in keeping. As a matter of fact, no period could be selected more unpropitious for a proposal; and the girls who have successfully mixed romance with their lessons are notoriously few. At any rate the general experience of the sex cannot be called particularly typical of so highly specialized a portion of their experience.

Another aspect of these stories is equally unfortunate. If girls are not sent to college to find lovers, neither are they sent to find "affinities,"—in other words, "crushes." These hysterical and highly ridiculous episodes, equally intense in action and

reaction, were the outgrowth of the strained relations that existed when girls were first thrown together far from home, and under entirely novel conditions. The excuse for them has passed with the readjustment of those relations and the possibility of normal, unrestrained intercourse. Their existence in the larger colleges is already a tradition, and they are now indeed principally confined to the preparatory schools. Doubtless they will soon make a final appearance in the kindergarten.

There is one more thing that a girl does not come to college to find. That is "a mission in life," an article which no conscientious heroine of the re-christened boarding-school would be without. It is another reminder of the early, strenuous days, when a college woman was such a monstrosity that a life-purpose of some tremendous kind was positively essential to her for a raison d'être. We have learned to take ourselves less seriously now, and more sensibly. The eyes of the whole universe are no longer fixed upon us; but on the other hand the eyes of our successors are. If they are to keep on in the paths we have broken, and avoid the mistakes of earlier days, it is necessary that we should be properly represented to them. They should be brought up early in the way they should go; and not be allowed to stuff themselves with the very sandy sugar of this spurious college-girl literature.

The following extract is from a long poem in the Harvard Monthly, called "In Ampezzo:"

I care not if the painter wrought The tinted dream his spirit hid, When rich with sight he saw, amid A jarring world, one tone and caught The colour passing to his lid.

Be still, musician and thy choir!
Where trumpets blare and the bow stings
In symphony a thousand strings
To cry of wood-wind and desire
Of one impassioned voice that sings.

Nay, silence have the poet's mode And southern vowels all! let die, So ghostly-vague, the northern cry!— This world is better than an ode And evening more than elegy.—

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

During the last few months the suggestion has come to the Editors of the Monthly from many sources that there should be added to the editorial staff a graduate who should have the Alumnæ Department in special charge. No two of these suggestions have taken the same form, but the arguments in favor of the general proposition are much alike. An alumna, it is urged, would have facilities for obtaining material about alumnæ, and moreover a comprehension of their point of view, impossible to an undergraduate. Moreover, the alumnæ themselves would feel a greatly increased interest in the department if it were placed in the hands of one of their own body.

Since the desire for a change of some sort appears to be widely spread, and since it is felt that the proposal for such a change must come from the Monthly itself, the Editors have determined—at the risk of being thought to take a great deal of space in the department for the details of its working—to declare their entire willingness to discuss any plan which may meet with the approval of the alumnæ. At the same time, it is only fair to mention certain objections which have occurred to them in connection with the plans thus far proposed.

First. The position of Alumnæ Editor might be conferred on a graduate residing in Northampton instead of on a member of the Senior class. But the impropriety of compelling a graduate to attend weekly and special meetings of the board, to hold herself in readiness to read proof at any hour when it may happen to come from the printer, and especially to work under the supervision of an undergraduate editor-in-chief, will at once be obvious. The situation would be extremely difficult on both sides. Second. The department might be placed entirely in the hands of a graduate, appointed by the Alumnæ Association, whose sole responsibility to the board should be to fill each month a previously determined number of pages, in any way in which she saw fit. A proposition for an arrangement of this sort the Editors would hardly feel justified in rejecting, should the Alumnæ Association strongly favor it. At the same time, our own experience points to a close connection and flexible interrelation between the different members of the board as almost indispensable. Third. An associate editor might be appointed to work with the undergraduate alumnæ editor, assisting her by her wider experience and more intimate knowledge of the alumnæ point of view, and making use of her greater leisure to conduct part at least of the very extensive correspondence of the department. Such an arrangement as this it may safely be said that the Editors would gladly welcome, if at any time the Association wishes to make it. But it seems at least doubtful whether it would be possible to count on always finding a competent alumna, residing in Northampton, who would be willing after her own direct connection with the college was ended to devote the necessary time to this work, and to meet, without compensation, the sometimes very peremptory demands of the position. There is one other form taken by the proposition, namely, that there should be in each of the large Branch Associations a person appointed to collect material for the department. This, however, although a suggestion which the Editors would most eagerly second, would not be a fundamental change, since it is only putting in a more definite form what the secretaries already do.

But although these difficulties suggest themselves, it is by no means the wish of the Editors to represent them as final. They may prove readily surmountable, or trivial when weighed against the advantages of the scheme, or finally, some plan different from any of those here indicated may be discovered. The subject is therefore laid before the alumnæ, individually and collectively, with the assurance that any attempt to find a plan more satisfactory than the present one will receive the hearty cooperation of the board.

The Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ met in the College Club rooms on Saturday, December 17. It was with a sincere welcome that over seventy graduates greeted Miss Jordan, and her talk on the present condition of the college was one which all the alumnæ would have been glad to hear. Speaking first of its material condition, she said that the need of the college at present is not so much for more teachers as for more room in which to teach. There is therefore good reason for the existing emphasis on building. The new science building on Elm Street, between the Stoddard House and the Roman Catholic Church, is nearly completed, and looks very well in spite of the fears entertained by some at its beginning. The land across Elm Street will eventually be used, and though an academic building there seems isolated now, it will not be so later; while the heavy slope is particularly desirable for a science building. The opposition to the moving of the Dewey House in order to make room for the new administration building was shared at first by more than one who has since become its warm advocate. In its new position, thoroughly renovated and standing on a slight elevation, the Dewey commands a better view through the campus than any other house, and is more beautiful than before. Graver objections to the site of the new Seelye Hall may be the occupation of the main front campus with a large building, and the resulting narrow passage-ways and loss of light in surrounding houses. The new building is now at its most ugly stage, about breast-high, but enough progress has been made to show that some of the feared disadvantages are not to be, and as further advance is made others may disappear. The light is not shut out from neighboring houses, and visitors to the college find the arrangement good. There are definite advantages also in a concentration that necessitates little exposure in the evening or stormy weather, and promotes a spirit of united lovalty. Landscape gardening on the campus has gone on in a satisfactory way, and the plant house facilities are unequaled in any other educational institution in the country.

Of the intellectual condition of the college, Miss Jordan gave a very interesting discussion. The courses of study are based on pedagogical principles.

One who believes the remark sometimes made that it is easy to get into Smith College would soon find out his mistake if he should serve on the examining board. Smith is the only college that requires an equivalent for Greek, in modern languages; and it differs from other colleges also in its demand that all conditions shall be made up by Christmas of the first year. The certificate system, sometimes wrongly thought a means of getting more students, is used with careful limitations. Examinations are generally required in most important subjects, and low grade work done by students entered on certificate results in the loss of certificate privilege to the school from which they came. As a matter of fact the certificate of a competent instructor has been found more trustworthy than examination. Every student's work is strictly and carefully watched, and one cannot fall below a certain rank without forfeiting her right to a diploma.

It is sometimes said that the scholarly atmosphere is not marked at Smith. But if higher education for women means continued strained attention to the immediate lesson or work, and absorption in this to the exclusion of all else, it is a great evil. There are new problems, new demands, in the life upon which a girl enters after college, and she ought to meet them with a reserve fund of energy. If her education has caused a deficit instead, she would have been better off without it. The work done by graduates of Smith best answers any charge against the scholarly character of its students. They are in demand as teachers, are holding numerous scholarships and fellowships, and the number of them engaged in work of advanced scholarship is larger in proportion than in the case of any other woman's college.

Miss Jordan spoke also of enlargement and changes in various departments of the college work, such as the recent establishment of a department of Physics, the addition of a third teacher in the department of History, great advance in Zoölogy and Botany, and the doing away of the one hour Bible work by concentration. Various changes in the Faculty mentioned by her have received notice in the alumnæ columns. In closing, she referred to the increasing numbers of the college students, and to the fear of disadvantage arising from too large classes. She held, however, that the numbers should not be limited, for the great need of the country to which we owe cur best devotion is to be met only by a broad, cultivating, intelligent education. Even in the case of individuals whom it seemed hopeless to try to benefit by higher education, success has been met with beyond all expectation, and the college should lose no opportunity to bestow such benefit. In such a contribution to the welfare of man and society it vindicates its right to existence.

N. GERTRUDE CHASE '98.

The Chicago Association of Smith Alumnæ held its Fourth Annual Luncheon at Kinsley's, Thursday, December 29. About sixty-five were seated at the table, which was arranged in the form of an S, and artistically decorated with Christmas greens. The members of the Executive Committee are: President, Miss Gertrude Gane'94; First Vice-President, Miss Eleanor Larrison'82; Second Vice-President, Miss Clara Gilbert'92; Secretary, Miss Pauline

Charles '92; Treasurer, Miss Mae Fuller '97. Mrs. E. A. Harriman presided gracefully as toast-mistress. The following toasts were responded to:

I. AIM OF THIS ASSOCIATION, MISS LARRISON '82.
"Nothing good was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

II. THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY. MISS LOUISE BARBER '99.

"It hath, indeed, better bettered expectation
Than you must expect of me to tell you how."

III. SOCIAL LIFE AT SMITH, MISS ALICE T. LORD '97. "Dulce est desipere in loco."

IV. THE FACULTY.

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares."

V. ALMA MATER, MRS. E. O. JORDAN '92.
"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

Letters from President Seelye, Professor Clarke, Frau Kapp, Miss Whiton and Mrs. Terry were read between the toasts. Miss Carrolle Barber described the work of the Smith College Association for Christian Work. A letter from Mrs. Belle Richardson Johnson, written at Kiobe, Japan, was also read, and one from Miss Dorcas Floyd Leese giving an interesting account of the Gymnasium and Field Association.

The luncheon was very successful. A number of undergraduates were present and also several graduates who are spending the winter in Chicago.

Items for this department may be sent to Ruth S. Phelps, 19 Arnold Avenue, and are desired by the third of each month if they are to appear in that month's issue.

- '83. Clara A. Converse has arrived at Yokohama, Japan, after her year of rest spent in this country.
- '85. Dr. Caroline F. Hamilton, who has spent the past six years as a missionary physician in Central Turkey, is at home enjoying a year's furlough.
 - Marion Lawrence has a portrait bust, and a canvas,—"The Interior of Chartres Cathedral,"—in the Exhibition of the Philadelphia Art Club.
- '89. Alice M. Buswell of Newton, Mass., was married December 14 to Dr. Harvey Parker Towle.
- '92. Emily B. Lathrop of Buffalo has announced her engagement to the Rev. Raymond Calkins of Pittsfield, Mass.
- '94. Friday evening, November 4, Charlotte Wilkinson addressed the United Workers of Hartford, Conn., giving an account of the "National League of Associations of Working Women's Clubs and Others Interested," of which she is the secretary. The League has been organized for mutual help among the working women's clubs through an interchange of ideas, and is intended to encourage and help weaker societies by a knowledge of the methods of the more successful, and to give to all the benefit of whatever novel and interesting programs are reported at headquarters. It is hoped to start a paper this winter for

the spread of helpful information and exchange of experiences. The associations of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Brooklyn and Pennsylvania already belong to the League and there is a prospect of larger membership. Miss Wilkinson is now going about among the clubs and has addressed nearly all those of Massachusetts. She is trying at once to bring the clubs in closer touch with the League and to make their acquaintance on the League's behalf.

'95. M. Louise Williams of Evanston is teaching in the High School at Hudson, Wis.

Charlotte Bannon is teaching in the High School, in Saint Louis, Mo.

Helen La Monte is teaching in St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

- '96. Grace Lyman is teaching in Holyoke.
- '97. Mabel A. Harris is taking a special course in music with Miss Eleanor Smith.

Helen F. Tredick is a pupil-teacher at the Somerville High School.

Mabel L. Hersom is traveling abroad.

Lillian Ware has announced her engagement to Mr. John Knight of Chicago.

Harriet Prentice Hallock has announced her engagement to Dr. Thomas W. Moore.

'98. Vera C. Scott, of Ottawa, Ill., has joined the Chicago Association of Smith Alumnæ.

Cellissa Brown has announced her engagement to Mr. S. H. Pillsbury. Carol Morrow is teaching at a school in New York City.

ABOUT COLLEGE

It seems to be the sad necessity on the part of all who attempt to describe in the columns of the About College Department any of the college organizations, to have to begin by deploring the general ignorance of the students concerning it. If this was true in the case of the Students' Building Committee and the Council, it is certainly lamentably so of the Smith College Chapter of the College Settlements Association. The settlements themselves, however, and their distinctive work, are happily very well understood; many girls come here either from schools which have a more or less direct connection with settlements, or from districts where they have been familiar with the workings of some prominent social settlement like Hull House; besides this, the methods and results of settlement work are yearly laid before us by speakers from the chapel platform. But the College Settlements Association, and especially the Smith Chapter of it, is to too many of us only a name, of which we do not know the local habitation.

The general Association was formed with the idea of organizing and supporting settlements, and at present has in charge three college settlements, so-called because controlled chiefly by college women:—Rivington Street Settlement in New York, Denison House in Boston, and the Philadelphia College Settlement. Its officers are: President, Miss Vida D. Scudder; Vice-President, Mrs. Jean Fine Spahr; Secretary, Miss Susan G. Walker; Treasurer, Miss Cornelia Warren; Fifth Member of Standing Committee, Miss Mary T. Mason. It consists, aside from a number of non-collegiate subscribers, of the chapter members of twelve women's colleges: Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Wells, Packer Collegiate Institute, Cornell, Swarthmore, Elmira, Woman's College of Baltimore, and Barnard. Any college can be represented provided it has a chapter of at least twenty members, including alumnæ, furnishing a subscription of at least \$100.00.

"Each of these colleges has two delegates (electors, one alumna and one undergraduate) to represent it on the Electoral Board which meets twice a year, apportions the funds, transacts the business and controls the general policy of the Association. There are two additional electors to represent the non-collegiate subscribers, and associate electors, not to exceed ten in number, chosen by the Board. The head worker and a member of the Executive Committee of each settlement are also members of the Board. The Electoral Board appoints three members of the Executive Committee of each settlement and these elect the other members subject to the approval of the Standing Committee of the Board. The Executive Committee likewise appoint the head workers and are directly responsible to the Electoral Board for the management of their settlements, as the Board are responsible to the Association for the general policy and management of all the settlements. The principle of the Association is not entirely to support its settlements, but rather to guarantee to them the salaries of those in charge, and leave the rent and inci-

dental expenses to be borne by the contributions in the community itself. The housekeeping expenses are met by the board paid by the residents." This I have quoted from the introduction to the "Bibliography of College, Social and University Settlements," compiled last year for the Association.

The membership fee in the general Association for one year, giving the right to vote on matters pertaining to the Association as a whole, is \$5.00. "Partial membership," giving the right of voting on chapter matters only, is \$1.00 yearly. These subscriptions are solicited by a board of collectors appointed by the Elector.

The Smith College Chapter, which is not, as a Freshman desired to know, "one of those things to which you have to be asked to belong," consists of all who subscribe to either full or partial membership for the year. Last year, including Faculty and undergraduates, the membership was about three hundred and fifty, and the total subscription for the year was \$542.26, exclusive of \$100.00 given by the Musical Clubs from the proceeds of the spring concert. The Chapter holds several meetings during the year, invites one or two speakers every year to address the college, and through the spring term sends flowers to the New York Settlement. Its officers, who are elected at a meeting in the spring, are an Elector, who represents the Chapter twice a year at the Electoral Board meetings and is responsible to the Association for the subscriptions of the Chapter; a Secretary, and an Executive Committee consisting of one member from each class. At present these are: Elector, Ruth Phelps '99; Secretary, Katharine Brigham 1900; Executive Committee. Helen Andrew '99, Leslie Mitchell 1900, Julia Bolster 1901 and Anna Harris 1902. It may be observed here that the Executive Committee will receive any text books or magazines which the girls may be willing to give away, for the settlements want good ones for their reading-rooms.

It is unfortunate for the Smith Chapter that it is so far away from any of the settlements that it cannot come into direct contact with them; we cannot hold classes there once a week as Wellesley and Bryn Mawr girls do, nor give a tea at Denison House as Radcliffe girls did last June. Our only means of personal contact is by visits or residence at the settlements; the head workers are desirous of having college girls stay with them during the vacations, and while it would be an excellent thing for the Chapter if the girls did it oftener, certainly the girls who do it feel that they are themselves the gainers for the experience.

The question is often asked, "What is the advantage of joining the Association?" Truth to tell, beyond the questionable privilege of receiving annual reports, there does not seem to be any particular concrete "advantage" as the fruit of our annual subscription. But if the settlement idea means anything to us at all, if it has any hold upon our faith, then there is a distinct advantage in identifying ourselves with the Association which is the expression of that faith; if the settlement as an educational social factor—educational in all lines—makes a very special appeal to college women, and most of us would admit that it does, then it is an advantage to be able to assist it through an organization so closely allied to us as the College Settlements Association.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS '99.

Not long ago, one afternoon a student entering Kingsley's was greeted by an inexplicable noise, a combination of laughter and shrieks, accompanied by the rattle of dishes and clicking of glass, and seeming to come from the back of the store. She was inclined to solve the mystery by believing that Rice's Comedians were taking a little refreshment after their one thousandth performance—a decision which was fostered by the wink which one clerk was giving another, and the shrug of disgust by which it was received. But, oh no! it was simply six college girls eating chocolate ice, quite oblivious of everything but the hilarity of the present moment.

"Oh dear, dear, what can the matter be!" that we so forget that there is an outside world, that Smith College is in Northampton, that Northampton is a New England community, with traditional conventions which have their foundation in the austerity of those to whom we owe the making of our country. Do we not sometimes lull our consciences into believing that Smith College is a little unconventional world by itself where hurry and haste may reign supreme, and where joy consists in doing something which we never have done before, which we never would do at home, but which here we somehow connect with all that goes to make up that indefinable college spirit? Some of us take in all the ten-cent shows until the manager admits that they pay better than anything else, "because the college girls will always fill the audience." And what do we do when we are there? Why, own the building temporarily and so conduct ourselves with loud laughing and audible comments that when a stranger questions. "Who are they?" he invariably receives the answer, "Ob, they are only college girls, that's all." Then with the snow comes punging, and again the same accompaniment of audible glee. Punging, forbidden, hence enjoyed with an added zest. For stolen fruits are the sweetest the world over, more's the pity!

We are profoundly thankful and rejoice that this is but one side and but a small expression of our college life; yet it is a bitter fact that we are much more apt to be judged by our faults than by our virtues. And while there is no one among us, however deep she may cram her hands in her pockets, or with however defiant a "don't care" expression she may pull a slouch hat over her forehead, but would resent deeply that we should be judged from these things, nevertheless don't we often refuse to stop and think? But whether we are judged or not, we know ourselves that it is infringing upon the laws of hospitality so to treat the community in which we are dwelling for these the best years of our lives.

CAROLINE CHENEY HILLS '99.

Along with improvements in other phases of our student life—in the corridors of the college buildings, in our chapel conduct, and many others—ought to come a little more thoughtfulness of the rights and comforts of others in the College Reading-Room. Complaints are frequently made and dissatisfaction expressed because of the loud talking and bothersome whispering which so often takes place there. Now the Reading-Room is not a rendezvous for social gatherings nor for exchanging gossip of all kinds. It is, on the other hand, a place for quiet reading and study, and should always be regarded as such. It is the object of the College Council to make the Reading-

Room as attractive and convenient for the students as possible. Let us take care not to indulge in unnecessary conversation during the time spent in the Reading-Room, both for our own benefit and the comfort of the other students who wish for a quiet hour for reading and study.

In other little ways, too, we may show our appreciation of this room—namely, by treating the magazines and papers with a little more care. We do not care to possess books for our own libraries whose covers are wholly or partly mutilated, hanging by a single thread or entirely gone. If each of us were to use a little more care the appearance of the magazine-shelves would be quite improved.

Scraps of paper left about, stray notebooks, wandering gloves, mittens and handkerchiefs galore, often adorn the two center tables, which besides giving further evidence of our thoughtlessness and haste go far to make the appearance of the Reading-Room disorderly. We endeavor to keep our own rooms neat and orderly not only for our own self-respect but against the chance arrival of visitors. Let the same spirit be shown in the Reading-Room, which we are all so glad to use and proud to show to our visiting friends.

MABELLE MORRIS UFFORD '99.

Although the students of Smith College know that there is a Music School in connection with the college, it is not generally understood for what the School stands. The popular opinion is that this department includes simply music lessons with the required amount of practicing, and a few lecture courses In short, that in this part of the college there is no informal social life as in the academic department, where the various societies stand for the literary and social side of college life combined. The Music School does stand for music lessons and lecture courses, but it also seeks to interest the music students in different branches of music work, such as its history and present stage of development. This is naturally the more informal side of music work, and to stimulate its study a club has been organized called the "College Clef Club."

The club is to embody the informal social life of the Music School and aims to do three things: first, to arouse a spirit of sympathy and common interest between the members; second, to keep the members informed of events in the music world; and third, to give them confidence in playing and singing before people.

Early last fall Dr. Blodgett called a meeting of the music students in Music Hall, to discuss the advisability of a club in connection with the Music School. The meeting was well attended and it was unanimously voted to organize a club which should be perfectly informal, and a means of bringing those interested in music work into closer communication with each other. The first few meetings of the club were taken up with discussions about the election of officers, the qualifications for membership, and the nature of the meetings. The work of nominating the officers was put into the hands of a committee appointed by Dr. Blodgett, and these nominations were voted upon at the next meeting. Dr. Blodgett was elected President, Miss Capelle Vice-President, and Miss Beers Secretary. The committee also appointed a new committee of four, Miss Seward, Miss Ross, Miss Gane, and Miss Durkee, to assist the officers.

Any one doing work in the Music School, either taking music lessons or one or more of the lecture courses, or attending the analysis class, is qualified to become a member of the club. The only expense for members is a small membership fee, payable at the time of joining the club. Any one thus qualified, wishing to join the club, may do so by sending her name to one of the officers or committee. In order that the club may reach all those who care to attend its meetings, each member is allowed to invite as many guests as she chooses to the meetings. It has been decided to hold meetings regularly in Music Hall and to limit the evening's entertainment to one hour. As yet it is impossible to settle upon the night or the frequency of the meetings, but the matter is now in the hands of the committee. As the club desires to do all that it can to benefit its members it has been thought best to have the meetings as diversified as possible. Lectures by prominent men in the music world, recitals by the members, and informal talks where questions may be asked by the members, are among the kinds of entertainment thought of.

So far the College Clef Club has had but four meetings. The first and last were business meetings, the second a talk by Dr. Blodgett on "Student Life in Germany," and the third a musical. This was given December 9, 1898, and the program arranged by Dr. Blodgett was a very interesting one, consisting of piano, violin and vocal selections by the members.

The club is young as yet, but the enthusiasm shown at these first meetings has been most encouraging to its members, who predict for it a successful future.

Keturah S. Beers 1900.

In the fall of '97 the Faculty decided that only one concert should be given yearly by the college Glee Club, but this winter they relented so far as to consent to an extra informal concert being given just before the holidays, stipulating however that no outsiders should be admitted. Accordingly on Wednesday afternoon, December 14, a fair percentage of Faculty and students gathered in Assembly Hall to welcome the Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs in their first public appearance this year. The audience was not as large as it might have been, had there not been so many demands made during that week upon both time and money.

The concert was an enjoyable one, but of course was open to criticism on several points. One benefit to be realized from having such a concert is that there is a chance given for the clubs to be criticised before the spring concert. The Glee Club itself, while showing the effect of good training, seemed afraid to let out the volume of sound such a number of girls should be able to produce, and if the rear of the hall had been occupied it is to be feared that the audience in that part would have conceived a very poor opinion of the power of Smith College voices. The power was not lacking, however, as was shown by several outbursts.

A banjo at its best does not produce purely musical sounds, but it did seem as if some of the instruments that afternoon might have been a little less wooden in tone. Several times the effect was distressing, though on the whole the spirit and time made up for occasional discords. The Mandolin Club's rendition of La Suzanne was one of the most enjoyable numbers, and the other pieces by that club were equally good.

In judging the efforts of the clubs, it should be remembered that it was the first time they had appeared in the present form, and that one of the conditions under which the concert was allowed was that there should be no extra rehearsals. In spite of such restrictions there is little or no doubt that even such concerts are to be preferred to having none at all before the spring concert. No individual or club can tell how successful an effort will be, or how it will appeal to other people, until a trial has been made before an audience whose powers of receptivity and discrimination have not been dulled by constant repetition, as must be the case with the leader and members of the clubs. We do not want to invite our friends to a concert given by untried clubs and have them conceive the idea that we do things in a second-rate way. Such can hardly fail to be the case, if our clubs do not have a chance to hear their own voices or instruments once in a while outside of a small practice room. If we are to have only one large public concert, there is all the more reason for its being a grand success, and to bring that about a few informal concerts are really necessary, so let us hope the one before Christmas will not be the only one.

ANNA L. RAMSEY 1900.

The Washburn and Tenney Houses gave their dance in the Gymnasium, Wednesday evening, December 14. The dance took the form of a Christmas Party, the guests being requested to wear white dresses and red ribbons. A bright Christmas tree in the center of the room, hung with paper-cap favors, formed the center of a grand "circle-all" with which the evening began.

On Saturday evening, December 17, Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee lectured at the open meeting of the Alpha Society.

The classes in Chemistry have been discontinued until the beginning of next semester when work will be resumed in the new Science Hall.

CALENDAR

Jan. 21, Alpha Society.

26, Day of Prayer for Colleges.

27, Examination Week begins.

Feb. 3, Examination Week ends.

4. Phi Kappa Psi Society.

8, Delta Sigma, Green Dragon and Southwick House Dance.

11, Alpha Society.

15, Lecture by Mr. Young.

The

Smith College Monthly

february = 1899.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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MABELLE MORRIS UFFORD.

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No. 5.

THE USE OF SOLILOQUY IN SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS

FURNESS PRIZE ESSAY, CLASS OF '99

For the last century, at least, a favorite incident with novelists has been that of the rustic at his first play, which he invariably takes for a reality. Among the more or less shrewd remarks which he makes on the persons and events of the drama, I do not remember that the ingenuous countryman has yet observed how many of the characters are in the habit of talking to themselves. And yet no comment would seem more natural. The plausible scoundrel who unbosoms himself of all his dark designs the moment his victim's back is turned, and the lovely girl breathing her innocent yet closely-guarded secret to all the winds of heaven, would be likely to elicit, from one unfamiliar with stage usage, criticism not wholly complimentary.

Unhappily, the assumption on which all these stories are based, namely, that the illusion of the drama will be strongest to those least familiar with spectacles of the sort, appears to be the exact opposite of the truth. In this, as in all other forms of art, a certain familiarity with the medium employed is necessary before any very definite impression can be produced. The dramatist

proceeds under limitations no less real than those of the painter toward that "simplification of some side or point of life" which has been declared the end of every work of art. He must reject a vast quantity of material pertaining to his subject, and that which is finally selected he must recombine and set forth by means of a definite technical apparatus. In real life, the light and bustle of the theatre, the hurried action, huddling one event on another, the sudden shifting of the place, or the omission of a dozen years, produce upon the novice an effect of excitement indeed, but also of confusion and unreality. The accustomed play-goer alone can set quietly aside all the falsities to fact which belong to the dramatic machinery, and follow with sensitive interest the intention of the play. He understands without a moment's thought that the gilded drawingroom in which the events of the play take place is a normal apartment of four sides, although one of these sides is necessarily removed in order to display to him what is going on within. And in a similar manner he understands that Iago. who sneers at "men so loose of soul that in their sleeps will mutter their affairs," is not really afflicted by a still more deplorable candor, but that the dramatist is using the only means within his scope to convey to the listener the secret reflections of Iago's mind. In short, the object of this preamble is simply to lay down once more the familiar proposition that soliloguv is not a direct transcript from life, but a technical device or convention of the drama.

One half of the etymological meaning of "soliloquy" is thus set aside as inaccurate: the other half is not more exact. Except for the purpose of intelligibility, most soliloquy is not a "speaking" at all: neither is it essential, as the use of the word has become extended, that the speaker or thinker should be "alone." For it is readily apparent that the aside is a minor form of soliloquy, distinguished from the typical form only by the presence of other characters on the stage. Here it is manifest at once that the words are thought, not spoken. On the other hand, it is difficult to mark the exact boundary between soliloquy and dialogue in the utterances of strong emotion, where the mind is so absorbed in itself that the presence of listeners is forgotten. These two poles of soliloquy are illustrated very aptly in Othello, where Iago's coldly!reflective aside,

"Not poppy, nor mandragora.... Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep That thou ow'dst yesterday."—

is followed immediately by that agonizing outburst of the tormented soul of Othello,

"O, now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!....
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

If the scope of the word be thus extended the difficulty of defining it is increased. Soliloquy may however be distinguished from dialogue, if under the former head be placed all speech not intended by the speaker to convey anything to the other persons of the drama.

Evidently, soliloguy of some kind is employed in nearly every play, but the dramatists of different schools and periods vary greatly in their consciousness of it as a distinct implement of dramatic machinery, as well as in the ends to which they adapt it. In classic drama it has practically no function to perform. Its peculiar office, that of laying bare the spiritual processes by which character is moulded and transformed. would have been superfluous in a drama which condemned as impropriety any change in the demeanor of its personages. The Greek hero is simple and self-centered: he speaks the truth, or he lies, but he knows nothing of those shifting lights and shades of dissimulation and whim, the half unconscious adaptation of mental attitude to the listener, which makes it impossible to reach the real self of many of Shakespeare's or Browning's characters save through the medium of soliloguy, Finally, the convention by which all parties alike confide in the chorus, which is present throughout the greater part of the action, renders soliloguy unnecessary as an aid in the unfolding of the plot. So that though a character in Greek drama may now and then be alone on the stage during the delivery of a speech, as in the Prometheus of Æeschylus, this speech exhibits none of the characteristic qualities of soliloguy, and does not differ inherently from those of the dialogue.

On coming to the pre-Shakespearean English drama, we find the soliloguy on a firm footing and clearly differentiated, although there is naturally a crudity and tentativeness about it as yet. The people in these early plays often find no better way of expressing their emotions than by stating precisely what they are-"I rage! I rave! emotion checks my speech!" or the like, in Ercles' vein-while they are given to narrating their plans and achievements to empty air in good set terms, in a way that finds no parallel in nature. Even Marlowe falls into both these errors, especially in his earlier plays, but it must not be forgotten that many of his greatest passages—the praise of beauty in Tamburlaine, Barabbas' description of his riches, the tremendous closing scene of Doctor Faustus-occur in soliloquies. Among the later Elizabethans much use is made of soliloguy. In the mouths of Beaumont and Fletcher's love-lorn maids it acquires a charming, self-conscious, half artificial pathos. Webster uses it to throw a redeeming shade of remorse over the sinister features of his villains. With each of the dramatists of this time it is adapted with good effect to some one or two ends. Shakespeare alone is absolute lord and master of this as of every other dramatic form, to sound on it what stop he pleases. But before proceeding to a detailed study of his use of soliloguy it may not be amiss briefly to consider what part it has played since his day.

Somewhere between the seventeenth century and our own time, the drama begins to split into two divisions, until nowadays we have a distinct line of demarcation between the acting play and the closet drama. As might be expected, soliloguy is a favorite device with the writers of the latter, who work with little reference to the practical needs of the stage. Ther interest is largely psychological, and soliloguy is the most perfect literary instrument of psychological analysis. The extreme type of this class is Browning, whose dramas fail as acting plays, not through any lack of vigorously dramatic situations, but because they are clogged with too much reflection, and the action is repeatedly delayed for a close analysis of the exact mental state of each of the characters. In the Return of the Druses, for example, this super-subtle use of soliloquy, while it develops with masterly skill the blending of fanaticism and imposture in the character of Djabal, touches the limits of burlesque in scenes where more than half the speeches are asides.

In the acting play, which is bound to keep in touch with the demands of its audience, whatever literary merits it may resign, there is no danger of this sacrifice of the dramatic to the psychological interest. It may be only my fancy, however, that the use of soliloquy on the stage has fallen off greatly since Elizabethan days. May not this be of a piece with the increased care bestowed on stage setting, diminishing the call upon the imagination? For a gentleman to open his mind to the appropriate upholstery or most life-like pasteboard trees of the present has always a somewhat unnatural air about it, and accordingly there are several modern plays of the better sort in which a character left alone upon the stage remains in perfect silence, leaving the spectators to supply his reflections.

When Shakespeare wrote, on the other hand, so many conventions were in use that one more or less could make little difference. By a convention the audience accepted the bare stage for the market-place, hall of state, or desert country by the sea, which a placard declared it; by a convention they saw in "four or five most vile and ragged foils" the armies of Agincourt; and should they stickle at the convention which admitted them to hear what was passing in the minds of the persons before them? "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts" was the motto of their theatre. The dramatist of those days felt himself under no compulsion to produce only what could be accurately represented on the stage; but he was still the practical playwright, whose writings must stand or fall by their interest as plays, not as poems or psychological studies.

Within this salutary limitation, and with this freedom from mere matter-of-fact considerations, what are the uses to which

Shakespeare has put soliloguy?

The most obvious function which soliloquy can fulfil is that of keeping the audience informed of the plot of the play. This usage might perhaps be derived from the prologizing divinities of Euripides. It is represented to this day in melodrama, where all the characters announce themselves and relate their past histories to the gallery, and where the villain declares in scowling asides, "In one short hour I shall see me life-long enemy weltering in his gore." To this, which may be called the naïf use of soliloquy, Shakespeare rarely condescends—but for some of his earliest plays one might say never. He is at least perilously near it in that opening speech where Richard III. declares,

"I am determined to prove a villain,....

Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous ...

And if King Edward be as true and just

As I am subtle, false and treacherous,

This day should Clarence closely be mewed up."

Contrast with this the scheming of Iago:

"....Cassio's a proper man: let me see now; To get his place and to plume up my will In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:—After some time, to abuse Othello's ear," etc.

In the former instance Richard is arbitrarily made by the dramatist to recapitulate purposes already formed, and to apply to himself a careful selection of opprobrious epithets. Iago on the contrary is shown just in the heat of developing his plans, and the admission of his own knavery is let fall carelessly, as an idea with which he is long since familiar. A comparison of the soliloquies of these two men, the most complete villains that Shakespeare has drawn, is one of the most impressive illustratrations possible of the growth of his genius. Those of Richard are in great part summaries of the crimes which he has committed or intends to commit; they have as premeditated an air as his speech to the aldermen; their probability is redeemed only by a fine buoyancy, a diabolical relish of wickedness-"Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy, and leave the world for me to bustle in!" But in Iago, how the very processes of thought are brought before us: the first conception of a plan, its alteration and expansion; that "motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity" which Coleridge has noted; the superfluous schemes of villainy, caught up and then forgotten; the sneering contempt for stupidity, and for innocence and honesty as forms of stupidity! An insight into plot is given here almost incidentally: the revelation of Iago's purposes is subordinated to the revelation of Iago. In all but the earliest plays this is Shakespeare's use of soliloguy in the development of his plot-never a formal discovery of a design at its height, but a series of changing views of an idea becoming fixed, or a passion in its rise. It is so that Leontes' jealousy is lashed, in passionate asides, from a chance breath of suspicion to an insane frenzy. It is so, in melancholy reflective asides interspersed with fragments of dialogue, that Brutus forms his momentous resolve.

But the drama in which soliloguy plays the most considerable part is undoubtedly Hamlet. Even by numerical computation it holds a leading place here. Of some 1480 lines spoken by Hamlet, 220 are uttered in soliloguy. But in importance these 220 lines well-nigh outweigh all the rest together. Hamlet as the play stands is an enigma, but an enigma to which each reader believes he holds a key. Every actor and every critic offers a different solution from all the rest, vet each of these interpretations has at least some coherency and probability. Try now the experiment of reading the play without the eight soliloquies of its hero, and at once it becomes an inexplicable jumble, which might fairly be denied all claim to rank as a work of art. There is no longer any sign of purpose in the disposition of If Hamlet has some deep design of avenging his father, what is it, and why does he so long delay its execution? Does he really doubt the revelation of the Ghost, that he probes his uncle's conscience by means of the play? Why does the spirit on its second appearance reprove his "almost blunted purpose"? Above all, where is the artistic fitness in the chance-medley of the last act, and why does the King's death depend, not on the purpose which has presumably been nursed so long, but on the impulse of a moment? All these questions have been answered in various ways: without the help of the soliloquies one hardly sees how they could have been answered at all. In running briefly over the drama from this point of view, I may be pardoned if I necessarily take for granted the interpretation of Hamlet's character in which I personally concur, since my object is simply to indicate the relative importance of the soliloquies and the dialogue.

In the second scene of the first act, we gather from Hamlet's brief conversation with the King and Queen that he is obedient and respectful to his mother, not too much attached to his new step-father, and that he is plunged in deep sadness for his own father's death. But it is not until he is left alone that the depth of his melancholy becomes apparent. He is sick to the heart of life.

"O God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable Seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature Possess it merely." His mind dwells and broods constantly on his mother's too hasty marriage, and on the contrast between his uncle and his dearly-loved father. "Let me not think on't," he says, and breaks off, and resumes again, with gloomy forebodings. "It is not, nor it cannot come to good." There is not the least trace of an attempt to shake off his melancholy in action, of that fierce impulse to do something, no matter what, which is the immediate protest of a strong nature against the necessity of grief. At most he would kill himself and get away from it all, but even before this thought comes the longing for an escape in which he might remain wholly passive:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt, Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"

Presently Horatio enters with the two sentinels and the story of the Ghost is told. Hamlet is deeply impressed, and shows the high spirit proper to a young prince in his situation:

"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape And bid me hold my peace."

Still more important, however, are the few words which he speaks when the others have left him alone once more.

"Would the night were come!"

All the critics call attention to Hamlet's perfect courage when action is forced upon him: this one sentence proves that he can also look forward with manly eagerness to a strange and perilous adventure.

But when this adventure has passed—when his father's spirit has confirmed most fully his vague presentiment of evil, and laid upon him the sacred duty of vengeance—then his whole moral nature seems to crumble under the necessity of taking the initiative. "O fie!" he cries,

"Hold, hold, my heart; And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly up."

This is an absolute sickness of the will. In a healthy nature there is a real rising of the spirits under the imposition of responsibility, nobly illustrated (not to leave our province of soliloquy) in the meditations of Henry V. on the night before Agincourt.

It is in this soliloguy of Hamlet's that those commentators

who hold the opinion of his madness see the first sign of unsettling wits, where the prince draws out his tables to set down

"That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Rather it is that his ill-disciplined will is already starting away from a repugnant duty. His over-excited brain wraps it in a multitude of words:

"Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain."

Presently the others return, and here is given the first hint of Hamlet's purpose of counterfeiting madness, suggested possibly by his friends' surprise at the "wild and whirling words" with which he greets them. The best explanation of his assumed madness seems to be that it consists simply in giving free rein to his fancy, and saying just what comes into his head, than which nothing could be more startling in the midst of that dissembling court. Already, when next he is alone (at the end of Act II.) he has begun to reproach himself for inaction.

"O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!"

The players have just left him, and he is ashamed that their pretended passion should appear deeper than his real one. "Am I a coward?" he asks himself. He knows he is not, in the ordinary sense, and yet how else can he explain his own inert condition? He breaks out in curses of his uncle, and then in reproof of himself for 'unpacking his heart in words.' Then, to satisfy his conscience by doing something, he develops the idea of the play to "catch the conscience of the King", which has already suggested itself to him. To excuse himself for this half-way measure, he declares:

"The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this."

But the whole course of his speech has shown that this is a mere pretext for delaying any decisive resolution. He has

never had one instant's doubt of the King's guilt from the moment when his suspicion leaped to meet the Ghost's disclosure in the exclamation,

" O my prophetic soul! My uncle!"

And now when he has begun to do something, though a thing not much to the purpose, in his very next soliloguy ("To be or not to be", the most familiar of all the famous soliloquies of Hamlet) he is dallying once more with his old temptation of suicide. Life is merely a burden: if death were surely the end, all men would seek death, but we dread something beyond, though we know not what. It is because we think too anxiously of what is beyond that we vacillate and linger here; it is this too anxious thought which palsies the will and restrains us from all great actions. He reads his own malady into all life, and the speech so much quoted apart from its context is dyed in grain with Hamlet's melancholy irresolution. One phrase of it, "the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns," has given the commentators much trouble, for was not the Ghost such a returned traveler? To me it seems evident that in this speech Shakespeare has totally forgotten the supernatural machinery which he had seen fit to employ in the play, and is making Hamlet speak from a merely human knowledge, a merely human uncertainty as to the existence and character of the after-life.

The action of the play proceeds, with one or two soliloquies of comparatively little importance. That in which Hamlet justifies himself for not killing the King at his prayers is interesting chiefly as showing how readily at any moment his revengeful purpose might have been accomplished but for his own paltering. But in the fourth scene of Act IV. he is once more excited, by the example of Fortinbras, a young man who is active from temperament, as Hamlet is passive.

"How all occasions do inform against me And spur my dull revenge!....

Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do.'"

This is the last time that Hamlet is left alone. From this point the action quickens. Hamlet has had his chance to assume control of circumstances: he has let it go by with "thinking too precisely on the event," and now circumstances seize control of him. Some of the critics will have it that in the fifth act he forms a purpose at last, of which they see indications in his reply, when Horatio reminds him that news of the death of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern must shortly arrive, "It will be short. The interim is mine." But there is no sign of a fixed intention even yet, nor do I see any change in him when he is forced into activity by the approach of "the fell sergeant, death." He is no more prompt now than when he stabbed Polonius, and no clearer-headed than when he forged the despatches which sent his treacherous school-fellows to their fate. Without compulsion he cannot act. It is this temper of Hamlet's mind, revealed through his soliloquies, which gives dramatic propriety to what would otherwise be a meaningless catastrophe. When a man cannot or will not take the initiative, fate must needs take it for him.

In Hamlet the function of soliloquy is to reveal to the reader or listener a nature profoundly impressed indeed by an external event, but not undergoing any essential alteration in the course of the drama. In Macbeth, the central theme is the effect on two sharply contrasted characters of the planning and execution of a crime, and in the case of Macbeth himself this effect, which may be called a complete moral disintegration, is made known almost entirely through the medium of soliloquy.*

In this study I have confined myself entirely to the soliloquy of tragedy. The comic soliloquy is a separate and less important genus. The speaker is somehow less alone; in the lighter sort of comedy he is really not alone at all, but taking the audience into his confidence. Launce, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, comes in with his dog and describes his parting from his family:

".... Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father—no, this left shoe is my father—no, no this left shoe is my mother.....There 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand.....Now come I to my sister: mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this time sheds not a tear nor speaks a word, but see how I lay the dust with my tears!"

^{*}The treatment of the soliloguv in Macbeth is omitted.

As Lamb says in another connection, "This secret correspondence with the company before the curtain (which is the bane and death of tragedy) has an extremely happy effect in some kinds of comedy." Even in the soliloquies of the great humorous characters—Falstaff's catechism on Honor, or Benedick's resolution not to marry—there is a sort of appeal to an imaginary listener, perfectly true to the character of thought in general. When our reflections take a humorous turn, we find ourselves setting up an interlocutor in our own minds, with whom to share the jest. This is a long step from the intensest type of soliloquy, where the thoughts crowd one on another without any conscious effort to give them form.

This survey has necessarily touched very lightly on questions worthy of a careful and minute discussion. A paper longer than this might easily be written on the soliloquies in Hamlet alone. Many phases of the subject, too, have been disregarded altogether. Why is it, for instance, that Shakespeare's women, with the exception of Juliet and in part of Lady Macbeth, do so little soliloquizing? Is there some inherent peculiarity in the feminine mind, which makes solitary reflection less natural to it? Or does this fact signify that after all, in the last analysis, Shakespeare viewed the world with the eyes of a man, not of a woman?

I have tried not to lay undue stress on the importance of soliloguy as a means to the development of plot and character. The plots of King Lear and of most of the comedies are developed with little recourse to it. And surely Mercutio and Polonius, Hermione and Cleopatra, to choose a few names at random, are not less vividly delineated because they utter no soliloquies. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Hamlet and Macbeth, the very illustrations selected to prove the supreme value of soliloguv in elucidating character, are more wrangled about than any of Shakespeare's other personages. Still, after all these abatements have been made, the fact remains that soliloguv is one of the most valuable of all the implements of the dramatic poet, and that in the use of this implement Shakespeare has surpassed all his rivals as much as in the richness, variety and inherent vitality of his blank verse, the sweetness of his songs, the imaginative power of his figures—in short, in everything.

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

The glorious pageant's passed beyond our sight, His majesty, aweary, is at rest. His followers, the clouds so gay of hue, Have done their best.

The silent twilight comes o'er hills and fields,
Its peace once more seems lulling man and beast;
The tinkle of the bells, the farmer's song,
All now have ceased.

But while the silence reigns o'er everything

One sound of song makes all else seem more still,
'Tis he whose plaint comes e'er at twilight's hour,

The whip-poor-will.

That cadence rising on the listening air,
That note of longing and of tender pain,
Seems of the evening's rest to be a part,
Our tumult vain.

A question asked, an answer never heard—
Its pathos we can feel, and yearn to know
What mythic soul it is whose grief is voiced
For us below.

Its sorrow, music; its complaining, peace;
No more of meaning can we ever find.
But this to wearied souls a message is,
To us, the blind.

ELISABETH SCRIBNER BROWN.

MISS BIDDLE OF BRYN MAWR

"I wouldn't have minded so much," explained Katharine, dolefully, and not without the suspicion of a sob, "if it wasn't that I'd asked Miss Hartwell and Miss Ackley! I shall die of embarrassment—I shall! Oh! why couldn't Henrietta Biddle have waited a week before she went to Europe?"

Her room-mate, Miss Grace Farwell, sank despairingly on the pile of red floor-cushions under the window. "O Kitten! you didn't ask them? Not really?" she gasped, staring incredulously at the tangled head that peered over the screen behind which Katharine was splashily conducting her toilet operations.

"But I did! I think they're simply grand, especially Miss Hartwell, and I'll never have any chance of meeting her, I suppose, and I thought this was a beautiful one. So I met her yesterday on the campus and I walked up to her—I was horribly scared, but I don't think I showed it—and, said I, 'O Miss Hartwell, you don't know me, of course, but I'm Miss Sewall, '9—, and I know Henrietta Biddle, of Bryn Mawr, and she's coming to see me for two or three days, and I'm going to make a little tea for her—very informal—and I've heard her speak of you and Miss Ackley as one of the few girls she knew here, and I'd love to have you meet her again!"

Miss Farwell laughed hysterically. "And did she accept?" she inquired.

Katharine wiped her face for the third time excitedly. "Oh! yes! She was as sweet as peaches and cream! 'I shall be charmed to meet Miss Biddle again, and in your room, Miss Sewall,' she said, 'and shall I bring Miss Ackley?' O Grace, she's lovely! She is the most—"

"Yes, I've no doubt," interrupted Miss Farwell cynically, "all the handsome Seniors are. But what are you going to say

to her to-day?"

Katharine buried her yellow head in the towel. "I don't know! Oh! Grace, I don't know," she mourned. "And they say the Freshmen are getting so uppish, anyway, and if we carry it off well, and just make a joke of it, they'll think we're awfully f-f-fresh!" Here words failed her, and she leaned heavily on the screen, which, as it was old and probably resented having been sold third-hand at a second-hand price, collapsed weakly, dragging with it the Bodenhausen Madonna, a silver rack of photographs, and a Gibson Girl drawn in very black ink on a very white ground.

"And if we are apologetic and meek," continued Miss Farwell, easily, apparently undisturbed by the confusion consequent to the downfall of a piece of furniture known to be somewhat erratic, "they'll laugh at us or be bored. We shall be known as the Freshmen who invited Seniors and Faculty and town-people to meet—nobody at all! A pretty reputation!"

"But, Grace, we couldn't help it! Such things will happen!"
Katharine was pinning the Gibson Girl to the wall, in bold defiance of the matron's known views on that subject.

"Yes. Of course. But they mustn't happen to Freshmen!" her room-mate returned sententiously. "How many Faculty

did you ask?"

"I asked Miss Parker, because she fitted Henrietta for college, at Archer Hall, and I asked Miss Williams because she knows Henrietta's mother—Oh! Miss Williams will freeze me to death when she comes here, and sees just us!—and I asked Miss Dodge, because she knows a lot of Bryn Mawr people. Then Mrs. Patton on Elm Street was a school friend of Mrs. Biddle's, and—Oh! Grace—I can't manage them alone! Let's tell them not to come!"

"And what shall we do with the sandwiches? And the little cakes? And the lemons that I sliced? And the tea-cups and spoons I borrowed? And that pint of extra-thick cream?" Miss Farwell checked off these interesting items on her fingers and kicked the floor-cushions to point the question.

"Oh! I don't know! Isn't there any chance—"

"No, goosey, there isn't. See here!" Grace pulled down a letter with a special delivery stamp from the desk above her head, and read with emphasis:

"Dear Kitten-

"Just a line to say that Aunt Mary has sent for me at three days' notice to go to Paris with her for a year. It's now or never, you know, and I've left the college, and will come back to graduate with '9—. So sorry I can't see you before I go. Had looked forward to a very interesting time, renewing my own Freshman days, and all that. Please send my blue cloth suit right on to Philadelphia C. O. D. when it comes to you. I hope you hadn't gotten anything up for me.

"With love,

"HENRIETTA BIDDLE.

"I don't think there's much chance, my dear?"

"No," said Katharine, sadly, and with a final pat administered to the screen which still wobbled unsteadily, "no, I suppose there isn't. And it's eleven o'clock. They'll be here at four! Oh! and I asked that pretty Junior, Miss Pratt, you know. Henrietta knew her sister. She was in '8—."

[&]quot;Bryn Mawr, March fifth.

"Ah," returned Miss Farwell, with a suspicious sweetness, "why didn't you ask a few more, Katharine, dear? What with the list we made out together and these last extra ones—"

"But I thought there wasn't any use having the largest double room in the house, if we couldn't have a decent-sized party in it! And think of all those darling, thin little sandwiches!—Oh well, we might just as well be sensible and carry the thing through, Gracie! But I am just as afraid as I can be—I tell you that. And Miss Williams will freeze me stiff." The yellow hair was snugly braided and wound around by now, and a neat though worried maiden sat on the couch and punched the Harvard pillow reflectively.

"Never mind her, Kitten, but just go ahead. We can't help it, as you say, and we'll go and get the flowers as we meant to. Have you anything this hour?"

With her room-mate to back her—to quote the young lady herself—Miss Sewall felt equal to almost any social function. Terrifying as her position appeared—and strangely enough, the Seniors appalled her far more than the Faculty—there was yet a certain excitement in the situation. What should she say to them? Would they be kind about it, or would they all turn about and go home? Would they think—

"Oh! nonsense!" interrupted Grace the practical, as these doubts were thrust upon her. "If they're ladies, as I suppose they are, of course they'll stay and make it just as pleasant for us as they can. They'll see how it is. Think what we'd do, ourselves, you know!"

They went down the single long street, with the shops on either side, a red-capped, golf-caped pair of friends, like nine hundred other girls, yet different from them all. And they chattered of Livy and little cakes and Trigonometry and pleated shirt-waists and basket-ball and Fortnightly Themes like all the others, but in their little way they were very social heroines, setting their teeth to carry by storm a position that many an older woman would have found doubtful.

They stopped at a little bakery, well down the street, to order some rolls for the girl across the hall from them, who had planned to breakfast in luxury and alone on chocolate and grape-fruit the next morning. It Miss Carter, 24 Washburn," said Grace carelessly, when Katharine whispered, "Look at her! Isn't that funny? Why, Grace, just see her!"

"See who—whom, I mean? (only I hate to say 'whom.") Who is it, Kitten?"

Katharine was staring at the clerk, a tall, handsome girl, with masses of heavy black hair and an erect figure. As she went, down to the back of the shop again, Katharine's eyes followed her closely.

"It's that girl that used to be in the Candy Kitchen—don't you remember? I told you then that she looked so much like my friend Miss Biddle? And then the Candy Kitchen failed and I suppose she came here. And she's just Henrietta's height, too. You know Henrietta stands very straight and frowns a little, and so did this girl when you gave Alice's number, and she said, 'Thirty-four or twenty-four?' Isn't it funny that we should see her now?—Oh dear! If only she were Henrietta!"

Grace stared at the case of domestic bread and breathed quickly. "Does she really look like her, Kitten?" she said.

"Oh yes, indeed. It's quite striking. Henrietta's quite a type, you know—nothing unusual, only very dark and tall and all that. Of course there are differences, though."

"What differences?" said Grace, still looking intently at the domestic bread.

"Oh, Henrietta's eyes are brown and this girl's are black. And Henrietta hasn't any dimple and her hands are prettier. And Henrietta's waist isn't so small, and she hasn't nearly so much hair, I should say. But then, I haven't seen her for a year, and probably there's a greater difference than I think."

"How long is it since those Seniors and the Faculty saw Henrietta?" said Grace, staring now at a row of layer chocolate-cakes.

Her room-mate started. "Why—why Grace—what do you mean? It's two years, Henrietta wrote, I think. And Miss Parker and Miss Williams haven't seen her for much longer than that. But—but—you don't mean anything, Grace?"

Grace faced her suddenly. "Yes," she said, "I do. You may think that because I just go right along with this thing, I don't care at all. But I do. I'm awfully scared. I hate to think of that Miss Ackley lifting her eyebrows—the way she will! And Miss Hartwell said once when somebody asked if she knew Judge Farwell's daughter, 'O dear me—I suppose so! And everybody else in her class—theoretically! But prac-

tically I rarely observe them!' Ugh! She'll observe me to-day, I hope!"

"Yes, dear, I suppose she will. And me too. But-"

"Oh, yes! But if nobody knows how Miss Biddle looks, and she was going to stay at the hotel, anyway, and it would only be for two hours and everything would be so simple—"

Katharine's cheeks grew very red and her breath came fast. "But would we dare? Would she be willing? Would it be—"

"O my dear, it's only a courtesy! And everybody will think it's all right, and the thing will go beautifully, and Miss Biddle, if she has any sense of humor—"

"Yes indeed—Henrietta would only be amused—Oh, so amused! And it would be such a heavenly relief after all the worry. We could send her off on the next train—Henrietta, you know—and dress makes such a difference in a girl!"

"And I think she would if we asked her just as a favor—it wouldn't be a question of money! Oh, Katharine! I could cry for joy if she would!"

"She'd like to, if she has any fun in her—it would be a game with some point to it! And will you ask her, or shall I?"

They were half in joke and half in earnest: it was a real crisis to them. They were only Freshmen, and they had invited the Seniors and the Faculty. And two of the most prominent Seniors! Whom they hadn't known at all! They had a sense of humor, but they were proud, too, and they had a woman's horror of an unsuccessful social function. They felt that they were doomed to endless joking at the hands of the whole college, and though they probably exaggerated, the fear nerved them to their coup d'état.

Grace walked down the shop. "I will ask her," she said.

Katharine stood with her back turned and tried not to hear. Suppose the girl should be insulted? Suppose she should be afraid? Now that there was a faint hope of success, she realized how frightened and discouraged she had been. For it would be a success, she saw that. Nobody would have had Miss Biddle to talk with for more than a few minutes anyhow, they had asked such a crowd. And yet she would have been the center of the whole affair.

"Katharine," said a voice behind her, "let me introduce Miss Brooks, who has consented to help us!"

Katherine held out her hands to the girl. "Oh, thank you! thank you!" she said.

The girl laughed. "I think it's queer," she said, "but if you are in such a fix, I'd just as lief help you as not. Only I

shall give you away-I sha'n't know what to say."

Grace glanced at Katharine. Then she proved her right to all the praise she afterward accepted from her grateful roommate. "That will be very easy," she said sweetly. "Miss Biddle, whom you will—will represent, speaks very rarely—she's not at all talkative!"

Katharine gasped. "Oh, no!" she said eagerly, "she's very statuesque, you know, and keeps very still and straight, and just looks in your eyes and makes you think she's talking. She says 'Really?' and 'Fancy, now!' and 'I expect you're very jolly here,' and then she smiles. You could do that."

"Yes, I could do that," said the girl.

"Can you come to the hotel right after dinner?" said Grace, competently, "and we'll cram you for an hour or so on Miss Biddle's affairs."

The girl laughed. "Why, yes," she said, "I guess I can get off."

So they left her smiling at them from the domestic bread, and at two o'clock they carried Miss Henrietta Biddle's dress-suit case to the hotel and took Miss Brooks to her room. And they sat her on a sofa and told her what they knew of her Alma Mater and her relatives and her character generally. And she amazed them by a very comprehensive grasp of the whole affair and an aptitude for mimicry that would have gotten her a star part in the Senior Dramatics. With a few corrections she spoke very good English, and as "she'd only have to answer questions, anyhow, she needn't talk long at a time," they told each other.

She put up her heavy hair in a twisted crown on her head, and they put the blue cloth gown on her, and covered the place in the front, where it didn't fit, with a beautiful fichu that Henrietta had apparently been led of Providence to tuck in the dress-suit case. And she rode up in a carriage with them, very much excited, but with a beautiful color and glowing eyes, and a smile that showed the dimple that Henrietta never had.

They showed her the room and the sandwiches and the tea, and they got into their clothes, not speaking, except when a great box with three bunches of English violets was left at their door with Grace's card. Then Katharine said, "You dear thing!" And Miss Brooks smiled as they pinned hers on and said softly, "Fancy, now!"

And then they weren't afraid for her any more.

When the pretty Miss Pratt came, a little after four, with Miss Williams, she smiled with pleasure at the room, all flowers and tea and well-dressed girls, with a tall handsome brunette in a blue gown with a beautiful lace bib smiling gently on a crowd of worshippers, and saying little soft sentences that meant anything that was polite and self-possessed.

Close by her was her friend Miss Sewall, of the Freshman class, who sweetly answered half the questions about Bryn Mawr that Miss Biddle couldn't find time to answer, and steered people away who insisted on talking with her too long. Miss Farwell, also of the Freshman class, assisted her room-mate in receiving, and passed many kinds of pleasant food, laughing a great deal at what everybody said and chatting amicably and unabashed with the two Seniors of honor, who openly raved over Miss Biddle of Bryn Mawr.

As soon as Katharine had said, "May I present Miss Hartwell—Miss Ackley?" they took their stand by the stately stranger and talked to her as much as was consistent with propriety.

"Isn't she perfectly charming!" they said to Miss Parker, and, "Yes, indeed," replied that lady, "I should have known Netta anywhere. She is just what I had thought she would be!"

And Miss Williams, far from freezing the pretty hostess, patted her shoulder kindly. "Henrietta is quite worth coming to see," she said with her best and most exquisite manner. "I have heard of the Bryn Mawr style, and now I am convinced. I wish all our girls had such dignity—such a feeling for the right word!"

And they had the grace to blush. They knew who had taught Henrietta Biddle Brooks that right word!

At six o'clock Miss Biddle had to take the Philadelphia express. She had only stopped over for the tea. And so the girls of the house could not admire her over the supper-table. But they probably appreciated her more. For after all, as they decided in talking her over later, it wasn't so much what she said, as the way she looked when she said it!

But only a dress-suit case marked H. L. B took the Philadelphia express that night, and a tall, red-cheeked girl in a mussy checked suit left the hotel with a bunch of violets in her hand and a reminiscent smile on her lips.

"We simply can't thank you; we haven't any words. You've

helped us give the nicest party two Freshmen ever gave, if it is any pleasure to you to know that," said Katharine. "And now you're only not to speak of it."

"Oh, no! I shan't speak of it," said the girl. "You needn't be afraid. Nobody that I'd tell would believe me, very much, anyhow. I'm glad I could help you—and I had a lovely time—lovely!"

She smiled at them—the slow, sweet smile of Henrietta Biddle, late of Bryn Mawr. "You college ladies are certainly queer—but you're smart!" said Miss Brooks of the bakery.

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

PARADISE

Sweeping silently onward, Unruffled, calm and slow, As the drift of a thousand fancies That sleep in the long ago, Quiet and true as friendship, Deep and pure as love, Kissed by the glow of the evening, Peaceful, the waters move;

Now curving to lap an island Or lie in a cool, dark bend, Now drifting along by the thickets Where tangles of clematis blend, Thoughtful under the shadows, Laughing up to the light, Dreaming into the sunset, Silent and dark at night.

Under the sunlit water
The twisted oak trees lie,
With branches clear and sharp
Against the floating sky.
Between two silent worlds
The river lies asleep,
Drifting into the shadows,
Silent, calm and deep.

Still the water wanders
Past a bending tree,
Whose branches kiss the stream.
Along the quiet lea
The evening shadows spread;
The purple mountains lie
Like faded sunset clouds
Against the darkened sky.

The quiet river darkens,
Still careful not to blur
The pictures of the trees
That quiver, start and stir.
The twilight settles down,
The birds' soft twitters cease,
The river drifts to sleep,
And over all, great peace.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS

Cowden sat in the twilight and poked the dying embers with a listless hand. The room was chill and gloomy, but he lacked the energy even to ring. He told himself harshly that his depression was nothing but the result of cold and darkness, a thing to be easily dissipated by two lumps of coal and the stroke of a match, yet he did not move. At least, he thought, the twilight hid the empty picture-frame he had placed with cynical humor upon the well-stocked side-board. "Cause and effect," he had said, and there it had remained.

The Cuban relics on the mantelpiece were more agreeable objects, and he leaned back to survey them. The dingy frying-pan caught a last glimmer from the coals, and he rose and took it down, giving at the same time an involuntary brush to the shabby private's hat that hung beside it. As he put back the pan a Spanish cockade floated down from the shelf and lighted on the rug. He stooped to pick it up, and put his hand to his head with an ejaculation of pain. Then he tossed the cockade into the fire and rang furiously.

When William the Silent, as he was popularly entitled, entered the room, Cowden was leaning against the mantelpiece, apparently absorbed in watching the last lingering sparks of fire. He did not move or speak as the man began instinctively to pull down the curtains and light the lamps. Upon his approach to attend to the fire, however, Cowden turned away and went over to the side-board.

"William," he began, drawing a decanter toward him, "I have a little warning to give you."

"Oh sir," protested the righteous William from the hearth.

"Well, not a warning exactly," Cowden continued, pouring carefully, "but orders for a future emergency."

"Yes, sir," obediently from the depths of the grate.

"You remember my telling Mr. Sheldon, when he was here, about the Spanish sharp-shooter who indulged himself in a scrape over my temple last July."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is going to make me blind one of these days, William, and I want you to know what to do when it happens. You must send word for me to Dr. Tyler. He is going to fit me out with a nice little nurse and leading strings, and I'll want them right away. Understand?"

"Ye-yes, sir."

A silence followed while the servant got gradually to his feet.

"Did the doctor say how—how soon, sir?" he ventured.

"No," was the answer. "Only soon—and sudden."

"Thank you, sir," stuttered William. "Soon and sudden. Yes, sir. I—" with a sudden inspiration, "I think that was the door-bell, sir." And he backed himself hastily into the hall.

He returned to find his master mixing another drink. "A note, sir," he said, "and the bearer waiting."

Cowden tore open the envelope and stopped abruptly. He glanced up at William incredulously, as if suspecting a trick. Then he read on, crushed the paper in his hand, glanced around the empty room, and straightened himself resolutely.

"William," he said, "say that Mr. Cowden will be very glad to accept Mrs. Randolph's kind invitation for dinner this

evening."

William started for the door, hesitated, and stopped. A struggle was evident in his usually stolid countenance. "Beg pardon, sir," he began. "But may I—may I say I'm sorry, sir?"

Cowden looked up from the note he was re-reading. "No, confound you," he answered, roughly. "Never mention it again."

Left alone, he pondered for some moments over the crumpled note. Then he spoke aloud, apostrophizing the empty frame.

"No," he said, "you won't be there. She must have known that night, even though it wasn't announced. Do you remember, I wonder? I am going to remember all evening. That can't hurt you, just to remember." His voice was low, almost pleading, and he stood with bowed head as though waiting for an answer. At length, with a quick sigh, he turned and left the room.

Mrs. Randolph's house was as brightly lighted, as picturesquely arranged, Mrs. Randolph herself as witty and gracious, as in the old days—"before the war," he said lightly. But he knew that it was much longer than that since he had crossed the charmed threshold. He was conscious of a certain indignity in this hasty summons after so long a break, but he was dulled to such things now.

He entered with a sense of hallowed precincts, and no petty cares could break the spell. Half careless of his hostess' nervously-easy greeting, he turned his eyes eagerly toward the portières of the music-room by which she had stood while—They stirred, parted, and she was there. Mrs. Randolph murmured something, he did not hear what; the girl bowed slightly and put her hand upon his arm.

The next moment they were at table, and she was saying something in a queer, apologetic way, about just having gotten back to town, and having been so interested in the movements of some company during the summer.

"Only you should have gone as an officer," she said. "They would have put so much more in the papers about you. Not that what they did put wasn't very pleasant reading for—for anyone who knew you."

"Oh, I couldn't have done that," he answered with a readiness that surprised him. "I'm no West Pointer, nor-Vander-

bilt. They seemed to be synonymous last summer."

"Yes, we all thought it very nice of you not to presume on your position," she continued. "So many men did who weren't half as fit. It must have made the life so much harder, and it was hard enough anyway, I should think."

"I liked it," he said simply.

"You always did like roughing it, I remember," she returned,

"and knowing—plain people. It must be ever so interesting to see all the different types, and then of course things were always happening. A full, busy, stirring life like that would make up for any amount of discomfort."

"Yes," he answered. "But it wasn't like that."

"No?" she queried in surprise, turning toward him.

"No," he repeated. "It was all empty. As empty as—an empty picture-frame."

She looked at him uncomprehendingly for a moment. Then her lashes fell, and she turned away with an air of studied reserve which he did not know whether to call anger or embarrassment.

In the pause that followed, he became aware rather suddenly that his hostess was leaning forward and appealing to him from her end of the table.

"Oh, Mr. Cowden," she was saying, "do come to our aid. Here is Mr. Gray being so cynical, and pretending not to believe in the hardships you poor soldiers had to suffer."

"Yes, he says that wet feet wouldn't hurt them," chimed in a small débutante, "nor having nothing to eat but that nasty hard-tack and bacon. And he thinks the Spaniards quite decent fellows!"

"I only said," Gray protested, "that those tales of poisoned bullets and mangled corpses were unfounded. I had that on the very best authority, and I'm sure that Mr. Cowden will back me up."

"Undoubtedly," Cowden assented, indifferently.

"I knew it," Gray went on confidently. "It's too absurd the hysterical horrors people have invented about this war. I believe half of them are started by the papers, and people take them up because they like to agonize. Now there are all the sensational reports one hears about the sharp-shooters firing on the wounded. Why, it's simply absurd."

"Yes," Cowden interrupted. "It was."

"What?" asked Gray, confused. "What was?—the idea, of course."

"The idea," Cowden answered. "The idea of those beasts peppering away invisible at the men they'd half-killed already, and our not being able to get back at them. Why, I remember—"

He paused. The whole table was listening.

"Go on," breathed the girl at his side.

"I remember," he began again, more calmly, "one day when I was carrying our Lieutenant—I'd known him at college—back to the dressing-station. He was—well, he was going to die in half an hour anyway, and it was pretty evident. We were crossing a rise in the road, under the glaring sun,—it couldn't but have been plain for rods away,—and one of those infernal Spaniards, on the hill right above us, shot him through the heart."

He stopped abruptly, and there was a long silence. Then he began again very slowly, and with queer gaps in between.

"I laid him down—in the road," he said, "no,—by the road,—in the shade. There was such a glare in the road. Such a glare! He didn't even sob once. And it took me twenty minutes to kill that Spaniard. The sun danced so on the sights—and the trees wouldn't keep still. Only afterwards it was dark—damned dark."

His voice sank, and he sat silent staring in front of him. There was a troubled stir and flutter round the table. The men looked inquiringly and incredulously at the glasses which stood untouched before his plate, and the girls pretended not to see them and watched their hostess under their eye-lashes. She looked anxiously at her husband, who nodded, and then rose.

Cowden pulled himself up slowly by the aid of the table. The girl beside him cast a hasty, questioning, almost pleading glance at him, and got up quickly, dropping her gloves as she did so. Cowden stood rigid. There was a moment's awkward pause, and then another man stepped out of his place and gave them to her. She thanked him with a bare nod and hurriedly followed the others out of the room.

There was a perceptible pause after they had left. Then the men began to sit down again slowly and awkwardly, looking at Cowden. He let himself slowly down again by the same peculiar method he had used in getting up. Randolph put out a hand to help him, expecting to see him lurch to one side at any moment, and found that he was trembling violently.

"Great heavens, man," he cried angrily. "Pull yourself together. You must have been drinking like a fish to get yourself in such a state. I thought you were done with that since you went to the war."

Cowden shook his head. "I'm not drunk," he said, hoarsely.

"Well you don't expect me to believe that that story alone has upset you like this," Randolph persisted. "Brace up and explain yourself."

Cowden shut his fists on the table slowly.

"I will, in a minute," he began quietly. "I didn't mean to make a scene. I thought I was ready for it. But everything gets away from one so. And I never saw the dark so dark before."

"Dark!" repeated Randolph impatiently. "Why, the lights are all lit. You are crazy."

"No," said Cowden, "I'm blind. It's the same thing."

"Impossible," exclaimed Gray, getting up. "He looked me

square in the eye not ten minutes ago."

"Sorry to contradict you again, Mr. Gray," returned Cowden, grimly, "but it's true. That same absurd sharp-shooter shot me across the temple, and that—and other things—have destroyed my optic nerve, or whatever it is. Now it's snapped, that's all."

There was an uncomfortable silence while the men looked at each other, and then quickly away again. Cowden was sunk into his chair, apparently glaring at the candles.

At length Randolph spoke. "This is an awful thing, Cowden," he said. "Hadn't you better let me get you a carriage and take you home?"

The horrible inadequacy of it struck him as he said it, and he threw out his hands helplessly.

"Good God," he cried, "what can we do for him?"

The pronoun jarred on Cowden's ears. He made as if to rise protestingly, but stumbled even in his seat. A dozen eager hands caught at him in a second and helped him up. Randolph took his arm, and another man held aside the curtains. Cowden began to say something about "kindness," and "a scene," and Randolph interrupted him with an "All right, old man. Don't try to talk."

Cowden pulled himself away. "Don't speak that way," he cried fiercely. "I'm not driveling—yet."

He put out his hand in search of a support, and knocked a wine-glass off the table. At the crash, he started and stood still. His face hardened.

"I beg your pardon," he said heavily. "I'm afraid I am a little upset. Don't let me spoil your evening, gentlemen. Come, Randolph." The curtains fell to behind them, and the other men were left staring helplessly at one another.

As the stumbling pair reached the hall above, the door of the drawing-room opened, and a girl came softly out. She gave a little cry when she saw them, and Cowden started.

"It is you," he cried, and turned toward her, but stumbled on the rug and fell against Randolph.

The girl drew back. "And this is you," she said wearily.

"Oh, you are mistaken," Randolph put in hastily. "It is-"

"It is the same old story," Cowden interrupted. "Only a little worse because it had seemed better for a moment. It's no use hoping for good from such a poor thing as I am. Things are run so queerly in this world; you think you're going to wipe something out at last, and along comes the sponge and wipes you out instead. There was such a glare in that road."

His voice died away in indistinct murmurings. The girl stood staring at him uncertainly. Just then the front door opened, and a coachman appeared dimly on the threshold. She shivered in the cold air, and turning, went slowly back into the

drawing-room.

The two men went out together into the night.

ETHEL SEARS GILMAN. CLARACE GOLDNER EATON.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE LAMENT

He has gone far away, my Love, on the night that our love was born; Far to the east of the dawning, where the moon outrides the morn. His horse's hoof-beats are echoed by the pulses of my heart That has told each aching moment since Honor bade us part.

He has gone far, my Love, to fight the battles of his king, With my scarf upon his helmet, and on his hand my ring. My arms were fain to hold him; but my voice rang strong and clear As I cried "An you count my love an honor, go forth and never fear.

"Sure as the dawning conquers the shadowed hosts of night, Sure as the day-star beckons the day o'er yonder height, So sure art thou to conquer in the battles that are nigh, So sure art thou to come again when thy heart hears my heart's cry."

Ah, those last words, I trow, were brave enough and fair, While my heart beat close on his, and his lips were on my hair; But now he's gone and far away, my heart is like to break.

Ah, send him back, good king, to me, for thy own sweet love's sake!

I'll pray his gods, I'll pray my gods, I'll pray the enemy:
Thy victory, O hostile hosts, but send him back to me!
Pity, O gods,—if such there be! Pity, my mother Earth!
For the day-star has set behind the hills, and the dawn has died at birth.

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD.

Dinah was a curly-haired darky. Most darkies are kinky-haired, very few have real true curls. But Dinah had. She was proud of her hair, and prouder still of her Dinah's Death own bright self. For no maiden of her caste in all Tompkinsville had redder lips, blacker eyes and whiter teeth than Widow White's eldest daughter Dinah,—and no darky on any plantation for miles around could use eyes and lips to such good purpose. This

was proved by the fact that no other person had taken the cake in the cake-walk for three successive years,—and Dinah was now only eighteen. What wonder, then, that she was devotedly loved, and hated just as intensely, throughout Tompkinsville!

So it happened, when it was whispered around in the village that Dinah White was ill with a fever which would lessen if not entirely destroy her beauty, that there were quicker heart-beats than usual in some of the would-be competitors for cake. Glad that she was ill? Oh no! only it would be nice for someone else—here each thought of herself—to have a chance, and then it would certainly be for Dinah's soul's good if some of her conceit should be taken away.

So thought Tompkinsville, and so did not think little Miss Deborah. Little Miss Deborah was the owner of the white house on the hill, the sister of the master of the plantation, and the good angel of every family in the village. She had always been fond of Dinah. Perhaps something in the girl's nature, quick to respond to everything bright and warm, touched the little old lady, whose bright and warm days were things of the past. She too had had her days of glory, though in a set slightly different from Dinah's. She too had been envied and loved, sought after and feared, by all the young people of the country round about. And yet here she was only "Miss Deborah, the massa's sister," with no children of her own to love and cherish, upon whom she could pour out her store of love. So she loved Dinah instead, and Dinah in return loved her with all the affection of which her wayward heart was capable.

And now Dinah was ill—seriously so, the doctor said. Day after day little Miss Deborah went with her basket of good things down to Widow White's cabin. Day after day Dinah's face lightened as she saw in the doorway the figure of the little old lady who was her chief sympathizer, and, day by day, Dinah's eyes grew brighter and her cheeks thinner with the increase of the fever. She lay upon the bed, the ghost of her former self, and played nervously with the knots on the quilt as she watched her companions pass by on their way to and from the cotton-fields.

"Miss Deborah," she said one day, "I'm awful lonely, seems to me ef I cud only see some of the folks I used tuh be with, it'd sortuh cheer me up, and I'd git better. Couldn't I have a company o' some soht? Don't you s'pose the folks 'ud come?"

Little Miss Deborah looked up in surprise. "Why Dinah!" she said. "I come to see you, and besides, it would be very bad for you to have any excitement. You must be a good girl and not think about such things when you are ill."

Dinah's eyes filled, but she lay still.

"Now I'll read to you, and you go to sleep," said Miss Deborah. And that was an end of the matter for her.

But it was not an end of the matter for Dinah. Her inborn craving for admiration had had no food for two weeks, except through the medium of anxious inquiries and messages delivered by her mother. The poor girl loved excitement and of late she had had none. The fever, though it forced her body to be still, had not hindered her from thinking, and Dinah was lonely. Lonely with a childish sadness which would have touched and persuaded Miss Deborah if she could have realized it; lonely with an intensity which frightened her mother when Dinah, sitting up in bed, said almost fiercely, "Ma, don't let Miss Deborah come back any moh. I just can't stand it, she's so little and quiet, and I'm awful tired of being quiet and still as a mouse. Ma, I just must see some of the folks. Couldn't you invite some of them in to-night? I'm better, ain't I, and if I'm better it ain't agoin' to hurt me, and "-almost with despair-"if I'm agoin' to die, it won't kill me any quicker—Ma, am I agoin' to die?"

For poor Widow White, with a cry of despair, had flung herself down at the foot of the bed. "Dinah," she sobbed, "the doctor, he says as how you can't live much longer, the fever's left you awful weak. Unless somethin' miraclous happens to you—he said as you ought to be told—Oh Dinah—Dinah!"

Dinah was curiously silent. When her mother stole a look at her from between her hands, she sat with a fixed look on her face which frightened her. "Dinah?" she begged piteously.

"Mammy," said Dinah after a while, "never mind. I don't keer so awful much, 'cept for you." Then her face lit up just a little. "Ma," she said, "I must say good-bye to the folks, mustn't I? Tell 'em to come here to-night, and I'll do it then."

About eight o'clock that evening—a late hour for Tompkins-ville,—Miss Deborah heard a knock at her door. She was sitting in her own cosy little dining-room, reading with calm interest a letter from her brother. The knock rather startled her, she was not used to having visitors at this time of night, so she hurriedly opened the door. It was the village doctor.

"Miss Deborah," he said, "I've come to see you about Dinah White. She can't possibly live much longer, and her poor mother is afraid to tell her. She said she would, though, this morning. I couldn't get here to tell you before. I thought maybe you'd go down to see them and cheer them up. Don't let Widow White excite the child too much. The only hope is in her keeping perfectly quiet. Good-night," and the busy doctor hurried away.

Little Miss Deborah stood quite still for a minute. She was used to sickness, but during all the time Dinah had been ill the thought of her dying had never occurred to her. "Poor child," she said quite softly to herself. "Poor little thing, she will be frightened, she will not understand. And her mother is such an irresponsible woman. Dear, dear," rather nervously, "what shall I take to her?"

Ten minutes later the little figure stood not ten feet away from Widow White's cabin. "I believe I'm almost nervous," said Miss Deborah to herself with a little laugh. "I'm almost afraid to go in.—Why, what is that?" The door of the cabin opened and from within came the hum of voices and the clatter of dishes. "What can have happened?" said Miss Deborah in bewilderment. She stole up close to the window and looked in, and then stood still in amazement.

The only light in the roomy kitchen was that of the fire blazing on the big stone hearth. It's fitful glow fell on the faces of the people moving to and fro, and on Dinah propped up in a comfortable armchair, her eyes and cheeks aglow with unhealthy excitement. An air of strange ecstatic awe was over all. Above the buzz of voices every now and then someone would start a quaint melody, all joining in; and as the sound rose and fell their bodies swayed to the rhythm of the music. "Bress de Lawd" ejaculated a decrepit old "mammy" in one of the pauses, "hyar's a chile ain't afeered to die. Shows His goodness, ain't it now?"

At this little Miss Deborah shrank closer to the window. "It's a Death Reception," she whispered, "I've heard my old mammy tell about them, but there haven't been any around here for a century. Oh, it is wicked, it must be wicked." But still she looked on, watching in awed silence the proceedings of the evening.

Poor Widow White stood in a corner mopping her eyes on a flaring bandanna. Every now and then she stole a furtive look at Dinah. Conscious that she was directly disobeying the doctor's orders, she nevertheless took a half-ashamed delight in seeing her daughter once more the object of all glances and remarks, however mock-joyous the occasion. For her nervous energy she found an outlet in pressing eatables upon her guests, for the body was not neglected in this feast of the soul. The pastor, Reverend Mr. Johnson, cut open a ripe melon with the same expression which he assumed at a funeral. This was passed around and partaken of in solemn silence. About nine o'clock a prayer "for the safe departure of the afflicted sister here present" was offered by the pastor, and punctuated with sobs and amens by the people. Then the company, with sobs, ejaculations and good-byes, moved out into the starlight and dispersed.

No one had noticed Miss Deborah. She had spent the long hour from eight to nine crouched down by the window, her mind alternating from horror to sympathy and back again to horror. "It is wicked, I know it's wicked," she whispered to herself. It profanes death,—oh how could Dinah? I cannot see her again,—what shall I tell the doctor? He will say I ought to have stopped it. But I couldn't go in there, I couldn't; they would have killed me." And, crying softly to herself, little Miss Deborah went home and to bed. But even in the silence of her own room she could not sleep. The horror of the thing would come back to her and she lay shuddering the night through.

Next morning the doctor's carriage stopped at Miss Deborah's door. She was feverish, she told him, and had not slept much the night before.

"Been doing too much at the White cabin, eh?" he said kindly. "Well, no need for you to trouble yourself any more now. Dinah's much better this morning. Don't understand what caused the change myself. She's safe now, if she's kept quiet,—thanks to you, Miss Deborah. Come, you ought to get well on that, now."

"Oh no," said Miss Deborah quickly, "I didn't do anything, indeed I didn't. But I'll get well." And so she did, and so did Dinah.

A FRESHMAN'S EXPERIENCE

Amid the scores of college maids
One meets here every day,
What fields for speculation
If one's inclined that way!
But, though a judge of human nature,
(In my own esteem!)
I found, as you will do, alas!
"Things are not what they seem."

One girl I never saw without
Her fountain pen and book;
I thought she had the Senior walk,
The studious Senior look.
I found she flunked her mid-years,—
Ah, for my idle dream!
They dropped her from the Freshman class!
"Things are not what they seem!"

There was a girl I pitied much:
She wasn't very strong,
She couldn't take the Freshman "gym,"
She couldn't study long.
But when she saw the basket-ball
She yearned to make the team;
Her health was suddenly restored!
"Things are not what they seem."

'Tis ever thus we are deceived,
Our fondest hopes are wrecked.
The thing that always happens
Is the thing we least expect.
For instance, while you think this verse
Will end like those before,
It won't.—You know that line, so I
Won't use it any more.

MARGUERITE CUTLER PAGE.

"Libbie Lane's got a man!"

Miss Hannah said it in a church whisper. Impossible, but yes—three pews ahead, across the aisle, sat Lib-Lib's Soul bie with her chin up to show folks she didn't feel queer, and her pink cheeks proclaiming that she did. By her side sat a man, a stranger, not a trace of the West Orient type in that profile, and the type with variations

extends "up Tuckerton way," "over to the Corners," and "down below." This man, I mused, must come from foreign parts.

I speculated about him during the sermon's first, second and thirdly, but I came to no conclusion. Libbie Lane with a strange man! It was baffling. I rather liked the idea too; not to suggest for a moment that I thought Libbie would be better off with a man, but because I had always interpreted a wistful look in her eyes to mean that she wanted one. The man had force of character—his chin and his manner of shutting his hymn-book showed that; he was chivalrous, for he fanned Libbie violently throughout the service; and he had a sense of humor, for with eyes fixed solemnly on the pulpit he balanced a peppermint-drop—I saw it—on the back of the pew ahead, that the Widow Brown's wriggling son might discover it when next he bobbed up from under her crapey wings. Yes, the stranger had the essentials of manhood.

I waited patiently after church while Miss Hannah carried on spirited conversations with each of her neighbors. I was boarding with Miss Hannah.

"Tell me about Libbie," I said, as we started home together, "she interests me, and who is this man?"

Miss Hannah was horribly excited. "No, it ain't possible!" she said, "but it's mighty queer, and nobody knows a blessed thing about him. I don't know but I'll have to tell you. I'm that upset.

"Libbie and I was girls together, and she had the most unnatural notions. You see the boys didn't pay attentions to us, like they did to the other girls. There wasn't any too many boys, and Libbie was so quiet, and I—well, I wasn't nothing to look at. Lib's folks took it kinder hard about her. The old man used to say, 'Well, I guess we ain't going to get rid of Lib.' Now who in creation is that man! It's her queer notions that make me feel so creepy about him. After her father would hint round about old maids and getting rid of her, she used to walk over home with me and talk. She'd tell how she believed souls was made in pairs, and how at that very minute, somewhere in the universe, there was two souls that was made to fit us. 'Hannah,' she'd say, 'God made us, male and female, and if it ain't His will that we'll meet in this world, owing to barriers of language or land and water, we'll meet in the next.'

And then she'd quote, kinder dreamy and lookin' at the stars, how some day out of darkness they should meet, and read life's meaning in each other's eyes. She'd say it so confident, I couldn't laugh somehow. Till one time I was feeling old and cranky, and I told her she was silly, and those souls better be looking round lively if they wanted to find us with all our teeth. Then she shut right up, and never spoke about husbands or marryin' since.

"Now you see how that man setting there in church gave me such a turn. 'Lib's soul!' I says, and the cold creeps ran down me. Seemed as if he wasn't flesh and blood.

"The folks don't know anything about him, except he came on the train last night and asked for their house."

The mystery grew as time passed. I heard nothing except that the man continued to appear on Saturday nights, and to disappear again on Mondays. He was introduced by Libbie's father as "Our friend, Mr. Billings." Nothing more was told. Usually one does not have to ask for information in West Orient. We wondered how old man Lane kept from telling all he knew. It was most surprising, for times were hard, and there were plenty to talk to on the barrels in front of the Post-office.

Miss Hannah's opinion was that the old man didn't know himself, "if he had he'd have let on."

Miss Hannah's pride had the upper hand of curiosity, but there was another conflict raging within. "Lib's soul," I said to myself, when she poured milk in my tea, and gave the cream to the cat.

One Tuesday morning the Widow Brown dropped in, sat awhile, and on leaving remarked, quite by chance, that the social, to the minister's, was right pleasant, last night. Libbie Lane's engagement to Mr. Billings was announced.

Miss Hannah's excitement was getting beyond control. She brought down her bonnet and began to tie the strings. "I've got to go to her," she said, "and give in to Providence."

We heard steps in the hall. The door opened. It was Libbie. Her face was flushed, her expression apologetic, she looked almost girlish.

Miss Hannah, awkward and homely, hurried to meet her. "Lib," she said, "I was just putting on my bonnet to come to you, to say I was wrong. It's come to me since, how I denied

the doctrine of fore-ordination, when I laughed at you. It was the same as saying there was some things that the Almighty couldn't do, and had no control of. But you're right, Lib, and I'm glad you've got him—and, I've been watching, and its plain that he was made for you—"

But Libbie interrupted. Her voice was tragic—"Don't, Hannah!" she cried—"He's splendid,—but—I couldn't help it—I

advertised!"

BERTHA BUTLER REEVES.

Worn out by the petty troubles and disappointments which made up my daily life, I turned, one afternoon, to the Art Gallery and sought there the rest and comfort which A Face the beautiful can give. To-day, however, my favorite masterpieces meant little to me; I could not rid myself of the idea that they were paintings. They were not men and women, not beautiful angel faces, but pictures, only pictures, and I could see the canvas. I wandered wearily from room to room, and was about to leave the Gallery when my attention was attracted by a picture which I had never noticed before. It was a small painting, hung in an inconspicuous place, but after I had once seen it I thought of no other for hours. My discouragement and restlessness were forgotten.

The picture was the face of a monk, with the customary hood falling down over his forehead. It was not a handsome face; the profile was irregular, with its exaggerated Roman nose and its heavy under lip; the cheeks were hollow, and the whole face full of lines which, at first, gave one the impression of hardness. I can't tell why it fascinated me: but as I stood looking so earnestly at it, I seemed to see a life reflected in it. The brow was deeply furrowed by careful study and profound thought; the lips, which might have been sensuous, were firmly pressed together, and the mouth had that indefinable sweetness which comes from resolute, calm self-restraint. From those lips must have come indignant denunciation of sin and tender pleading for purity and uprightness. The small, dark eyes blazed with passion, but it was a holy passion—the light of heaven burned there. Yet he had not the look of a mystic, but of a worker in the world, who sees its evils and wretchedness, and sees, too. some way by which they may be lessened. The face showed a strong purpose, and a faith which should have power over men unused to control. To me it gave hope and encouragement, a longing for a higher, nobler life than I had dreamed of before.

And in the deepening twilight, I left the Gallery and walked thoughtfully homeward. I had been face to face with Savonarola.

MARTHA MELISSA HOWEY.

THE SWEETEST SOUND

I know of something sweeter than the trill That ripples trembling from the bluebird's bill, More dulcet than the lav the oriole flutes While with flamingo-colored wings he shoots Athwart the blue, and whistles from a limb Where apple-blossoms screen and shelter him: And dearer than the arch, emphatic note Piped from the darling robin's tawny throat; And better than the catbird's blissful glee Gurgled at eventide in ecstacy: More gladsome than the merriest madrigal Or mellow music of the water-fall; And richer than the melody that swells From carillon of liquid silver bells; And sweeter than the tangled sounds that stray From myriad insects' wings at close of day, Or constant sighing of the leaves and breeze, The hum of humming-bird or buzz of bees: And lovelier than the laughter of the waves Whose swelling tide the emerald mosses laves. And tenderer than the moaning of the dove— My own name spoken by the voice I love.

HELEN RUTH STOUT.

I never knew of anything so vexing as having a person say some brilliant thing which I had all planned out in my mind.

Now there is Sarah Morton. She is always stealing Genius my good recitations. I have some good idea and don't think it worth saying, because while I have been meditating on it the rest of the class have begun to talk about another subject. I sigh and begin to work on another idea which is related to the question in hand, when up pops Sarah Morton and makes my remark (I had it much better planned

out) á propos of nothing at all. Mademoiselle says, "Très bien," and Sarah gets the credit of my idea.

It is not merely in class that others steal my powder. If I go to a dinner and know a good story I always think, "Oh well, every one remembers that. It came out in Harper's only a year ago." I inwardly bewail the necessity of relinquishing such a good story merely because the others have possibly heard it, when I hear Mr. Brown at the other end of the table telling it. The whole tableful of people stop talking and when the laughter has subsided Mr. Rawlins who sits next to me remarks, "What a delightful raconteur Mr. Brown is! I never knew anyone who had so large a fund of fresh stories."

It is just the same in books. Take Stevenson for instance. He wrote an essay called "Child's Play." It was on playing a game as he ate his oatmeal. The oatmeal was the land and the sugar was snow and he was the giant down which the glacier disappeared. Now Stevenson was not any more original than other children. When I was small we used to play that the mush was land and the milk the sea. I learned all of my geography in that way. First we had a continent -a continent is a body of land wholly surrounded by water. The milk was the ocean, you know. Then I would eat some mush and then I had a bay. When you pour the milk into the middle of the oatmeal quickly, if you are skilful, the oatmeal will be pressed up and form a floating island. Then by eating out a hole in the middle you have a lagoon,—but the variations are infinite. You can only know them by trying for yourself. Now Stevenson wrote a description of his child's play and everyone thinks it witty, while the story of the game which we children played, though equally amusing, goes to waste.

It's a dreadful bore—having people steal one's ideas. I suppose that the key to the riddle is that the people who express commonplace ideas so well that everyone recognizes them as his own, or thinks he does, differ from the rest of their fellow-mortals in having that elusive thing—genius.

ELISABETH ANDERSON DIKE.

EDITORIAL

Among the subjects intimately connected with our college life, there is none of which it is more difficult to obtain free, impartial general discussion than the literary societies. The reasons for our reticence upon all matters relating to these societies are not hard to find. The injunction of secrecy, though not at all general in its application, puts a certain restraint on their members; the student who belongs to neither society is likely to dread the attribution of a false motive to either her praise or her blame; while in their relations with each other the attitude of members of the two societies, as such, is too often one of armed neutrality. At best, this state of affairs leaves many illfounded prejudices in the minds of all parties, while at its worst it is productive of small bickerings, petty jealousies, and a most unwholesome bitterness of spirit. It is not to be thought that an article of the scope of the present can offer an adequate remedy for these evils, or even a satisfactory analysis of their nature. But simply to bring forward in the spirit of dispassionate inquiry a subject generally avoided, may be to lead the way to freer and more impartial consideration of it, and it is in this hope that the present criticism is offered.

The Alpha or the Phi Kappa Psi Society stands primarily in three relations: to its own members, to the rival society, and to the college at large. The first of these, though by far the most important, is that with which we have here least concern. Just what the society shall mean to each of its members, and by what means it shall strengthen, improve and perpetuate that indefinable but very real thing, "the Alpha type" or "the Phi Kappa Psi spirit," are questions which must be left to the society itself. By its answers to them, and not by any more external consideration, it will stand or fall, and that the answers have thus far been in the main satisfactory is I think proved by the vigor and vitality of the two organizations.

The relation of the societies to each other is very much less satisfactory. The healthy rivalry between them, so valuable to each in affording constant stimulus and constant opportunities for practical self-criticism, runs a continual risk of degenerating into a petty feud. The unhappiest feature of a feud is, that each party considers the other the aggressor, and in mere righteous desire for retaliation continues to heap up causes of complaint. The resulting state of friction is most noticeable at this time of year, when feeling runs high over the Sophomore elections. But opposed to this unreasoning spirit of hostility is the realization that the college is large enough for both societies, that the cause of one against outside criticism is the cause of both, and that the greatest misfortune which could possibly befall either from without would be the dissolution or deterioration of the other.

When we come to the last question, the literary societies' relation to the college, we are met by a greater complexity of considerations. It is easy here to point out absurdities, mistakes and demonstrable wrongs; less easy either to vindicate the system as a whole or to offer any amendments of it. In some way membership in one or other of the literary societies has come to be accounted a requisite of entire and well-rounded "success" in college. However earnest a student's work may have been, however vital her connection with the best the college has to offer, she has not received full recognition from her fellowstudents at large unless she has been labeled with a certain kind of pin. Now, every one of us at the end of four years could point out a number of specific instances in which this system has led to unfortunate results. There are the actual blunders of the societies-faults both of omission and of commission; and there are the far more numerous cases where an accident of environment or an external trait or characteristic has determined a whole career. No one dreams of saying that the societies include all the best minds or the strongest and most influential characters in college, and yet the very fact that they approximate this ideal as nearly as they do gives sting to these borderline experiences.

There are many more counts in the arraignment—snobbishness, toadying, favoritism, constraint between society and non-society girls—and not least might be the absurdity, from the point of view of an observer sufficiently far removed, of the

pretensions advanced by our miniature Academies of the Immortals. But there is much to be urged in their defense, even on this minor point of their relation to the college as a whole. They are, in the first place, a unifying force; a thing more and more needed as the college increases in size. By creating a central interest of paramount importance they tend to prevent us from flying apart into accidental and local cliques. And moreover, whatever their errors in detail may be, they do in general present a standard of well-rounded development, refusing to mark with the stamp of success either the girl who in her zeal for social life has neglected the definitive purposes of a college course, or her who through much studying has forgotten to live.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Some weary pessimist of "a dream outworn" has said that all the jokes in the comic literature of to-day could be traced back to seven original jokes, the types of all since produced. Something of the same arbitrary division may be made among the short stories in the college magazines, the great majority of which fall readily enough into the following seven classes, viz.: the "horror" story; the "dialect" story; the "sword and pistol" story; the "polite conversation" story; the child story; the college story proper; and the "modern realism" story.

Many, if not all, of these classes are to be found equally well represented in the professional magazines, but there are omissions from their lists which are as significant as those included. The love story pure and simple, for instance, is rare in college magazines. Also, as a rule, what may be called the "scenery" story; and the "problem" story, whether moral or economic, is

practically lacking.

Of the classes already mentioned, the "dialect" and "polite conversation" are predominant; and the latter is as well as the former is badly done. With a few exceptions, the "dialect" stories are equally incorrect and uninteresting. For this two causes may be assigned. In the first place, most college students have neither the age nor the experience to enable them to give a consistent rendering of any particular form of mispronunciation. In the second, the vein of dropped g's and broadened a's has been worked to its utmost extent for very nearly a decade of popular approval, and the fine essence of diverse environments which was its one excuse for being, has long since sought out new modes of expression.

The causes for the excellence of the opposed form, that mingling of witty repartee and serious, almost poetic dialogue, which I have called the "polite conversation" story, are not as plain. These attempts are marked by a restraint, and at the same time a suggestiveness, which are frequently remarkable, and in the

notorious condition of undergraduate conversation, quite inexplicable. That we have many Goldsmiths among us is one, perhaps slender, possibility. A more probable cause, however, lies in that deplorable standard of false modesty which positively prevents most people from making the clever remarks they are really capable of, and construes any symptom of an epigram as "a pose." Considering the zest with which racy dialogue on the stage and in books is relished, it seems absurd that in real life humor must disguise itself in slang, and wit be fettered to the commonplace. However, we are still waiting, with Arnold, for the time when an anomaly shall be condemned because it is anomalous.

Of the other classes given, the "horror" and "modern realism" stories, although often excellent imitations, are too clearly so to be seriously regarded. If not glaringly copies, they usually show a lack of vivid experience which is as fortunate as natural, and for the same reason are apt to betray great crudity of expression. The child and college stories have been already discussed at some length in this department. They are almost uniformly excellent, with the inevitable allowances for lack of perspective.

The "sword and pistol" story, as representing a passing phase of popular interest, must necessarily lack permanent value. It is nevertheless encouraging to observe how the natural dash and romantic vigor of young writers comes out in spite of the conventional machinery of the historic setting, or the—worse than conventional—journalistic precedents of all narratives of "the late war." There is a fire and energy and an occasional originality of plot about them which give us hope.

BOOK REVIEWS

*"THE GROUNDWORK OF SCIENCE," by St. George Mivart. St. George Mivart in his new book, "The Groundwork of Science," points out the vital relation between psychical activities and physical science. He declares that the human mind is the groundwork of science. The subject is treated under three heads: the laborers who work, the tools they must employ, and that which constitutes the field of their labor. Under the first head he considers the laborer's modes of thought, his methods of work and the influence of his personality upon his work. Under the second head he speaks of the tools as the senses, the intellect, and the inherent knowledge of self-evident truths. The field is the physical and psychical world.

Mivart prepares the reader for what is to come by stating in the preface that his appeal throughout has been to the dry light of reason and to that alone, so if a long enumeration of sciences and scientific methods confronts one at the outset he has no reason to blame Mr. Mivart, for he has led him to expect as much.

Still the book with all its scientific words and appalling terms has interest for other people besides scientists. It is the product of a man who has thought much and to good purpose.

*"PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF LITERARY CRITICISM," by Lorenzo Sears, LL. D. Another book upon literary criticism takes its place among the ranks of the many which have already come to the student body. The purpose of the author is to offer it as an assistance to those who intend to serve an apprenticeship to journalism with its attendant book-reviewing. He also suggests that it may be made a pastime for unprofessional lovers of literature.

The system which Professor Sears carries out shows a careful analysis of his theme. Passing over the general principles in a masterly manner, he goes on to the special problems which demand more thorough investigation. Criticism is necessarily a difficult subject to lay down hard and fast rules for, but he has made this treatment seemingly exhaustive. His opinion on the part which impressionism plays is somewhat original. He considers it the ground of all personal judgment, and states that taken at market value, it belongs to the primary stages of criticism. In regard to the critic, he has modern views. He thinks that the power of criticism is inborn, and should be continually exercised. He encourages everyone who has the least ability to practice what may prove an exceptional talent, for as he remarks in this connection, "Independence breeds diversity."

The style is easy and not at all encumbered with technical phrases. The choice of words is excellent. Throughout, the author exhibits good literary taste, and in taking up a much discussed subject he has rendered it interesting as well as instructive.

^{*} G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

MORE REMINISCENCES

At the time when Mrs. Cone and her classmates had ceased to worry over their fearful responsibility as women college students and had settled to the serenity of Seniors, the class of '82 entered Smith, completing for the first time the four regular college classes. We, I fear, were not so filled with awe at our responsibilities: '79, whose early experiences have been so charmingly described, was apparently not greatly disturbed; but '81 certainly must have had sympathy for the proverbial hen with her foster-duckling. To them we certainly did seem to do most things we shouldn't and few of the things we should. To begin with there were so many of us, actually seventy-two where these Sophomores numbered but thirty. More than half this number swarmed like bees in the "New" House, as the Washburn was called for many months. This had been finished just previous to our entrance, the Hatfield having been built in like manner for '81, while the Dewey had served for both '79 and '80. Of course there was some changing about, as for instance there was one poor Senior who found it hard to study among the turbulent Freshmen in the Washburn. Then, too, the custom had begun of finding boarding-places among the townspeople. Aside from the question of expense, there were in those days two totally opposite reasons for such action: the ultra "digs" went outside that they might have more time for study than the jollities of the campus afforded; and those to whom these jollities were too tame, went out where they might share in the festivities of Northampton society. As a rule a girl lost caste on the campus if she gave either of these reasons, while some of the most popular girls in college were known to live outside simply because of a saving in expense.

The colonization of the Washburn by so many girls likely to be homesick resulted in the first house society, the "Olla Podrida," whose early history had points of great interest,—but "that is another story," as is also the organization in like manner of the "Tertium Quid," alias "T. Q.," the following year.

Our class fairly filled No. 4 in College Hall, and as there were now, to the President's great astonishment, over one hundred girls in college, the corridors no longer looked empty. With the advent of our class, too, began, if I am not mistaken, the college Reading Room, the number of students having so increased that the tax bore heavily on none. The present Teachers' Room was assigned us for use as reading room, and was so used for many years, until the building of Lilly Hall. Soon after the opening of the Reading Room

a pleasant custom arose in the campus houses which may have fallen into disuse. At each table in the dining-room, two girls were appointed at breakfast, each to give a summary of the day's news to her half of the table at supper time. This provided table-talk a little further afield than our own doings, interesting as these generally were to ourselves.

While the library has outgrown its quarters of the time which I am describing, I can only lament that in all these years it has not grown beyond the possibility of housing it in College Hall. It was then in the present Registrar's office. Mrs. Cone's three dictionaries had been supplemented by other reference books, including the Encyclopædia Britannica, which furnished unusually satisfactory information when, on the completion of the Bowling Alley, we wished to learn the rules of scoring.

The entire art collection was then kept in the present library room. Half a dozen of the larger casts were there and some of the screens framing the photographic reproductions of famous paintings. It was in the middle of our Freshman year that the distinctive collection of paintings was begun. After the pictures were hung, all the students who wished to do so were asked to inspect them at a certain hour when President Scelye himself explained to us why it had been decided to make the collection representative of the best in American art. Some of these first pictures greet us earlier graduates like old friends from their places in the newer gallery.

As for the music department, it was pretty much everywhere, wherever one could get a chance. The piano lessons were given in the little rooms now used by the President's Secretary, and vocal lessons in "Social," now Assembly, Hall. We practised by assignment on one of the four pianos in College Hall, or on those in the different houses. I remember with horror some marvellous attempts at vocalization when time for Greek drew near and fifty lines must be translated to the refrain of

"Is this a dream?
Then waking would be pain!"

while execrations were finally sufficient to intimidate the maker-up of lost practice who began at the first stroke of the rising-bell, then rung at the unholy hour of quarter past six!

Gymnastics still went on in Social Hall for a year of our stay, then the old gymnasium was built close to the site of the present Music Hall whence it was moved before Lilly Hall went up. Here, downstairs, were pianos for practice, and the houses were relieved from that annoyance.

Concerts were given perhaps more frequently than now. These were always given in Social Hall, then of course without the organ. They were not recitals by the music pupils, but some of the very best chamber music was played for us. One feature of these evenings, however, lessened the appreciation which they so well merited; for each student was permitted to invite one guest to attend the concerts, the result being a large admixture of Amherst students and other youths in the audience. When the program was ended, the chairs were pushed back or removed and we all promenaded (literally) until nearly ten, when we filed by the President, introducing our escorts only to have them say good-night. The "receptions," the only other general college entertainment, differed only in that the promenading began an hour

earlier and we made our bows to the President at the beginning as well as at the end of the evening. We were outwardly indignant when an editorial in the *Amherst Student* described these occasions as "a cross between a funeral and a walking-match," even though to ourselves we admitted the possibility of its truth. Before we left college, the parties given by the different campus houses were inaugurated and proved far more enjoyable.

Does it sound like traces of pre-historic times to add that our advent in college was contemporary with the first production of "Pinafore?" To students of to-day, one might as well hark back to "The Beggars' Opera" and done with, I imagine. And will it be believed that the dignified Alpha Society fell a victim to the prevailing craze, and acted and sang the greater part of "Pinafore" with great effect to the edification of the society alone? This was done in Social Hall without any stage properties whatever. Later, college grinds were composed for several of the choruses, and sung to the Faculty, the younger members of whom felt aggrieved at exclusion from the operatic performance. I feel quite sure of forgiveness if I quote one stanza from this burlesque,—

- "I am the naïve Ph. D.
- "The infant of the facultee,
- "Whose praise Johns Hopkins loudly roars
- "And so do the freshies and the sophomores."

The descriptive adjective was applied because of its frequent occurrence in the lectures of this same Ph. D., and was therefore pounced upon with the mercilessness characteristic of Freshmen.

The next year another professor came to us from Baltimore, and then the two were dubbed "Oriole One" and "Oriole Two." The latter with the help of some members of '83 from the Hubbard House laid out the first tennis court known to Smith College. Is it any wonder that one of our Alumnæ Trustees takes such special interest in athletics and general physical development at Smith?

ANNIE B. JACKSON '82

THE WOMAN DOCTOR OF TO-DAY

At one of the New York night-schools for girls, a veteran of our war was asked to speak. He was an old man and spoke with much feeling against the new ideas in regard to woman. With trembling voice and shaking hand he said, "If the coming woman is to rule this world, I thank God that I am a going man." If the women doctors are representatives of the coming woman, we can assure such troubled souls that we have no desire to rule this world. The patient research of laboratory work, the daily routine of dispensary clinic, and the absorbing duties of the practice of medicine sufficiently offer to us the wider opportunities and greater usefulness that we desire for all women.

There are probably not more than two thousand women doctors practising in the United States, and we have never had great hospital advantages nor have we written many great reports. It is urged against us also that an out-

break of matrimony occasionally thins our ranks. But as to this we can reply that many men give up the practise of medicine for business reasons, and though the women doctors often leave the profession when they marry, still many of them simply add another name to their old name and appear again at dispensary.

We find the women doctors everywhere engaged in work for the poor. In the insane asylums and women's prisons their peculiar fitness has been for some time recognized. Our New York law requires that in every State Insane Asylum at least one of the resident physicians shall be a woman.

Among the poor in our tenements and in the dispensaries wherever there are sick women and children, women are welcomed as doctors. The small tenement-house child sitting on the curb-stone exclaims with pride at sight of one of us, "There goes my lady doctor." The other children may have doctors too, but to have a lady doctor is a special privilege. Women are working to-day in many dispensaries side by side with the men, no better doctors than they, but no worse either, and if we can bring a little more gentleness and intelligent sympathy into dispensary life, it will be better for the poor patient. To know how to deal with women and children is not an unimportant part of daily practice. There is much that women can do in teaching the ignorant how to care for their children. The science of the future is the science of health rather than the science of disease, and here women with their practical common-sense have a great work before them. Taking time to teach a mother how to feed a child so that it will not get rickets accomplishes more for human happiness than osteotomy with all its glory of shining knives and white-robed attendants. Talks on hygiene in girls' clubs and mothers' meetings help to diffuse intelligence through the masses of the people, and the intelligent mother is the doctor's best ally.

It is also within our power to bring to our profession a new devotion to its highest ideals. Fortunately for us the world does not yet ask of us how much money we can make as the supreme test of our success. There is no doubt that the ways of the business world are rapidly invading the medical profession, and as some one has complained, the altar of science is being converted into a bargain counter. Here and there some scientist still answers that he has no time to make money, but so strong is the commercial instinct in our countrymen, that it will take all the help we can bring to stem the tide in a land where the question of a man's worth is answered in dollars and cents.

Forty years ago the medical education of women meant social and professional ostracism for both teachers and pupils. Now we receive a thorough medical education, and we have almost forgotten the struggles of those pioneer days. We demand constantly wider opportunities in order to fit ourselves for the greatest usefulness of which we are capable. There are probably only two lines of work where, in the long run, women will be sure to excel men, and these are in the care of the young, and in ministering to the sick. God has given us certain gifts; it is for us to make the most of them.

We appeal confidently to the generosity of the American man in asking for greater privileges, and we ask them for his sake as well as our own.

"The woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink Together, dwart'd or godlike, bond or free: If she be small, slight-natured, miserable, How shall men grow?"

JANE E. ROBBINS '83.

Items for this department may be sent to Ruth S. Phelps, 19 Arnold Avenue. They are desired by the third of each month, if they are to appear in that month's issue.

- '86. Mary Adèle Allen has been made President of the Connecticut Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.
- '89. Martha A. Hopkins sailed February 1, for Europe, with Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, our missionary in Spain, to be absent indefinitely.
- '93. Charlotte Stone was married December 22, to Lieutenant William Dugald MacDougall.
- '94. Lillian Rice Brigham is living in Denver, Col.
- '95. Alice Derfla Howes has announced her engagement to Mr. William French Collins.
- '96. Carrie L. Snow was married January 4, to Mr. Irving S. Merrell.
- '97. Mary E. Bushee has announced her engagement to Mr. James Hope Arthur, of the class of '97 at Brown University.
 - Anna Branch is studying at the Sargent School of Acting in New York City.
 - Jane Foster will sail for Europe February 25.
 - N. Gertrude Dyar will act as assistant in the Elocution Department at Smith during the coming semester.
 - Florence Day has announced her engagement to Professor Stevenson of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago.
- '98. Florence Anderson has been appointed College Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association for Massachusetts and Rhode Island.
 - Vera Scott has been appointed Secretary for Illinois for two months.
 - Edith A. Kimball was married January 5, to Mr. Robert Metcalf.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The Smith College Association for Christian Work stands face to face with a question which demands the earnest, intelligent attention, the sincere prayerful consideration of every student who has at heart the best spiritual welfare of the college. The question is, shall Smith College become a member of the World's Student Christian Federation? The entrance of the women's colleges into this Federation is made by joining the Christian movement of students of this continent, the Young Women's Christian Association. This would necessitate a radical change in one of the most important branches of our college Christian Association.

While all the other special organizations under the Association for Christian Work would keep their present form, the Christian Union, whose basis as expressed in Article II. of its constitution is, "Any member of the college will be welcomed to its fellowship, who desires that the Christ-life shall be deepened in herself as well as in the college," would be replaced by the Y. W. C. A., whose basis is evangelical church membership. Active membership would be restricted to students who are members of Protestant evangelical churches; associate membership would entitle all students who are not members of evangelical churches to all the rights and privileges of the Y. W. C. A., except the right and privilege to vote and to hold office. This is the fundamental change. There would be, of course, readjustments incident to reorganization.

Having clearly in mind, then, the change necessary to be made in the organization which represents our religious life on the spiritual side,—a change of basis which affects vitally the root foundation of that organization,—let us inquire into the considerations which should influence our decision, and sound well the principles upon which our convictions are grounded, that our final judgments may be true to the best interests of our college, and to the ideal of the Christ-life which we hold before us.

We must be guarded in our use of sweeping statements. We cannot say with positiveness, that to change our Christian Union to the Y. W. C. A. would have this result, or would have that result. But, if we conscientiously consider the question in the light of the present conditions of Christian activity, here in our own college, and with the purpose to be true to the spirit of true catholicism which marks the development of this institution, we may stand unswervingly by our convictions, and feel that our conclusions are justified, though not infallible.

Let there be no misunderstandings. We emphatically assert that the spirit of Smith College, both of the governing and of the student body, is in sym-

pathy with the World's Student Christian Federation. Every intelligent and fair-minded student must recognize the power in the federation of strong bodies, the immeasurable influence of a federation of Christian students. No one can read the history of this Federation without being profoundly impressed and aroused to enthusiasm by the thought of the great work it is doing in spreading Christianity among students all over the world. We would not blind ourselves to the fact that by coming into relationship with it, we should both give and receive strength.

But is there not another consideration of even greater importance? Can we conscientiously consent to the evangelical church membership basis which is obligatory if we enter the Federation? It is not then simply "Are there not advantages in belonging to such a federation?" but a more vital question, "Is it best, is it right for us to introduce that distinction which the evangelical church membership makes, into the religious life of the college?" Has the whole spirit of this institution in the twenty-four years of its history been wrong in purposely and persistently avoiding anything that tends toward exclusiveness in religious life?

Reports of the secretaries of the Federation show that in many colleges, in many lands, the Federation is introducing, strengthening and broadening organized Christian work among students, and that, in many cases, results have justified any changes which entering the new relationship may have required. We accept these reports. We do not leave out of consideration the experience of other student bodies, but should not most weight be given to our own experience? That spirit surely cannot be called "narrowness," which seeks first to know itself, before it inquires what others know about it. Should we not first know the conditions of Christian activity here, its spirit, development and trend, before we decide whether what has been best for other institutions will be best for us? We would not take a healthy, growing plant and subject it to different conditions of atmosphere and temperature, to conditions, perhaps, most favorable to the growth of other plants, without first considering the conditions under which it had attained its present healthy growth. Before the experience of another college which has organized a Young Women's Christian Association can be applied to the present situation in Smith, there must be a basis of similarity between the conditions of organized Christian work in that college at the time when the change was made and the present conditions in our own college.

Let it be distinctly understood that the question of our joining the Federation is a student matter. The decision of the student body will be unquestioned by the higher authorities of the college. However, well as we may know the institution, deeply as we may have at heart the spread of the truest Christianity here, yet our best judgments lack the wisdom, the long experience, which enters into the judgments of him, to whom since the founding of the college the student body has turned for wisdom and guidance. We realize that here, as in few other colleges, there has always existed a very close relationship between the head and the student body in spiritual as well as in intellectual life. Smith College was founded on the belief that Christian faith is the true source of the highest culture. Its whole influence has been towards the deepening and broadening of the spirit of true catholicism.

Therefore we intuitively seek from those who have controlled the policy of this college, and receive with respect, their judgment upon matters which vitally concern the college even when the responsibility of deciding the question rests with the students.

As to the opinion of individual persons who are interested in the spiritual welfare of the college, only a limited statement can be made. Preachers of different denominations, alumnæ and others who know the conditions of the case, while expressing sympathy with the Federation, strongly advise us not to make the change, on the ground that to yield the "divine simplicity" of our basis of union to a church membership basis would be a step backwards in our development toward a true Christian ideal.

In the last analysis, the whole question is not one of ends, but of means to an end. The ideal which both the Christian Union and the Young Women's Christian Association have in view is the same—a stronger, deeper spiritual condition in college life. Which is the more practical working basis for Smith College? Is work on the present basis meeting spiritual needs? There is a fact of our local circumstance which must not be overlooked, that the religious life of the students is not confined to the college organization. Any student who may wish to belong to organizations in which Christian activity is carried on along denominational lines finds a hearty welcome in the churches of Northampton.

Is there not a larger spiritual need in the college community? College life is a critical period in the life of most girls. It is a time of examination, of inquiry, a time of awakening to broader views of life. Many become perplexed as to the reality of their own beliefs, and seek to find ground upon which they may stand firmly. The testimony of many students in our own college—I speak advisedly—is, that at such a period anything which savors of exclusiveness produces either antagonism or indifference, and in many cases keeps girls from showing active interest in the organized Christian work. Since there is such a complexity and difference of religious views represented here, the spirit of the college has always been to do away with definitions and formulas, and to emphasize the common ground upon which all can meet for worship and Christian endeavor.

Last year, a deep need was felt for an organization to strengthen and deepen the spiritual life among students. What should be the basis of union? The Master says, "Follow me,"—not "Believe such and such a thing about me," but "Believe in me." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." In accordance with this teaching the Christian Union was founded. It is a bond of fellowship which gives hope and strength to even the feeblest desire for the Christ-life.

The history of the church, the whole movement of religious thought, shows that differences which exist only in definition and expression are being swept away, as the world is coming into the unity of the Spirit, into the broad, all-embracing Christ-life. Shall we narrow such a basis for union? Shall we change it, before it is given a longer trial than one year? Are we building upon the true rock foundation? As far as we can read the meaning of present spiritual conditions, yes. I have only my own personal convictions and experience to draw upon. The past four years show me that fainter and

fainter is growing the distinction in name and definition which has been the root of all divisions in the church from the beginning. In the Bible classes and in the prayer-meetings, all thought of creeds, of differences of any sort, gives way to the feeling that we can find a common ground upon which to stand together in Christian fellowship.

After all, true Christians in every college are working towards the same end. How can we best advance towards that end? Some day, we trust, all the colleges of the world will find the true basis upon which they can stand together. Meanwhile, what shall Smith College stand for?

MABEL CAPELLE '99.

Certainly no one who really understands what the now familiar words "World's Student Christian Federation" mean, fails to recognize the splendid advantages offered to the college which becomes identified with it. The inspiration of contact with such a strong, growing movement is immeasurable. We all would be glad to feel that our college in any department of its work would be strengthened by the added impetus and receive with its fellow-colleges its share of the common benefit. Smith also could give its share, a large one as we know: the experience of our past, the successful methods of our Christian work, and the form of its organization, peculiar to our college.

It would be a simple matter to decide, if as a college we could become a part of this movement without a change of any kind. A change, however, would have to be made. The question then resolves itself into this: With the necessarily changed conditions, will our Christian work among the students, as far as we can judge, be as truly Christian work as it is now?

The change which has been shown to be most feasible would come in the Christian Union. This would adopt instead of its present basis of membership, the evangelical basis, a term which has already been explained. The immediate friction of the change would be almost entirely done away with in our case, for it is agreed that the one organization may transfer its membership to the other, and that with the incoming classes only should the newly adopted regulations begin to operate.

Our college has always stood for the broadest Christianity. This is recognized in the very form which the organization of the Christian work among the students has taken. The Smith College Association for Christian Work stands for the general work, under which are grouped sub-organizations each complete in its way, with its own purpose and aim, some religious, some distinctly philanthropic, yet each bound to every other by its common ground of relationship. By thus drawing definite lines it is believed we can obtain the greatest efficiency in each branch of work, without losing the essential feeling of sympathy and mutual help.

Among these organizations is the Christian Union, with its purpose to deepen the spiritual life of the college. Before last year this phase of our Christian work was without definite organization. The want was deeply felt by those most interested, and as a result the Christian Union was formed. To those, and there are many in the college, whose interest urges them to consider the matter seriously, these questions come: Is this organization ob-

taining the truest results possible? Is there the strength and power shown in our spiritual development which we believe ought to be shown? Is there still a vagueness and lack of concentration which, while practically imperceptible in the form of our organization, shows in the results obtained? It is true, we cannot and must not expect to see all the results of the work, but surely our best judgment after careful thought and study decides these for us one way or the other.

There are some who have had these questions before them for more than a few weeks, for longer even than this year. They feel that the spiritual life of the college has not been and is not the force that it should be, that the stream has spread in width to the sacrifice of depth and vital life. It is not a thing which can be argued; statistics cannot measure it; it is a thing to be felt. Those who feel this believe that greater spiritual development will result from a move in the direction presented to us, a move which our work peculiarly needs. The spirit would not be altered. We should look to the same girls for inspiration. Our work would continue in the same lines, with what we believe added power.

Let each one's decision of the general question be determined by her honest conviction in this nearer, more vital issue.

FLORENCE ALLEN WHITNEY 1900.

Professor Tyler sailed for Europe, February 4, on a six months' leave of absence. Part of this time will be spent in study at the School of Greek in Athens. Miss Caverno takes some of his classes, Professor Elwell of Amherst the others.

Miss Nora Gertrude Dyar, Smith '97, has been appointed assistant to Miss Peck in the department of Elocution.

Saturday evening, January 14, The Dickinson House gave a reception for the Faculty in the New Gymnasium. A pleasant surprise came in the middle of the evening in the form of a series of tableaux called "The Bachelor's Dream." The posing of the girls in the tableaux was very graceful and effective, and the lights were remarkably well managed.

The Delta Sigma, Green Dragon and Southwick House gave a Children's Party in the New Gymnasium Wednesday evening, February 8. The guests came in short dresses with long curls and pig-tails. Seven scenes from Lear's Nonsense Rhymes were given as an introduction to the evening, after which followed dancing and such children's games as Drop-the-handkerchief and London Bridge.

Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall lectured on Instinct and Reason before the Philosophical Society and some of their friends, Monday evening, February 6, in Music Hall. After the lecture a reception was given Mr. Marshall in the parlors of the Hatfield House.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS

PHI KAPPA PSI:—President, Louise Barber '99; Vice-President, Katharine Brigham 1900; Secretary, Frances Henrietta Lynch 1900; Treasurer, Laura Woolsey Lord 1901; Editor, Marian Edwards Richards '99.

ALPHA:—President, Virginia Woodson Frame '99; Vice-President, Caroline Marmon 1900; Recording Secretary, Julia Marguerite Gray 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Constance Charnley 1901; Treasurer, Julia Post Mitchell 1901.

CALENDAR

- Feb. 16, Biological Society.
 - 18, Lawrence House Play.
 - 20, Philosophical Society.
 - 22, Washington's Birthday.
 - 25, Phi Kappa Psi Society.
- March 1, Junior Frolic.
 - 2, Biological Society.
 - 4, Alpha Society.
 - 6, Philosophical Society.
 - 8, Snow House Dance.
 - 13, Voice Club.
 - 15, Glee Club Concert.

The

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March = 1899.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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No. 6.

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

One builded strong foundations in the deep,
The stones whereof were lives of noble men,
While far within sat Liberty enshrined.
Storms of oppression that had lain asleep
Wakened and hurled their force of lashing wind
On the new walls. The master-builder then,
Prophet and seer, sent into the dark night
A distant-reaching faith that sought for sight
Of mysteries that in the future lay,
Transcending little bounds of time and space.
What vision was vouchsafed him, who shall say?
They work with God who found a mighty race.

In all these latter years,

Sunny with hope or dim with falling tears,

Behold what towers of freedom we have reared

Out of grand living, just and true and brave,

To front the eastern and the western wave

And stem the rushing tide of tyranny.

A young, high-hearted nation, wisely feared,

The world's apostle of true liberty,

Stands in the forefront of unresting time.

O master-builder with the faith sublime,

We that have builded later come to thee

Humbly this day of thy nativity.

In all that we have done, we pray thee tell,

Have we done well?

Once in our land our fellow-men were slaves, With souls like ours endued, Yet crushed with unjust chains of servitude Into brute life that deadens and depraves Man's truest manhood. Their weak, fainting cry Of stifled agony Went not unheard of noble-hearted men. Great armies fought and bled and women wept Hot, hopeless, patient tears for those that slept; And the pitiless war tempest onward swept To its conclusion. Peace crept back again And stole into our hearts with a great calm. Then rose a mighty psalm That swelled from east to west, from shore to shore, The gratitude of freedmen to the brave. O well-loved land, no man shall be a slave Through all thy length and breadth forevermore! Our nation's father, lo, we come to thee Humbly this day of thy nativity. In all that we have done, we pray thee tell,

Sawest thou our gray ships cross the sea Sternly and silently So little time ago, and come again? They that were struggling then, Hopeless, against a mighty tyranny, Now lift their heads and are forever free. Let the clear trumpets sound All the wide world around One glorious clarion of liberty. Let there be noble peace, Let the good-will increase That shall make one the brotherhood of man; And what our great and true Wisely and bravely do Shall be one thought in that mysterious plan By which God builds his great eternity Out of the tissue of the passing years, In glorious disproof of all our fears. Our nation's father, lo, we come to thee Humbly this day of thy nativity. In all that we have done, we pray thee tell, Have we done well?

Have we done well?

CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

OBSTACLES IN THE WAY OF NEGRO ADVANCEMENT

In a consideration of the causes which produce certain results, in a nation as well as in an individual, heredity and environment must be taken into account. Especially is this true of an attempt to understand the history of the Negro in the South since the war. No race has had more unpropitious birth and training than this. For centuries the ancestors of the freedmen have been content to live in savagery and barbarism. They were, and their descendants in Africa are now, for the most part cannibals, compared with whom the South Sea Islanders are humane. They never invented any written equivalent for language, and never amalgamated into anything resembling a nation. From earliest times, whenever they have come into contact with civilized nations, they have been at once reduced to a position of servitude.

That the exchange of savagery for slavery was not elevating in its results, the history of our own slave-system goes to prove. We all have some idea from Uncle Tom's Cabin of the training, or rather the lack of training, the slave received. True, he was improved in so far as was necessary to make him a fairly efficient servant; in some cases he was even instructed in art and music, and the usages of polite society, in order that his market value might be enhanced. But here ended his education; the inner life was left untouched. The Southern master considered his slaves cattle, and treated them accordingly.

Though the victory of the North freed the Negro from bodily servitude, it could not emancipate him from the effects of centuries of mental and moral repression. It is his ignorance of what even a white child knows almost instinctively, that has made the struggle onward and upward so difficult. Thus in the conduct of the most ordinary affairs, the freedman was handicapped from the start. When after the war the slaves were turned loose, so to speak, to shift for themselves, they were absolutely destitute. Of course they had to live, and there were unscrupulous white men in abundance ready to furnish the means, at greatly advanced rates. Buying and selling had not

been the Negroes' province; therefore they could have no standard of value. Moreover, they did not know how to read nor write, much less how to add, subtract, multiply, and divide. The consequence was that they were soon saddled with enormous debts. Nor has this condition of affairs by any means passed away. In Texas, every year, the huge cotton and corn crops of the colored farmer are mortgaged even before they are sown, to pay for the bare necessities of life. When one remembers that the landholder from whom the land is leased—for the Negro is much too poor to own it—is also the store-keeper, this state of affairs is very easy to understand. The poor black man cannot read, and even if he dare ask for a written statement of his indebtedness, he thereby incurs the displeasure of his landlord; a thing to be dreaded much more than over-payment.

The advantage taken by the white man is not, however, the worst result of his ignorance in practical affairs. It is his apparent content with his lot which seems to me the most pitiful part of his condition. He was reared with stern discipline, and has few wants. Before he was freed, he was accustomed to spend most of his time in the open air. No wonder then that his poor little shanty seems a palace and the mere fact of independent, individual existence a sufficient joy in comparison with his former environment. He has no just standard of comparison, for to imitate the white man's mode of life is utterly beyond his means. Thus he is content with very limited living room. In one case that I know of, eighteen people inhabit four small rooms. Dirt and untidiness do not trouble him, as a general rule. He knows nothing of hygienic laws and therefore sees no necessity for drainage or removal of matter detrimental The pigs may sport in his front yard and the hens be his companions indoors without exciting his repugnance.

Economy is another phase of practical life not understood by the Negro. Naturally careless of the future, and not having, as I have already said, any conception of values, he wastes his pitiful earnings on things which he does not need, and throws away much that might be used to advantage. In tilling the land he leases, the same lack of improvement and wastefulness of resources exist.

Such a state of existence is the natural result of heredity and training. It is not due to shiftlessness, but to inexperience and ignorance. As Mrs. Kingsley truly says, the Negroes as a race

are especially inferior in handicrafts; they must be taught how to build and how to farm. Moreover, in the conduct of the household the colored people are not as a general rule extravagant. One of my friends tells me that it is a common thing to see the poor country people sitting down to a bare table on which there is nothing but bread and water, and to hear the little children crying because there is not enough of that. When the disadvantages under which the Negro labors are considered, the wonder is that he struggles on with as much energy as he does.

The moral and religious condition of the mass of the colored people is another demonstration of their lamentable ignorance. How far the survival of Voodooism is responsible for low conceptions in morality and religion it would be hard to determine. It is a matter of which little is heard, and one very difficult to investigate. At all events, the superstitious and physical sides of religion predominate. To the average Negro the "evil eye" is a very real and present danger, while "getting religion" means simply abandonment to emotional frenzy at some campmeeting or revival, and is wholly separate from propriety or morality of conduct. A man may break all the commandments, and yet be a "power" in the prayer-meeting. Lying is very common; indeed, the majority of the colored people do not seem to be able to distinguish any difference between a prevarication and a statement of fact. Stealing, cheating, and all the sins in which cunning plays a large part, are prevalent; the natural outcome of a system of oppression. Drinking is very freely indulged in by young and old, and results as it does everywhere in increase of misery and vice.

But all these characteristic failings are of very little importance in comparison with that survival of slave-life seen in the looseness of the marriage and family ties. The utter lack of any feeling of responsibility in contracting or dissolving these is appalling. I have had little girls calmly, without any sign of feeling, tell me of the most terrible tragedies in their own homes, as though such occurrences were quite matters of course. The moral obliquity of the race as a whole in this respect is its greatest curse. To this cause more than to any others are to be attributed the shortness of life and the prevalence of crime of which we hear so much. It will be only as the Negro is brought to realize the close relation between re-

ligion and morality that he will become capable of decided progress in any direction.

The hindrances in the way of the educational advancement of the race cannot be given without reckoning another important factor in their development, the antagonism of the whites. Their policy has always been to keep the blacks in ignorance, and then to take advantage of their helpless condition. Before the war they had things all their own way; since then they have opposed the encroachments of the Negro in every direction, step by step. Why this should be so it is easy to understand. Not only does the freedman appear to the white man in the light of an ex-slave, but also as an ex-master. For at the close of the war the North, flushed with victory, placed upon the South the unutterable indignity of black legislation. The extravagance, corruption and violence of that rule, till put down by force, will never be forgotten nor forgiven. It caused more bitterness of feeling than the war itself. Moreover, the Southern states are still struggling under the vast debts incurred during that period. At the possibility of the return of the Negro to power, the whole South shudders. Thus has sprung up the widespread trickery in politics whereby the colored man is cheated out of his vote. When in so many districts his vote, if taken legally, would far outnumber the white vote, such foul measures as he employs seem to the white man justifiable.

But the Negro, as a tax-payer, is legally entitled to vote, and he will soon reach the point where he can be no longer hoodwinked by adroit manipulations at the polls. Then will come the time when a little learning will prove a dangerous thing. The only way to remove the menace of the black vote is to make it an intelligent vote. Here it is that the policy of the South is defeating itself, for it is offering at least passive opposition, instead of actively assisting in the education of the Negro.

Mr. Cable, in an article in the Forum, makes the statement that the Negro pays more in school taxes than any other poor man in the world similarly placed. This hard-earned money passes into white hands and is most unevenly distributed in favor of white children. Thus in Texas, which may be regarded as typical, there is a complete public school system for white children from the kindergarten to the university, while the highest

colored school is the State Normal. The possible argument that the colored people are not ready for college training is proved false by the number who attend sectarian schools of college grade. The school system is moreover entirely optional, and so arranged as to be wholly in the hands of the landholders. Consequently there are many school districts without schools, while in other places schools for colored children keep sessions varying in length from one to five months a year. An educated colored man is my authority for the statement that in the country the schools having a term of five months are very rare.

Nor is it merely in quantity that the colored schools suffer, but also in quality. The laws of the various Southern states forbid the employment of white teachers in public schools for colored children. As the education of the Negro at all is so very recent, it can be seen that the instruction is not of a high order. The appointment of teachers also lies more in the power of politicians than even that of white schools. This is especially true of city schools. In the district schools, which form a large majority, the teacher is very often a pupil who is selected by the ignorant fathers and mothers "because he is one of our boys." In any case, the equipment of the school is sure to be meager, and the number of pupils far in excess of the ability of any teacher to handle.

Such is the condition of the colored school system; a condition which could not exist but for the injustice and neglect of the dominant race.

Moreover, it is not in political and educational lines alone that this race-antagonism makes itself felt. I have already spoken briefly of the advantage taken of the ignorant black man in business matters. In social life the influence of the white man is most pernicious. Here it is of course not to be expected that the former master recognize the equality of his ex-slave. But he should at least treat him as a human being, and not grind him in the dust. It is monstrous that in everything there should be one standard for the white man, and quite another for the black man. Nor can it be so long.

For in spite of obstacles of heredity and training, the Negro is advancing surely, though slowly. He recognizes more and more the necessity of education. When once aroused he will endure any sacrifice in order to obtain it. In school and out, he shows an eagerness to learn which puts us more fortunate

students to shame. His work too is not, as ours largely is, for merely selfish ends. He burns with a desire to help the race to which he belongs. This is the great purpose of the educated colored youth, and it is in this intense race devotion that the hope of progress for the future rests.

RUTH LOUISE GAINES.

A CONVENT FRIENDSHIP

At twilight one afternoon, somebody awoke from a sleep full of dreams. He opened his eyes and saw the shadows on the wall opposite, but did not know them for shadows just then, because of a strange weakness that was upon him, body and mind; and while he was wondering, he forgot about them. A confused sound was in the air. He listened, but could not remember what sound was—what it meant, and how it differed from the shadows. He must still be dreaming. No; it flashed upon him all at once; sound was music; voices were sounds; and this was murmur of human voices. A moment more, and words became distinct. He recognized them.

"But how can you hesitate?" one voice was saying. "Remember the circumstances. What could we do? There were so many! The hospital is full."

"Remember my responsibility," said a second voice.

"The Mother would have sanctioned it," said the first. "She will sanction it. As ministers of mercy, we could not have done otherwise; as such, we must let him stay until—"

"She is right, Sister Angela," said a third.

"Look at him, Sister Angela," said the first. "He is very young."

The voices stopped for a few seconds. Then, "He has a beautiful face," said the second, "but faces deceive. The spirit of grace is strong within you, Sister Isidore, yet you have not the wisdom that comes of experience. And yet—"

"Let him stay."

"Yes, let him stay."

The words became indistinct, for the listener's brain was once more wandering in the labyrinth of wild phantasies; yet wherever it wandered, there the words floated in the air like halftangible forms. The next time that he awoke, it was dusk as before. The same shadows were on the wall; he knew them now. But the wall itself! An inexplicable shock of fear quivered through him. What wall was it? What room? Who was he? Why here? He could answer none of these, and his heart beat with a growing terror. At that moment, however, something else came in to occupy his thoughts. No sound could be heard, yet—it might be that his nerves were morbidly susceptible—whatever the explanation, he felt that he was not alone. The feeling grew to conviction. He listened intently, and, the silence continuing, he became irritated. "Well?" His impatience broke forth at last, only his voice, instead of sounding fierce, seemed very mild.

There was a movement by his side, and in the dusk a little black and gray figure stood before him. It was a picture in crayons, without a frame. No, that was foolish; it was nothing but a pale, dark-haired child, dressed in black. "What do you want?" it was saying. But before he could answer, room and child vanished and the dreams began.

The final awakening came at last, and the hours that followed were long and lonely and bitter. A black-robed woman sometimes came and stood by his side, and when he would question her laid her finger on his lips. But the answer to the question that haunted him most, he could guess at well enough so that his heart sank, and his courage almost failed him. As the day-light was turning into the glow of sunset, a bell began to toll. Footsteps echoed in the room, though they were passing outside. The woman seemed to guess something of his trouble, for she came to him and whispered "Courage!" Then she left the room, and the sound of her footsteps mingled with the rest.

His brain was clear now, and active—so much so that he longed for the sleep from which he had been set free, fearful and delirious as it had been. Now, hope struggled against despair and reason, and questions came in a throng, clamoring for their answers. The bell tolled on. But for that sound the silence was absolute. At last, a great unendurable loneliness swept over him, and he shut his eyes to keep back the tears. It may be that because of the weariness of his brain he slept; for he next felt a light touch on his forehead, and opened his eyes to see the little black and white figure standing in the dusk by his side. Strangely, too, the air was filled with the sound of distant voices singing. The little figure stood silent.

"What are you?" he asked at last.

- "They said I mustn't talk to you," said a childish voice.
- "But you must," he answered. "Where did you come from?"
- "Sister Angela sent me." There was a pause. Then the child leaned over him and whispered, "I am sorry."

"Why?"

"Why do you ask?" said the child.

"Tell me where I am?" he asked, after another pause.

"In the Convent of Mercy."

"How did I get here?"

"Providence brought you." There was a wicked gleam in her eyes.

The questioner smiled. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Ruth. What's yours?"

"My name? I'd forgotten about that. Augustine Lee."

"What shall I call you?"

"What you like."

"I'm tired of calling people 'brother' and 'sister." I'd just as soon call you 'uncle' though. Shall I?"

"No, no. Just Augustine."

- "It's a queer name," said the child, "but I will. And now, I wish you wouldn't talk any more. They said I mustn't speak to you."
- "Just a moment more," said he. "I am beginning to remember things. Before I found myself here, I was on a train and—something happened."

"Yes. Something happened. Oh, I wish you'd keep still!"

"Just one thing more. What are those voices?"

"The nuns, of course, in the chapel. Now I'm going."

"Not if I promise to stop! Little girl, I can't have you go!"

"Then, please be good,—Augustine."

He watched her as she drew up a chair and seated herself gravely, evidently resisting the temptation to swing her feet, which did not nearly reach to the floor. The voices were still singing. Life just then began to wear a more cheering aspect, although the dusk was deepening. Strangely potent comforters,—music and a child!

Sometime after the song of the nuns was ended, Augustine, who had lain silent, heard a sound as of some one gently stealing away across the room. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh!" came the child's voice, "I thought you were asleep.
My! You have been good!"

"And yet you're leaving me!"

"I'm so tired of sitting still."

"To be sure; I forgot. But—you'll come again."

"Do you like me?" Her voice sounded incredulous.

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Of course then I'll come again. Why, I'll come so much you'll get dreadfully tired of me."

"Ruth," said Augustine, just as her hand was on the doorknob. "Wait a minute. Let me touch you, to make sure

you're real!"

"How funny!" She laughed and came slowly back through the dark; and stopped beside him. Then impulsively she bent and laid her cheek against his own. "There!" she said, and left him.

She came again the next morning. Although the gravity of her mien could not have been surpassed by the older members of the sisterhood, yet from the moment she entered the room, her eyes betrayed her; she seemed the personification of suppressed laughter. Augustine waited to see what would come, and was therefore taken by surprise. Without a word, she came up to him, leaned over and studied his face with a long scrutiny. "There! I knew it!" she exclaimed at last.

"Now, that's enough of mystery," said Augustine. "Come,

out with it!"

"What do you s'pose?" said Ruth. "Guess why I didn't come before."

"Give it up."

She giggled softly. "They wouldn't let me. They said they didn't know you."

"Well?"

"I told them I did. But it didn't make any difference at first. But I said they could see you were nice, just to look at you, and Sister Isidore said I was right; so here I am. I looked at you that way, just to make sure again."

"What do they expect of me?" said he.

"Don't know. Maybe they were afraid you'd teach me swearwords."

"Did they say so?"

"Goodness, no! They don't mention such things."

Their eyes met just then, and the gleam in Ruth's was so wicked that Augustine laughed. "Tell me," said he, "are 'they' your—sisters?"

"Nobody but Sister Angela is my sister," she answered with sudden fierceness.

"You're not a little nun, then. I can't make out what you are!"

"No, I'm not a nun,—of course. And listen!" she whispered. "I never shall be. I hate it here. I hate it, hate it! Oh, if you knew!"

"Perhaps I do," said Augustine, "but tell me-they're kind

to you, aren't they?"

"Ye-es," she answered; then, with a complete change, "No! no! They're not. I hate them all,—all but Sister Isidore. I do! They want to make me a nun. Sister Angela says I'm to be one. But I won't—ever!"

"How long have you been here?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, ages and ages. Months, I guess!"

Augustine laid his hand on hers. "Excuse me, Ruth, if I ask too many questions, but how did you ever get here?"

"I don't know," she answered mournfully, "Sister Angela brought me."

"I see. Now tell me, what do you do?"

"I don't do anything—anything but learn arithmetic and things, and go to church because I'm made to, and learn prayers in Latin, and sew."

"And where does the play come in?"

"It doesn't come. They don't let me play with my friends any more, and I have to pretend by myself. Sometimes it's fun, but generally I'd rather talk with Sister Isidore. She isn't as old as the rest; but oh dear! She isn't as young as me. Nobody is." She stopped for a moment. "I haven't told you all, but I might as well. I—I'm wicked all the rest of the time. And the more they punish me, the worse I am—on purpose. There!"

"You're lovely," was all he answered.

The child caught her breath and looked at him with astonished eyes. Then her face softened. "I guess you are too," she said. "Yes, you are! That's why you understand. And—and are your father and mother dead too?"

" Yes."

- "And haven't you any brothers or sisters?"
- "No."
- "And is that why nobody sends for you here?"
- "We are fellow-prisoners, you see."
- "I wish we were," she said slowly. "But this isn't a prison for you—is it?"
 - "It doesn't take walls to make a prison."
- "You mean—" She looked at him, puzzled for the moment; then, "I guess I know what you mean, and—oh, I'm sorry!"
 - "We must be good friends," he answered.
- "Do you really mean it?" All her soul was quivering in her voice. In answer he held out his hand, and she caught it up in both of hers and pressed her cheek against it. Then she looked up into his eyes. "I love you already better—than Sister Isidore."
- "I don't deserve it," he answered quietly, "but I'm glad, because—perhaps you'll come oftener, then."
- "Oh, it seems too good to be true!" she exclaimed. "How can you like me, when you're so much older!"
 - "How old are you?"
 - "Just eleven."
 - "Then it's only a matter of ten years or so. That's nothing."
- "We can pretend it's nothing, anyway. I've noticed you don't treat me like a baby, the way most do. I guess we'll have some real good times together—and I'll come every time they let me. Oh goody!" she exclaimed again, "I've thought of something splendid. Augustine! Do you s'pose they'd let me come oftener if I were good?"
 - "How do you mean?"
- "Now listen. I told you I was awful most of the time. When Sister Angela makes me say my Latin prayer, I say 'eny, meny, miney, mo,' and I won't learn it. Now don't laugh, 'cause I'm serious. Do you s'pose, if I learned it—I can, you know, any time I want—do you s'pose she'd let me come oftener?"
 - "You just try it!" he answered.
- "O me! O my!" she chuckled. "That's what I will, then. Only don't you tell."
 - "Not for the world."
 - "Then-" but she stopped, and her face clouded.
 - "What's the matter?" said Augustine.

- "I just remembered."
- "What?"
- "Why, you will be well soon, and then-"
- "Little sister, don't worry about that."
- "And then," she persisted; but he interrupted again, "Ruth, don't you know?"
 - "I don't know what you mean."
 - "I shall never be well again."
- "Never—" She stopped and looked at him with almost terror in her eyes. "Never? Oh, I believe you mean it." She suddenly knelt down by him. "You mean—you must lie still like this forever? That is awful. Forever, Augustine? Sha'n't you ever walk and run and have fun again? I can't—oh, I can't imagine it."
- "No, no," he answered, "it isn't as bad as that. I shall walk again, perhaps, years later, but—"
- "But it won't be the same, you mean?" Her eyes filled, and with an exquisitely gentle touch, she turned his face towards hers.
 - "Then listen, Augustine,—I'll love you forever."

True to her word, Ruth learned her Latin prayer with wonderful docility during the days that followed, and succeeded in being generally "good." Whether as a result of this conduct or not, she was allowed to spend all her spare time with Augustine. "It's awful hard work, though," she assured him, "for I'd gotten so in the habit of being naughty. You can't think what enormous efforts I make just to keep from swinging my legs when I'm sitting in polite company."

Early in their acquaintance, she began to give him lessons in "pretending." "As soon as you know how," she said, "you won't mind half so much being alone. Why, sometimes I'd rather nobody would speak to me, I'm having so much better time where I am. Should you like to come there, too?" He answered with a smile that seemed to satisfy her perfectly. "All right," she went on, "seeing it's you. Nobody on earth but you and me knows about it. Isn't that fun? Now listen!" and she lowered her voice to a whisper. "I have three black beans."

- "Where?"
- "Oh, you mustn't ask such things. That won't do!"
- "I see," he answered quickly. "No one but you knows where, or ever sees them."

"Of course! But listen. I keep them in a little box made of mother-of-pearl and ebony, and it opens queerly, up side down! It came from Popocatapetl! Well, I carry it in my pocket. You're interested, aren't you! My, how I love you!"

"Go on-about the beans."

"All right. They'll do everything for you that they do for me. There's the biggest,—you couldn't guess what that does, when I squeeze it." She stopped to look at him, her hands clasped and her eyes gleaming. "It makes me fly! Think of it! It's so easy! You've dreamed about it. I never go very high—sometimes only just out of Sister Angela's reach. Sometimes when I'm running like lightning, and people after me, just as they almost catch up, I squeeze my bean, and then,—think what fun! And sometimes, 'stead of walking up stairs, I go up by that sunbeam that leads up to the landing. Much better way. But the funny thing is, that generally, when I go up that way, I send my real self up by the stairs, and the two of us meet at the top."

"That's curious."

"Isn't it! But the second bean,—let me tell you about that. It's smaller, and it—oh guess!"

"I can't, honestly."

"It makes me invisible. That's fun! I use it especially in church. I'm sitting by Sister Angela, and suddenly, she doesn't see me. No one does. I walk up and down the aisle, in my squeaky shoes. The people get perfectly wild. Sometimes I twitch their clothes, or whisper dreadful things in their ear. Once, I said 'The Devil!' O my goodness! And I scuffle behind people on the street, and they think it's a ghost. Oh, what don't I do!" And she hugged herself in ecstacy. After a few seconds, however, the laughter in her eyes changed to a look of awe, and she leaned forward. "I'll tell you about the third bean now," she whispered. "You couldn't laugh, could you? Of course not! I love you, and you shall come with me." She looked out through the window, across the room. "When I'm so unhappy it seems as if I'd die, then-then I only have to touch my littlest bean, and then look out of the window. I like to watch it come. It's my cloud chariot, you know. First, it's up there, only a speck of cloud. But it comes fast, nearer and nearer. I get into it. And then,-O Augustine!" and she seized his hand. "Shouldn't you like to come? There's room. Think! We'd go straight up, higher and higher, into the blue, till the blue is all we see. Then pretty soon you see something bright, way off. That's my cloud palace. It's built of sunsets. The floors are white and gray, but the pillars and walls-you never saw anything so beautiful. And all the doorways are arches,-rainbows! And you go under them, through hall after hall; you scarcely ever get to the end. And it's all cool and light, all but one corner. Listen; it's the night-cornera big, dark room made of very black clouds. And at one end. there's a round tower. You look up into it, into the dome, up and up, for it's higher than you can imagine, and at the top is a moon rainbow, with the moon in the middle. Augustine! will you come? I think the chariot is on the way." She sprang up and clasped her hands with a tense, nervous movement. A bar of sunlight slanted through the room and across her face. In its brightness and the fire of her rapture, she seemed transformed from a little girl in black into a true inhabitant of that palace of clouds. "Come, come!" she repeated.

"Not to-day," Augustine answered.

"Why not? Tired?"

"Yes,-that's it."

"Really?" In a flash she had become quite human. "Then I won't tease. Another day! Oh, sha'n't we have good times together!" She threw herself down by him, and suddenly burst into tears, hiding her face against his shoulder. "What shall I do when you're gone?" she wailed.

"Don't bother about that."

"I can't help it. Oh, I can just see it here without you. I can't help it. I never loved anybody so much in my life. I'll die without you. I won't be a nun, I tell you. I can't be a nun!"

Augustine put his arm around her, without answering. He saw that Sister Angela was standing in the doorway. She appeared to have been standing there for several seconds. "I think you had better come with me," she said to Ruth. At the sound of her voice, the child stopped sobbing. The nun repeated her summons.

"I won't!" whispered Ruth to Augustine.

"You must," said he, quietly.

She looked up in his face; then rose, and walked slowly to the door. The sister held out her hand. At this, the child stopped short, half turning toward Augustine, yet flashing defiance at Sister Angela with her eyes. "I go because he tells me," she said.

One afternoon she came to him with a strange light in her eyes. She seemed quivering with a suppressed intensity that gave her a surprising air of dignity. Augustine guessed the cause. This was an interview which he had dreaded. She seated herself near him: "They are going to send you away from here to-morrow."

- "I am going, to-morrow."
- "Nobody told me till to-day."
- "What was the use?"
- "Where are you going?"
- "To a place a good way off."
- "I don't see how you'll manage it."
- "That's easy; all fixed."
- "And you're going to live with a nasty old woman."
- "But she isn't that. She's my mother's sister."
- "I hate all sisters. Has she eyes the color of yours? Do you think I could possibly like her?" And so on question after question. At last, "Shall you feel badly to leave me?"
 - "It will be one of the hardest things I've ever had to do."
 - "Then, why—?" The rest of the question was in her eyes.
 - "I wish I could," he answered.
- "You can!" broke out Ruth. "You will. You won't leave me here. I can't live here. I'll grow up wicked. But—with you—I'll be good all my life. I'll do my very best—I can! I'll learn my lessons, and we'll pretend together. Oh, I'll make new things for us to pretend! And I'll make that woman like me. I can't be a nun. Don't you see? Augustine!"
- "Ruth"— He raised her face and looked into her eyes: "I swear to you, on my honor, that I'll do my best,—all I can do, Ruth."
 - "You mean-you want me?"
 - "Yes, I want you."

During that night Augustine did his best; he thought for nearly eight hours. In the morning he asked for an interview with Ruth's sister. At first the austere, dispassionate purity of her face chilled him, and paralyzed thought and feeling. Then the child's face, now radiant with love, now glowing with imagination, now overwhelming in its grief, flashed in very contrast before him.

"Sister Angela," he began abruptly, "do you believe that all souls may be fitted to the life of the convent?"

"I believe that Ruth's will soon find its home and field of work in this convent," answered the nun.

"Pardon me," said Augustine, "but do you found this belief on theory or on close study of Ruth herself?"

"Be certain," she replied, "that whatever I believe is not without foundation."

"You mean—you honestly believe Ruth will do her best work, for herself and others, here?"

"You are asking questions that concern you strangely little, and I have answered. It is my turn. Why do you ask them?"

"Heavens and earth! Why? You know! You know—or perhaps not, you are so far removed from her in every feeling you ever had—Ruth's is as passionate, living, untamable, powerful a soul as was ever put in the world to do a big work. Don't you see she will only wear herself out, struggling against this restraint? Pardon me,—I respect the convent. I knowit's the best field of work for some; but surely, not for all? You don't believe that,—for all?"

Sister Angela smiled, not unkindly: "As you are so much in earnest, I will talk with you, though I hardly see how this concerns you. Ruth has confided to you her present hatred of the life here. Do you realize that she is a child of eleven only? That after the unusual freedom of her former life, such rebellion is only childlike?"

"Then you think her an ordinary child!"

"I am hardly well enough acquainted with the 'ordinary' child to see. I see nothing extraordinary in her but her obstinacy, which it is my devout hope that I may some day bend to the will of the Almighty and His ministers. That done, I trust that her soul will perform its service here with the rest, and will find its highest happiness in such service."

"May I ask," said he after a pause, "what led to her being brought here?"

"It is a personal question. However—it was the death of her parents. I am her half-sister. I was the only one left to be her guardian. Believe me, young man, that I am not dead to the sense of my responsibility. The question of her bringing-up

has been the subject of much of my most fervent thought and

prayer."

"I pray to Heaven, then," said Augustine, "that you may realize your mistake. Sister Angela, before it's too late, in Heaven's name, don't imprison that soul! Believe me, before it is too late. Perhaps I know her better than you do, through the friendship she has given me and denied you. You must believe me, she has a power that will never find its outlet in a convent. It was not given her to be wasted. It must not be, Sister Angela! Will you give her to me? As I am a man responsible to God, I will make it the work of my life to give her the chance to do her work in the world. This isn't an impulse. It's the outcome of the most fervent thinking I've ever given anything. Will you consider it?"

"Hardly."

"Don't say that! This is not a whim. Sister Angela, think of the power of love in that child's soul; think of that imagination; think of that fire and vitality and power to do,—and answer whether this prison-life is a crime or not against the Maker of that soul. Answer!"

"I settled these questions, long ago."

"But Sister Angela, then educate her here, break her spirit and 'obstinacy' here for years to come. But later—later give her one chance in the world she belongs in. Give her to me later. She shall be my sacred trust."

"And what is your claim on her?" asked the nun, quietly. "I am her guardian."

"My claim? I have none now—that you would recognize. But you can give me one."

"And how?"

"I will promise to marry her. I will give you my oath, if

you'll accept it."

The nun's amazement here broke through the impassiveness of her features. "This proposal, surely, is not the outcome of fervent thinking."

"Yes, it is."

"You mean, you realize-"

"I do."

"Then, I hardly understand."

"No?" He searched her face with his eyes. "I don't believe I can make you, but I'll try. I hoped to do my share of

the world's work. I knew it would be awfully small, but still I hoped I could do something for somebody, by doing my best. I was studying to be a doctor. My plans were upset a few weeks ago. I find myself appointed to lie on my back for some years. Since I've known Ruth, I've realized what the power-to-do is; she has it. Surely, the least for me, if I can't do my own share now, is to help some one else do hers? Sister Angela, will you give me a claim on her?"

"The claim to marry her!—in future years, when she has changed? when she may not care for you? I am a nun, and not altogether worldly-wise, but I see how preposterous that is which you ask. My dear young brother, you will see it yourself some day. You are very young." She paused. "Do you

do this strictly from a sense of duty? a high duty?"

"I love her, too." An overpowering faintness was beginning to steal over him.

"But you proposed it from a sense of duty?"

"Yes," he answered. "If you knew-" He could not finish.

"It was a mistaken sense, then—how mistaken, you will see some day. But—"

The rest was lost, for after the sleepless night of thought and struggle with himself, how great a struggle he alone ever knew, this talk had used up the last of his strength. The rest of the nun's words were lost, yet before his consciousness left him he felt, as he realized afterwards, the impression of a kiss on his forehead,—a kiss that seemed very cold and far away.

He found the Mother Superior with him, when he came to himself again. She urged him not to go until a later day. When she saw that he was firm in his decision she insisted no more. "Will you see the little girl before you go?" she asked.

"Let her come now, please," he answered abruptly. His tone seemed to surprise her; but she left the room without saying more, and came back with Ruth, who had been waiting outside—how impatiently her eyes told.

Before speaking to him, she looked appealingly at the nun. "Aren't you going out?" she asked, "I'd like to speak with him in private!"

"Hush!" said the Mother. "That is not courteous."

"But," remonstrated Ruth, "I must see him alone."

"Speak with him now," said the Mother quietly. "I will wait here where I am."

The child flung back her head and looked at her. "Some day you won't have the chance to do me a favor!" Then she whispered to Augustine, "My clothes are all ready in a lovely bundle. Have you told them, or shall I?"

"O my little friend!" was all he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that-it wasn't any use."

"What do you mean?" she repeated. "You said—oh, what do you mean?"

"Nothing! except—we must both be prisoners a little longer—both; do you understand? Ruth! will you kiss me good-bye?"
But she drew away from him, out of reach. "I see what you mean," she said. "You told me you'd do your best."

" I did."

The look in her eyes allowed him to say no more. She gave way to no burst of childish sorrow. She stood trembling with suppressed anger. Its power seemed to lift her for the moment out of her childhood. She stood and looked at him; then turned to the Mother Superior, and said quietly, pointing at him, "He is a liar." Another instant, and she was a child again; the tears came. But she controlled her sobs until she had crossed the room and closed the door behind her. She did not come back again, and a few hours later he left the convent.

MARIAN EDWARDS RICHARDS.

TO A SWEET VIOLINIST

O maiden fair, with violin
Claspt close beneath your dainty chin,
In dreaming mood you seem to stand,
Your bow light raisèd in your hand,
Sweet Music's spirit shining in
Your wondering eyes. With magic wand
Sway me with strains from that far land
Your soul delights to travel in;
O maiden fair!

Play to me songs of Love and Spring! You need but touch the idle string And melodies, or sad or gay, Steal dreamily their tuneful way Into my heart, and make it sing In unison with what you play,

O maiden fair.

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

THE FABLES OF IVAN KRILOF

If a law of Biogenesis were formulated in regard to fables it would read: The stages of the fable's development equal the stages of its appreciation by the individual. A child cares most for the story, later in life he considers the fable as a piece of literature, and finally the man experienced in the ways of the world is pleased by the shrewd insight into human nature. Thus, the ancient fable was a mere narrative about concrete things to show the relation of events in the spiritual and moral world. Even in the Eastern fables, the Oriental splendor was an accessory which crept in because of the writer's environment. In the later fable the emphasis was laid on the setting. From a bare narrative it became a story with dramatic force. But however great the elaboration, the fable until very recently has been kept sufficiently simple in idea to suit the minds of the most uncultured. Recently the moral, though less obvious, has gained attention through the increased bitterness of its satire. This may be the reason that there has been with one exception no celebrated fabulist in recent times. This exception is a Russian, Ivan Krilof. And the reason that he is an exception is, that although he wrote in the first half of the present century, his work belongs in many respects with La Fontaine, two centuries earlier. Krilof often imitated and was always inspired by La Fontaine. The idea of both was to make the fable's moral perfectly obvious, and at the same time to make the setting so charming that the moral would not be offensive. Maybe Krilof dared to make the moral prominent because he wrote in a country where the people, by which I mean those called the common people, were ready for only the simplest literature.

Since to judge a poem from a prose translation is impossible, we shall have to take the translator's word for it that the fables were written in "clear, idiomatic Russian, in perfect verse." He expresses a fear lest English readers find them but "quaint curiosities in prose rendering," since much of their excellence depends "on the choice felicity of their language and the artistic structure of their verse."

Quaint curiosities some of them certainly are, yet others have a strangely familiar sound. Since Krilof was influenced by La Fontaine, and La Fontaine was influenced by Æsop and Phædrus, it was inevitable that he should use that oldest of all tricks of the trade, the animal fable. Children are usually pleased by these animal stories. Even after their bow-wow days, they delight to hear animals talk. Yet however much we may once have enjoyed animal fables, they certainly have their limitations. It appears that a long time ago—it must have had some connection with the laws of the Medes and the Persians-men decided that they would endow animals with certain human qualities. Hence in all animal stories from that time until we were introduced to the Jungle folk, the fox has been cunning. the goose foolish, the donkey stupid. These puppets serve very well to point a moral, but puppets never adorn a tale. And although Krilof, like La Fontaine, shows his dramatic ability in his management of structure, the artificiality is there just as much as it was with Æsop and Phædrus.

Fortunately Krilof has not confined himself to animal fables. With the Russian peasant for his medium, he shows all the weaknesses of human nature. There is no carefully worked-out picture of Russian life; in fact the localization is at first scarcely apparent. It is only after reading a great many fables that one discovers a Russia in them all, a Russia of snows and bears in winter, swollen streams destroying crops in the spring, peasants oppressed by land-owners, an unheeding tyrannical government, and to lighten the picture the superstitions and festivals of a northern people. Then each fable has a new meaning and we see why the translator said that the fables live on the lips and in the hearts of old and young, rich and poor.

The moral, that necessary evil in a fable, is always stated at the end with an uncomplimentary distinctness which is almost rude. One resents a scream in the ear about a thing which one understood perfectly before. Now while these little statements which the author finds it necessary to make are almost always purely didactic, occasionally they are so shrewd, so full of humor, that they give the whole fable the force of a satire. Besides the usual lessons of the fabulist about greed, avarice, and tyranny, in which the sinner is brought to immediate punishment, many of Krilof's fables deal with social and political events. During Napoleon's invasion of Russia, Krilof wrote a

great number of little satires to express his contempt for the incompetency of Russian officials, and also his bitter hatred of Napoleon. The most readable of his fables are those quaint little sketches which ridicule man's petty failings, his boastfulness, his little tricks to get the better of his neighbor, his susceptibility to flattery. Krilof was a man who cared absolutely nothing for appearances. Society was bearable only so long as it was informal. He shows his enjoyment of the weaknesses of his neighbors in a fable called "The Geese," which might have appeared in the New York Life. A man who was driving some geese to market did not treat them very politely. The geese declared it a shame that they, the descendants of the geese who saved Rome, should be treated so shamefully. To the questions of a passer-by who asked what they themselves had done, they kept protesting that their ancestors saved Rome. When they were at length forced to confess that they had done nothing, the passer-by said: Let your ancestors rest in peace, they have received honorable reward; but you, my friends, are only fit to be roasted. To which Krilof adds, "It would be easy to make this fable far more intelligible, but I am afraid of offending the geese."

This clemency in the case of the geese is very unusual on Krilof's part. In his political and social fables Krilof makes it perfectly evident whom he is satirizing. He even in some cases uses real names. This fearless criticism of the government or whatsoever else he chooses, presents a decided contrast to the usual idea of Russia as a country where a policeman is hiding behind every snowdrift waiting to take to Siberia any murmurer against the state. Krilof even wrote a fable against the censorship which at that time, 1824, was doing its best to crush Russian literature out of existence. We are not told that he ever suffered in any way, except that on several occasions the censors made him cut out or change parts of his fables. One the censors refused to let him publish, because it was supposed to reflect on the Czar. At one of the court masquerades Krilof read it to the Czar, who was so pleased that he kissed him on both cheeks saying, "Write away old man, write away."

This seems to have been the usual feeling towards him in Russia, a simple, kindly man whom everyone loved, a poet whom everyone admired, and a satirist whom no one dreaded.

FRANCES LYNCH.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE POPPIES' NIGHT-SONG

Our hue is the hue of passion, Our breath is the breath of sleep; Come, feast on our beauty, O Mortal, Come, taste of the draught that we steep.

Oh, hast thou our splendor forgotten?
The wealth of our scarlet pride?
The velvety touch of our petals
That cling and will not be denied?

At dawn we rival Aurora,
At noon the sun's glory eclipse,
At eve we are naught—but thy lover,
We faint—for the touch of thy lips.

By the moon and the stars we reveal thee The blood-red depths of our heart, Our life's sacred mystery teach thee, And draw thee from all men apart.

When thy senses through passion grow weary, And loving is almost a pain, Our breast a couch shall provide thee,— Our life-blood thy cheek redly stain.

Oh, then shalt thou taste of our fragrance, Shalt drink in our dying breath, Our life with thine own life commingling Shall bring thee oblivion,—death.

Come, take thou the boon that we offer,
'Tis undreamed-of bliss that we keep:—
To know all love's unrevealed glory—
And then fall forever asleep.

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY.

In this age of Bible Classes and Mission Schools and Sunday School books, it is very seldom that a child fails to catch a most

The Frailty of Youth with the measles and the whooping cough and the other regulation dis-

eases. My cousin Edith did not escape the infection. With most children it wears off without any actual result, but as Edith was a very practical and energetic young person she strove hard to find some active outlet for her new religious zeal. She had read harrowing tales of death-bed conversions and saintly newsboys, and her soul was filled with admiration for the gospel-speaking little girls who reform their erring parents. How nice it must be to save a man from deadly sin. Why shouldn't she try to reform some poor drunken father or a cruel mother, or even a bullying boy. After such a deed as that people would really admire and esteem her. She could imagine how Mr. Brown, the Superintendent, would say in Sunday School, "Children, before singing the last hymn, I want to tell you of a noble deed performed by one of the members of our little flock." Edith almost blushed at the mere thought of such glory. "This dear child has been led by her noble heart to reform a drunken father"-or shall it be three, Edith wondered,-"and has brought life and hope and happiness into a ruined home," etc. After such an honor as that mamma would never dare to scold her for tearing her dress or slapping the baby, though of course a child philanthropist who has reformed drunken fathers would never slap the baby. Then she wondered what she would reform first. On consideration she did not seem to know a large number of dirty children, or even unkind parents. As for bullies, all her little boy friends were remarkably polite children, who wore big white collars and made nice bows in dancing school. The bullies were really hard to find. Then she thought of Don and me, her small cousins. We weren't exactly bullies, but we didn't know very many Bible texts and hymns. Here was her chance. We should be properly instructed in religion, she would see to it.

Edith came over one afternoon and proposed that we have weekly prayer-meetings. "We will have prayers, and read the Bible and sing hymns and take up a collection, like what they have in church, just we three," she said. "I'll do the praying because I don't think you children are old enough, and then I'll

teach you nice Bible verses, like 'Jesus wept,' and after you've learned them you can race to see who can say them quickest. If Don is very good he can bring his bean-blower."

Don did bring his bean-blower. In fact he refused to come without it. All through the meetings his spirit of obstinacy was the one jarring note. In the first place he *would* kneel during the prayers before the biggest chair he could find, though as he was only five and small for his age, his head hardly came above the chair seat. This greatly annoyed Edith, because as she said it made the prayer-meeting ridiculous.

Don also greatly disturbed us by weeping when he found he was expected to put some of his cherished pennies in the silver card tray which Edith solemnly passed around. We explained that the money was to be invested in toys for the little "darkies down South. They haven't any engines or any dolls or anything." But Don refused to be interested in the little darkies down South until he saw us lead the way, I giving a nice new quarter, and Edith a whole dollar. This we were going to spend in dolls and Jack-straws, the toys we each liked best. Then Don was seized with the spirit of self-sacrifice. He scrambled up-stairs for his trick-dog bank, from which he extracted after some delicate manipulation with a hat-pin, his Christmas five dollar gold piece. This he said he was going to spend in real iron freight cars for those little "Darks down South."

After Don's donation the rivalry in generosity ran high. Edith and I strove to outdo Don with his gold piece. Edith was always ahead of me in this. She was all through the leading spirit of the meeting. She read the Bible, she sang, she played, while we looked admiringly on.

One day we had an interruption, a caller. The meetings were held in the parlor, the sitting-room being much too commonplace and secular for Edith's taste. The maid ushered in the caller in the midst of our last and most important meeting. I looked at Edith for a clue, expecting to find her highly irate, but no, she smiled reassuringly and whispered, "Never mind, Helen, she thinks we're such good children." Edith was secretly greatly pleased that her mother's friends should know "what a sweet good child Mrs. Gordon's little girl is." It's no fun being an Elsie Dinsmore unless people know it.

We had collected about ten dollars when the time came for

the departure of the Missionary Society box which was to take our contributions with it. We were to buy our toys with the money and then in triumph bear them to the church to be packed in the barrel by the Dorcas Society. Our arrival there Edith had often described to us in glowing colors. "We will walk modestly in, carrying all the toys done up in big white paper bundles. Then the ladies will all say, 'Oh, here are Mrs. Gordon's little children with some things from their mother. Thank you very much, my dears, and tell your mother that we are a thousand times obliged.' Then we'll say, 'Mamma didn't send you these things. We bought them ourselves with our prayer-meeting money.' And then they'll ask us all about it, and be so surprised, and won't it be lovely!"

Neither mamma nor Edith's mother could go with us to buy the toys on the afternoon the box was to be packed. They had to pour for the minister's wife at a big church tea. After much teasing, however, we persuaded them to let us go alone. We went to Parker's toy shop and spent a most delightful hour buying dolls and steam-cars and games. Then we went to the church. We formed in triumphal procession, Edith as oldest in front, and Don behind, each bearing our own purchases. We went through the Sunday School room towards the Ladies' Parlor. The great moment had come. But alas, there on the door was a notice, "On account of the tea at the Parsonage, the Dorcas Society will not pack the barrel. Please leave contributions with the janitor, who will attend to the packing."

"Oh dear!" sobbed Edith, "how perfectly horrid! Hump, what do I care about their old janitor! He sha'n't pack up all my lovely games. I'd rather take 'em home and keep 'em!"

"Oh let's, let's," Don called out at this point. "I want my nice engines. I'm goin' to take them home!"

"All right, let's," said I.

Edith wavered, and then the remembrance of those fascinating magnetic Jack-straws was too much for her resolution. "Come, quick before any one sees us," she said, turning and running out of the room with all her bundles.

Don rejoiced in his engines with an unruffled spirit, but Edith and I had compunctions whenever we played with our dolls and Jack-straws. We couldn't help remembering the little darkies with their poor little corncob dolls, and we regretted our action. All of which goes to show that girls have more conscience than boys.

HELEN ZABRISKIE HOWES.

BRANDED

We met, and at a single glance
A spark was kindled in my breast,
But as we talked—oh fatal chance!—
In careless wise I made a jest.
Too soon we parted; then I heard—
Oh grim reward of my endeavor!
Oh final, hopeless, damning word!—
He called me clever.

Oh flush of hope so quick to fade!

Oh deadly joke! Oh words accurst!

Though new impressions may be made
'Tis only one can be the first.

Unhappy being that I am,

Branded and stigmatized forever,

Why did I make that epigram?

He thinks me clever!

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

Is there a person in this world of self-seekers who does not at some time cry out against the injustice of wealth? Given two

The Place in the World for Inventive Genius

human beings with equal mental capacities and equal opportunities of using them, what principle of justice awards to one and

not the other the prize which has its visible outcome in horses and carriages, trips to Europe and ermine capes? Life offers no answer to this problem, experience has never found one; we have merely a poor make-shift which is twice as problematic as the problem itself, and only goes so far as to put it in another form and prove it is a problem. Dame Experience says, "Concern thyself with learning and thou shalt be poor, concern thyself with inventions and thou shalt be rich." In her recordbook stands this statement: "Professor of Latin—poverty; Inventor of 'Pigs in Clover'—wealth." And we bow our heads over our Latin books and wish with a sigh half proud, half regretful, that we were rich or famous. We must know Latin and yet how difficult our learning if it were not for printing, if some one had not invented matches.

Thus they stand, inventive genius and intellectual genius, opposed and yet dependent on each other; which will you choose?

It is true that in Dame Experience's book of facts, on the one hand, stand the names of inventors who have died before this slow world was ready to give them their well-deserved reward, and on the other hand, the names of men who have put all their time and money into an oil-can and lived to see the explosion of it and their fortunes. Yet, notwithstanding these facts written upon the dark pages of Experience's book, turn back to the more numerous white pages, and, if you wish for the gratitude of mankind and your own claim upon wealth, pray the fates for the power that produced "Pigs in Clover" and matches.

If such a demand of the people has often made inventors wealthy men, if bags of gold balance the ends of every patent clothes-stretcher, there must be an unbounded place in the world and wealth untouched, waiting for the solvers of small daily problems, who will economize our precious minutes and our poor strength. Think of the things the world wishes otherwise, from childhood days when the time spent in washing seems a criminal waste, to the years of the housekeeper whose face is wrinkled with the eternal routine of food and clothing. Then admit that all the children of all civilized nations and all the care-worn housekeepers would shower honor upon the fortunate inventor who would either abolish the fashion of cleanliness or imprison the dirt, and who would make dinner an affair of pills and clothing affairs of cast-iron. Science permits us to talk to our friends over hundreds of miles, why not see them at such a distance also? Night and day, days and weeks are altogether too arbitrary divisions. Have you never wished for two Sundays in succession, or that you might do all your sleeping at once? Just invent a way and win renown. Davs will come when the everlasting learning and unlearning in life seem a lack of foresight in our make-up. Why cannot each generation store up the learning and strength of its ancestors and thus the world go on growing wiser and stronger until we have a race of Solomons and Goliaths?

If ideas fail, there is the White Knight of the Looking-glass World. Only test his cure for baldness and admit his genius. Hair falls off because it hangs down—things never fall upwards—let it creep up an upright stick, "like a fruit-tree," and there is old age made acceptable. The White Knight would give an impetus to civilization that would carry it many steps forward,

not to mention the advantage to himself that would result from the moneyed gratitude of the world, for we are greatly in need of a White Knight. So if you ever chance to meet a lazy old white horse grazing by the road-side with numberless contrivances hanging from its back, search in the ditch near by for a pair of short, helpless legs encased in tin armor. When you have pulled the owner safely out, do not let him go, for behind his gently questioning eyes and foolish smile is a mind which may smooth out many a wrinkle of mankind by a "plan of my own invention."

In the meantime, until we find the White Knight, let him who can make a plan of his own invention; and in view of this, why unduly discourage the boy who economizes on handwashing and gives the extra time to electric batteries? For certainly past experience and the present state of civilization, however advanced, prove that the world opens wide its arms for the man with inventive genius.

MARY HOADLY CHASE.

It was after the first act of Carmen. He was sitting several rows in front of me, and I am afraid that I watched him more attentively than the stage. He was de-Between the Acts licious. He was clothed in a brand-new

dress-suit painfully correct in every detail, and he had that air of bored and accustomed indifference which betokens extreme youth. He had sauntered slowly down the aisle exactly ten minutes late, and I had seen him bow magnificently to several young girls in the boxes. He was "doing the heavy swell."

Precisely as the curtain went down on the first act I saw him reach cautiously under the seat and draw forth a silk hat. He gave it a furtive dab or two with his handkerchief, and clasped it, with studied carelessness, loosely between his fingers. Then flinging his opera coat jauntily over his arm he stepped into the aisle, glancing carelessly along the boxes as he moved.

He was looking magnificently, grandly blasé. He caught the eye of a pretty girl in a stage-box and bowed majestically. A small boy laden with "librettos of the op'ry" stood in the aisle. I trembled, but the youth did not notice him. The boy dodged; they collided. The cherished silk hat dropped to the

floor, and the mortified youth and the small boy reached for it at the same time, so that instead of either of them grasping it they merely set it rolling down the aisle. The small boy gave up the chase and the youth made a gallant dive, but in vain; the hat only rolled the faster. A girl in an aisle seat snickered, and the agonized youth, blushing purple, broke into a half run after his flying head-gear. It came to an ignominious halt against the orchestra railing, and was restored to its trembling owner with a flourish by the man who plays the trombone.

He snatched it convulsively, and this time regardless of appearances, he fled up the aisle and out of the building, while the audience smiled a sympathetic smile, and the girl in the stagebox retired behind her fan.

I looked for him eagerly at the beginning of the second act, but he didn't come back.

MARGARET EWING WILKINSON.

THE ARTIST'S MODEL

You'sat upon the cliff's rough edge
And swung your heels above the tide,
And jeered the anxious gulls that spied
Us trespassing upon their ledge.

I saw beneath your quaint looped hat Your saucy profile: tilted nose, Pert lips, with pout that comes and goes, Enchanting, too—because of that.

And how you seized your draperies
When greyhound breakers, fierce as fleet,
Snapped at your frisky little feet,
So bold to frolic with the seas!

Your face may win a prize or two,
Sweet silhouette against the sea.
You looked so trustingly at me,
Nor dreamed that I was sketching you!
GRACE WOLCOTT HAZARD.

EDITORIAL

That June day on which our active connection with the college comes to an end marks for most of us the sharpest transition our lives have yet seen. Beyond it lies something vaguely described to us as "the wide, wide world," and whether we look forward to this with dread or eagerness or a mixture of the two, we feel that it is something as yet quite unknown. Pre-collegiate days were too confessedly immature to give a foretaste of it, and vacations have been mere delightful interludes in the serious business of our college careers. For some the immediate future has already taken a definite shape, such as teaching or travel; others know only that they intend to "do something." For perhaps the greatest number the first duty is to live at home, to recover or create a place in the home community, and take up old interests or find new ones there. But for all alike there is the sharp line of division: on one side the sheltered world apart, so deeply known, so keenly enjoyed, so fascinating in its completeness; on the other, that unknown something which must contain new interests, new ties, new and graver responsibilities. And the more complete has been the individual's absorption in the former, the less facile is this abrupt transition. It is too often not without cause that relatives and friends complain of the newly-fledged alumna as restless. vaguely dissatisfied, uninterested in the life about her-in short, in need of a long and often painful readjustment.

But if a certain feeling of strangeness in the first few months after graduation were the only evil result of marking college off from life, it would hardly be worth making a fuss about. If we have any stamina at all, we can surely fare forth on our adventures with hope and buoyancy and high resolves. The first plunge in cold water is disheartening, but the tingling glow of the reaction is a true test of health. Unless our trust is entirely misplaced, we shall in the long run find our interests in life more numerous, broader and more vital for our college training.

Unhappily, there is another element in the problem: the harm done by regarding the college as an isolated experience, not after, but before graduation. It is so easy to set these four years apart, and let, not only the dead Past bury its dead, but the unborn Future care for its unborn! Our present interest, we say, is with the college, and it is well worthy the most strenuous effort we can give. It is not only that we fail to adjust our work upon any broad view of what will be most serviceable hereafter, but we too often subject our strength and vital force to a strain which the responsibilities of after life may prove not foolish merely, but almost criminal. After this the deluge, might seem to be our motto. If these statements appear exaggerated, consider how much insistence is laid on a weak girl's ability to "get through," as if the breakdown in July were of no consequence to one who had triumphantly received her diploma in June.

It is above all in view of this tendency to over-exertion at the end that I offer a plea for a deeper sense of continuity; for a realization that college, which in one aspect is a whole, is in another most important aspect but a subordinate part; and for a little serious reflection on the probable reason why those last days are called, not Conclusion, but Commencement.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The serious articles of the college magazines belong to the large body of the unappreciated; unregarded by the general reader, they yet form a valuable test of respective worth. Not that the best magazine is that which has the most "heavies," but that a certain amount of good critical writing is considered necessary to establish serious claims to literary excellence. That the "heavies" vary in excellence need scarcely be said. There is as much difference in their respective merit as in the position they occupy, which fluctuates, in the different Monthlies, from the insecurity of a possible one a month to the inevitable certainty of five or six. In subject three-fourths, if not more, deal with literary criticism, being prize essays and Literature papers as a rule. The rest are theses in other subjects, with an occasional voluntary discussion of political or college problems.

These last are decidedly the most valuable in thought, from the magazine point of view, as being unforced expressions from a standpoint usually hard to get at. They are unfortunately so rare as hardly to come under a general discussion. The careful reasoning and direct phrasing of the discussion of desirable qualifications in the new President, in the Yale Literary Magazine for this month, deserve mention. It is a noteworthy representative of a rare type of undergraduate writing; criticism, in the true sense, of the institution one belongs to, desirable alike to governing and governed. Free discussion of the powers that be is highly characteristic of all American institutions; and the just and scientific expression of the results is surely preferable, in a university no less than in a state, to the noxious ferment of suppressed complaint.

The literary articles, however, demand the most attention, not only as being the most numerous, but as representing the line of college work of which the magazines are professedly the exponents. The merits and defects of these papers are the merits and defects of all college papers. They are enthusiastic,

well-ordered and occasionally truly critical, showing neither the indifference nor the affectation which so often mar the work of professional writers of the lower orders, whose only idea of criticism is an unusual point of view. On the other hand, there are certain defects, chief among which are vagueness and lack of imagination.

Vagueness is caused by the use of general terms; sweeping criticisms unsubstantiated by proof; in personal studies, broad characterization unillustrated by details; and by the use of such conventional expressions as "atmosphere," "inevitable phrasing," and "universality of meaning," which, unless carefully restricted, convey an uncomfortable impression that the writer is hard-up for something to say. The best way to avoid vagueness is to pin ourselves down to what we really think, not what we think we ought to think; to go into as much detail as possible; and to say nothing that we are not perfectly sure we understand. The opposite extreme is of course the patch-work of quotations, from which must be distinguished that natural imitation of the style of the author studied which is by many writers, Stevenson among others, considered one of the best methods of perfecting a style of one's own.

As to the second fault, a plea for imagination, with the personality which it includes, will be echoed by all who know the rigid self-consciousness and consequent self-elimination of most undergraduate writing. The joy with which a rare paper is hailed as "just like herself, you know," testifies to this. Considering the estimation in which the personal essay has been held since the days of Charles Lamb, it is strange that selfexpression is not more commonly indulged in. The scientific value of our papers must inevitably be limited, the literary value may be as great as that of any self-revelation. The only principle that can be laid down for so intangible an effect, is 'say what you feel, and feel as much as you can honestly.' No affectation or servile adulation will suffice, while all true feeling is admirable for its sincerity if for nothing else. It is our abominable Saxon dread of ridicule alone that prevents its expression. Finally, to go back to perhaps the oldest of the innumerable definitions of style, "the man himself," how can we ever hope for style, if we insist upon being Mrs. Grundy's manikins, instead of the commonplace but still genuine specimens of humanity, ourselves.

BOOK REVIEWS

*"A LABORATORY MANUAL IN ASTRONOMY," by Mary E. Byrd, A. B., Director of the Observatory, Smith College. The objection usually raised to pursuing the study of astronomy by a laboratory method is that such a method necessitates very expensive instruments and a considerable knowledge of mathematics. Miss Mary E. Byrd in her "Laboratory Manual in Astronomy" denies that this is a valid objection, holding that for students beginning the study of astronomy the most practical and helpful are "the simple observations which teach them how to see, and enable them to gather at first hand a store of pleasant astronomical information."

With the exception of the first two chapters, which contain general directions for conducting observations and descriptions of the simple home-made instruments to be used, each chapter has two main divisions. The first is an inclusive list of questions on the subject of the chapter; the second, under the heading, "Suggestions and Illustrations," states briefly the topics which may be considered, and gives examples of the working out of special problems and the actual observations taken to illustrate various points. The Manual will be found very suggestive to all teachers of astronomy, and helpful for all students of the upper High School or collegiate grades.

† "TRIMALCHIO'S DINNER," by Petronius Arbiter, translated from the Latin with an introduction by Harry Thurston Peck. In translating the Cena Trimalchionis, Mr. Peck has attempted to do on a smaller scale what Professor Jowett did in his translation of Plato, and what Professor Moulton is attempting in his version of the Bible,—to preserve in an English rendering the literary form and character of the original. The scholarly spirit in Mr. Peck's work is at once indicated by the introduction. The study of the prose fiction of Greece and Rome is sufficiently exhaustive to be of value to the student, and at the same time it appeals to the general reader by virtue of its interesting, somewhat narrative style.

The translation, however, will scarcely appeal to a large class of readers, by virtue either of subject matter or any notable excellence of style. The Cena Trimalchionis itself, as a contemporary picture of the Roman bourgeoisie of the first century, appeals to the interest of the sociologist; as one of the earliest pieces of realistic prose fiction, it must be of great interest and importance to the student of the development of literature. But so far as the subject matter alone is concerned, it deals with such a mixture of vulgarity and gluttony as to be most unattractive unless invested with some special reason for interest; it is only partly redeemed by a certain freshness and satirical humor with which it is told. It is toward preserving this spirit in the writing that the translator has chiefly directed his efforts. In seeking to render into English the argot and the slang with which the original abounds, he has exhausted the resources of "Chimmie Fadden" and other

^{*} Ginn & Co. + Dodd, Mead & Co.

valuable storehouses of modern slang. In some cases the substitution is admirably made; the meaning and spirit are preserved without affecting the atmosphere. But in other cases the anachronistic jar is most pronounced; we meet a "tupenny-ha-penny gladiator"; a man who is "hot stuff" and has "plenty of rocks"; while one guest asserts that something is "as easy as to say Jack Robinson." Since the account is of a Roman dinner, which must remain a Roman dinner from a Roman point of view even though translated into English, we cannot help feeling that the use of slang and of expressions so characteristically modern is a great mistake, and that Mr. Peck has impaired the literary value of his work by destroying atmosphere in his unreserved attempts to preserve the spirit.

In some respects, however, the translation is well done; the style is easy and varied; slight differentiations of character and attitude are well preserved, and some rather clever renderings given to jokes and epigrams. The good points of the translation, combined with the earnest and scholarly character of the introduction, command for the book as a whole both consideration and respect.

* "Social Ideals in English Letters," by Vida D. Scudder. "This book is to consider English Literature in its social aspect." In these opening words Miss Scudder gives us the purpose of her work. It is an historical analysis of the development of society-study in English Literature, from early Saxon times down to our own day. The author takes up in order those individual writers whose contributions to our social ideas have been especially noteworthy, but she does not neglect to sketch in the intervening years with sufficient fullness to show their general tendency and influence. In this way Langland, Sir Thomas More and Swift, Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold, are treated in detail. One chapter is devoted to the growth of social ideals in America, another to contemporary literature on social questions.

The book is admirable in the clearness of its arrangement. The reader is made to feel the steady growth of the social idea from its first vague beginnings to its present self-conscious activity. The main points in this progress are dwelt upon with due emphasis, and the criticism of individual authors is acute and well supported. The book does not attempt to be in any way constructive, but critical and suggestive. Miss Scudder offers no solution to the problems whose study she is discussing, but points encouragingly to the development of an alert and responsible attitude toward them. Through all the pages there runs a note of healthy, reasonable optimism. Miss Scudder's style is always clear and pleasant, often strong and vivid; but there is an inclination to multiply details and the vividness occasionally lapses into overpicturesqueness.

A marked quality of the book is its sympathetic spirit. Many pages are necessarily devoted to exposing the weakness of various social schemes, their limitations and contradictions; but Miss Scudder's criticism is always kindly—her estimates of men always sympathetic. Her treatment is characteristic of our best modern spirit: the social organism is the object of study, but the dignity of the individual receives full appreciation.

^{*} Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

There is one thing which the Alumnæ Department might do, it seems to me, and that is to show those who will soon become alumnæ how they may answer the question which some of us hear asked by ourselves without finding any satisfactory answer—how are you going to support yourself?

Among all the Smith College graduates whom I know, I am the only one who turned to stenography for my answer to this question, and therefore I am writing of my experience as possibly it may prove helpful to someone else. In the first place I must admit that my reason for becoming a stenographer was one which does not usually prompt the prospective earner of money. It seemed the only line of work for which I could fit myself quickly and at small cost, and which promised certain employment when mastered. I had been out of college ten years, and had been interested in matters artistic as far as any definite training was concerned; in matters domestic and social as far as my daily life outside the art classes was concerned. Therefore teaching, for example, was not to be considered for a moment, as I had nothing to show as a proof of my fitness for this work but my ten-year-old sheepskin, and as under these circumstances I could hope for only a very poor position in return for my very poor qualifications,—a state of affairs which I thought only just. Indeed, there seem always more teachers than positions, and certainly a mediocre teacher such as I knew I should be could scarcely expect to find employment at all, to say nothing of hoping for any at a fairly good salary. If I had such meager training as a teacher, I had none at all for any other work-for I soon found that if I wanted to make any money I must, to quote an old wood-carver who had taught me very much about his chosen calling, "hang art up on a peg." But in stenography, even in the routine of the office work of a business house, there are always positions open for one who not only understands shorthand, but who has some conception of the relation of verb to subject, and of sound to sense.

Much of the ordinary office work is extremely tedious and monotonous,—the hours of work are long, sometimes the work itself is mechanical, and much of it seems mere red tape to the novice in the ways of the commercial world. But there is always appreciation for intelligent performance of this work, and always, sooner or later, a tangible expression of this in better salary, and more responsible duties. But stenography is needed not only in the offices where work is carried on each day in the week from January to January without break save for the legal holidays, possibly Saturday afternoons, and two weeks in summer; it is also becoming more and more necessary in all sorts of work where the typewriter never used to be heard with its clat-

tering keys and its jingling little bell. For instance, now it is the rule for a busy physician to employ an amanuensis, and this not only in the large cities, but even in small country towns as well. Here the work is not as monotonous as that ordinarily to be done in the office of any large business house, because it is not subdivided until one feels as if subdivision could go no further without converting one into a mere automaton. Only one stenographer is employed here, and there is practically no limit to what an intelligent and educated woman may do, so that she can take a pleasure in the work itself which she cannot feel in much of the work required in more purely commercial concerns. Then, too, in such work as this the hours are far less exacting, and if one works for the specialists of a large city, one usually has from two to three months' vacation in the summer, besides being able to arrange one's work so as to have practically as much time as one wishes each day, for as a rule one physician does not require a stenographer's entire time, so that one may work in one place two hours each day, say, at so much a month; one hour three times a week in another, etc. Then, too, a really good stenographer can usually find plenty of employment in doing special pieces of work. This is true in various lines, but citing only the medical, many physicians require a stenographer when writing a pamphlet, preparing a paper to be read at some medical congress, or in the revision of some treatise.

In New York there is one stenographer who is a college graduate and who expresses wonder that more college women do not recognize the possibilities of this rather despised calling for those who are well educated. She is the proprietor of a bureau of editorial revision, and receives sufficient work to require a staff of assistants and to give her a comfortable income—as the result of hard work, of course, but I think the positions offering good pay for little effort are extremely rare. Of course no one who was not well educated and who had not been specially trained along literary lines could successfully undertake such work as this—hence its peculiar suitability for the woman with a college course at the foundation of her training. Almost all literary work must be typewritten, and one can understand an author's appreciation of a typewriter with a brain, and a well trained one at that.

In many ways the work of a stenographer is extremely exacting and oftentimes very wearing, but for one who has business ability it offers a chance of success in the kind of work for which she has the greatest ability, and in which, consequently, she will in the end find the most pleasure. There are many pursuits to which it presents an introduction. For anyone who wishes to study law but cannot afford, in addition to the college course, the expense of the technical training, stenography offers the coveted opportunity. I know one college graduate who took up stenography as I did, who gradually rose step by step in the office which she entered as an assistant stenographer, until she has now become an LL.D. and is commanding a good salary besides doing the work for which she is mentally fitted.

It is now four years since I began my search for some way of earning money, and I can remember most vividly how utterly inadequate I considered the suggestions made to me by others when I asked for advice. I longed for some one who would tell me just what to do and how to do it, and I never

doubted that many could do this if only I could reach them. Now I have concluded that each one must help himself, that all that others can do is to offer suggestions—here a hint and there a hint—which must be used as material and laboriously wrought into one's own house of fame. That is, you can't go to another, ask for definite instructions, and following these find your individual niche.

I realize that the word salary occurs often in what I have said, and that the idea is at the bottom of it all; but the fact that the salary alone induces much of our work to be done is quite patent to any one who looks about him. The one who has such a clear guiding in his own wishes as to permit no uncertainty in his choice, and whose circumstances make it possible for him to follow his wishes, will need no hint as to what to do; but if one turns to work in the abstract as a means of earning money, the question of a money return is the principal one, whether the fact is recognized or not. Other things being equal, or approximately so, the work offering a sure and fairly good return will be the one chosen. So many women feel completely baffled when they come to the point of selecting the particular manner in which they shall solve the problem of self-support, and see no way of earning a livelihood outside of the few well recognized and clearly defined occupations to which women turn, that this specific suggestion may offer a serviceable hint as a starting point. They say that all fields are open to women nowadays, but most women seem to find after all that there are some pretty stiff bars yet to be let down before they can enter the field of their choice and set to work reaping the harvest waiting for the laborer. Most of us have an idea of the work which we hope to be doing ultimately, but in many cases the first steps are not plain; and because some have found stenography the means to their end, and because some find in it sufficient opportunity without using it simply as the stepping-stone to advancement, it is suggested that it be considered as a possible way of earning one's daily bread,

ELSIE C. TIEMANN '84.

MARDI-GRAS IN PARIS

The time-honored custom of observing Christendom's annual entrance upon forty days of moderation by general immoderate dissipation, had, so far as Paris was concerned, suffered a long lapse, when the revival three years ago took the popular fancy by storm. This year Saint Valentine's Day fell upon the last of the three Carnival Days—Mardi-Gras,—named "Fat Tuesday," because the logical Frenchman calls the fasting which supposedly begins on the following day, "making lean."

The preparations for Carnival begin with the special orders of the various Police Departments regarding the conduct of the crowds. Nothing strikes a foreigner as more refreshingly Parisian than these regulations, which provide that no person shall misbehave himself in any rudeness or unseemly conduct except on the streets designated,—namely the boulevards and the principal avenues and bridges; and that no traffic shall be allowed upon those same streets. The decrees of the law thus solemnly countenance the innocent buffoonery and rollicking fun of Carnival, and strange to say, the liberty is seldom abused. The gaiety is hilarious, frothy and meaningless. Vice and

intrigue are banished as though by the code of honor from these hours sacred to the Goddess of Mirth.

Early on the first of the three days, dimanche,—which denotes an English Sunday, but connotes something quite different,—the streets and quais and boulevards of the Right and Left Banks and the bridges which wed them, seem to have borne fruit of Pierrots and Columbines, of Harlequins and devils and swash-bucklers, all masked and flower-trimmed, all laughing and singing and dancing under the precocious Parisian sun. Here and there, by the deserted bookstalls on the quais, or near the tempting door of a sweet-shop, are the booths of dealers in confetti. A few sous buy a goodly bag of the tiny rounds of tissue paper, the size of small gun-wads, the color of rainbows. No one ventures into the Carnival streets unarmed, no one comes out of them unpelted, by the all-pervading flighty morsels. A man changes his hatband, weeks later, in London, and the little red rounds shower forth. A girl rips off a dress-braid months afterwards in Chicago; there are hundreds of confetti mysteriously tucked away in the hem of her gown.

As a shield against the confetti the peddlers furnish whisk-brooms made of strands of pink and white tissue paper. These may be used to ward off a torrent from one's collar, or they may be flaunted in the face of a threatening foe. Then the serpentins, long coils of colored paper, may be launched into the air, and sent winding their bright ribbons through the twigs of the trees, and the railings of the balconies, where laughing groups hang, throwing harmless missiles and dodging those sent in return.

At last, along the prescribed streets, comes the avowed object of this gathering of all Paris—the procession of the *Bœuf Gras*. On huge carts drawn by lines of matched horses, decked with bells and bobbing plumes, come the floats of the trades: the bakers', where pretty girls emerge from an enormous pie, nibbling tantalizing buns; the florists', where each gigantic rose has a merry face at its heart, and white arms waving from the crimson leaves; and last of all, high on a white car under a flowered arbor, comes the *Bœuf Gras* himself, the bewildered but phlegmatic excuse for all the jollity,—while his owner, swelling with pride and full pockets, stands by his gilded horns, and rests a rough hand on the paper blossoms which deck his massive back. Alas, poor fatted ox, his reign is short. Having made the Roman Holiday he is butchered; and on the morrow every restaurant in Paris will charge fancy prices for beef and steak, and swear to its carnival quality.

A new ox is taken for each of the three days, and each meets the same fate at nightfall. The newspapers give in detail the pedigrees, farms, owners and diet of the three, chosen as the biggest oxen in all France from among scores fattened for months in the fields of Normandy or the Midi, and driven the week before to the capital to try their chance for the prize before the judges in the market-place.

After the royal chariot come the "three musketeers," in couples of course, keeping up conversations with the crowd all the way down the boulevards. The people call them by name and throw confetti and cheer them quite as though they represented real national heroes. Then behind the procession as it turns up the angle of the *Italiens* and crosses in front of the opera, the

crowd closes in, shouting more eagerly than before. Their feet rustle through the confetti which lie deep and thick on the asphalt as autumn leaves lie in village streets. Overhead the trees and wires are bending under the serpentins which wave and wriggle in the breeze. The time for revelry has come.

At the corner a cabman is trying to whip his horse through the crowd, in spite of the prohibition to carriages. A shouting Pierrot holds the bridle. Twenty other masqueraders grasp the spokes of the wheels, and cabby is in despair. Suddenly a solemn elderly gentleman steps forward. "You wish to pass, monsieur? Pray let this lady's carriage pass, gentlemen, she is in a hurry," he says in the tones of authority, turning with a prodigious wink to the crowd. The horse leaps forward, but the disinterested gentleman has seized the door of the coupé, flung it open, and dashed a whole bag of confetti into the face of the pretty mondaine within.

No offence is either meant or taken. In the midst of hysterical romping the people seem to keep a sweetness of temper and an innate courtesy that amaze the less fanciful Anglo-Saxon nature. The most unaccustomed liberties are allowed, and are neither commented on nor taken advantage of. A sweet, self-respecting girl is the center of a group of high hats whose owners pelt and tease, till one, crying that a veil is not fair, lifts hers, throws confetti in her face and quickly lowers the veil again, while the band vanish in the crowd. The girl, half stifled and blinded, laughs and runs on. A sober priest is tripped up by the skillful serpentins of half a dozen Saint-Cyr cadets, who pick him up tenderly and shake hands all round. A chevalier of the Legion of Honor chases a saucy laundress with his brandished whisk-broom. A brigadier general is defending a fat old concierge from the onslaughts of some American art students.

All is good humor, merriment, satisfaction with everything—oneself, the procession, the fatness of the ox, the weather. The excitement calms down, gradually, safely. All Paris goes home, a little intoxicated—perhaps with pleasure, perhaps with a bit of something else; but All Paris is happy, and it eats its good dinner and gets its short, deep sleep as usual. And when the Carnival is all over, and the fourth day, the Wednesday of Cinders has come, all Paris goes cheerfully to Notre Dame and kneels while the priest makes the holy sign on its forehead in wet wood ashes. Each custom is taken as it comes. It is, after all, no hardship to be quiet and religious for a little space; and in twenty days comes Mi-Careme, when it can all be done over again.

ELIZABETH DIKE LEWIS '95.

Items for this department may be sent to Ruth S. Phelps, 19 Arnold Ave., and are desired by the third of each month if they are to appear in that month's issue.

The New York Association of Smith College Alumnæ will give their annual luncheon sometime during the Easter recess of the college. It is hoped that all those connected with the college who are in the city at that time will attend. All necessary information can be obtained from Mrs. Marjorie Ayres Best, 10 East 130th Street, New York. Anne Williston Safford, Secretary.

The Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ will meet in the College Club Rooms, Grundmann Studios, on Saturday morning, March 18, at eleven o'clock. Miss Vida D. Scudder will address the meeting.

The college spoon may be obtained from Miss B. F. Gill. 26 Prospect St., Northampton, or from Miss Carolyn King, Dewey House. The prices are as follows: Teas—one-half enamel and gilt. \$2.25; oxidized, \$1.75. Coffees—one-half enamel and gilt, \$2; one-half enamel and oxidized, \$1.75; oxidized, \$1.50.

The Library Fund now amounts to \$17,500, exclusive of the outstanding pledges which are to be redeemed this month. In nearly all the Branch Associations, entertainments have been or are to be given for the benefit of the fund. '88 has contributed \$100 as a memorial to its three members who have died since graduation. '98 has enthusiastically raised \$1,680.

Printed indexes of the past years of the Monthly are now in preparation. The price is not to exceed ten cents for each year, and alumnæ wishing copies may obtain them by applying to Mabelle M. Ufford, Tenney House.

- '86. Mary E. Rosebrooks was married October 18, 1898, to Mr. Delomar Runkle of Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
- '91. Lillian Marchant Skinner is teaching History at the Bryn Mawr Preparatory School, Baltimore.
- '93. Ruth B. Hall is teaching English and Languages in the Staples High School in Westport, Conn.
- '94. Alice Dewey Wood is teaching at the Misses Porter's School, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
- '96. Anne H. Young has announced her engagement to Mr. William Rogers Copeland (Harvard '92) of Pittsburg.
 - Alice Louise McDuffee took the degree of Master of Arts at Kalamazoo College last June. Her work was in Literature and History, and her thesis was on a Shakespearean subject.

BIRTHS

Mrs. William B. Noyes (Lucia M. Clapp '81), a son born November 15, 1898.

Mrs. T. W. Lamont (Florence H. Corliss '93), a son born January 29.

Mrs. Lyman R. Bradley (Katherine Lewis '95), a son born in November, 1898.

ABOUT COLLEGE

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

The Council would submit to the students a report of its general proceedings from September 1898 to February 1899, in accordance with Section 6 of its By-Laws.

At the first regular meeting of the year, held October 8, an election of officers took place, as follows: President, Harriet Bliss '99; Treasurer, Anne Sanborn 1901; Secretary, Bertha Groesbeck 1900.

Two meetings have been held with the Conference Committee: the first to discuss a request sent in by the Students' Building Committee for permission to give a fair for the benefit of the fund; the second to plan an entertainment for the Twenty-second of February. The final decision as to the holding of the fair was put in the hands of a sub-committee, who after due deliberation concluded that it would be an unadvisable undertaking, but proposed to the Students' Building Committee, as a substitute, a donation-party, which proposal was duly accepted and acted upon. Through the courtesy of the House Committee, the Council has been enabled to hold meetings, five in number, with them, when important questions of common interest have come up.

Certain amendments to the constitution of the Council were made during the past semester, the most important of which reads as follows: -Article V., Section I., Amendment 1. The President shall be elected in the spring, after the class elections of Councillors. We hope in this way to avoid the unsettled state of affairs in the Council for the first two weeks of the fall term, due to the lack of a constitutional head. A change has also been made in the times set for meetings, which are now held twice a month instead of once as heretofore. The Council has also this year adopted a badge of office. One of the chief duties of the Council is to preserve order in chapel. This we have taken special measures to carry out. In June 1898, a vote for absolute silence in chapel was taken in the Junior and Sophomore classes, to be put into effect in the fall. Accordingly special steps were taken at the beginning of the fall term to carry out this decision, and have been continued through the year. Ushers have been appointed, who also act as monitors and keep the halls quiet during the services. The students have been frequently admonished in class meetings. To fill a long felt want the Council has edited a so-called "Book of Information," copies of which will soon be on hand for reference. This book contains a list of the duties of each class president, the duties of chairmen of important committees, and some miscellaneous information. It is but a beginning, however, and we hope that in course of time it will come to be much more complete and useful.

Since the off-campus population has grown so large and has come to constitute such an important factor in the social life of the college, it has seemed to the Council that the campus houses have of late had an unfair advantage in the use of the Gymnasium for dances, so, after consulting the House Committee, we called a meeting of the presidents of the campus houses, and suggested to them that a new regulation be made, limiting their privileges, but giving the off-campus students more frequent opportunities to use the Gymnasium. Accordingly it was decided that campus houses which have dramatics shall not have a dance the same year. The vacancies thus made shall be filled in with dances given by the off-campus students, who are not allowed to use the Gymnasium for dramatics. Various changes in these entertainments were also proposed, which variations will be allowed, provided all the houses hand in their plans by a given date. The term of office of the Reading-room custodian, who is regularly appointed by the Council, has been slightly modified. She shall hereafter assume her duties in the spring six weeks before the close of the college year. The stage in the Gymnasium has been somewhat improved by an appropriation from the Council fund.

Finally:—The Council would inspire in the students a lively college spirit which shall induce them to conform closely to the college rules, and shall influence them to be careful in their general deportment. The carelessness shown in this respect is no doubt largely due to thoughtlessness, but it is none the less deplorable. Let us always keep in mind the fact that we are members of Smith College, and jealously guard her reputation in Northampton, as well as in the outside world.

BERTHA WENDELL GROESBECK 1900, Secretary of the Council.

A meeting of the Christian Union was held Tuesday evening, February 28, in Music Hall, to decide the question of joining the World's Student Christian Federation. Notices of the meeting had been sent to all the members and most of them were present. It was decided by an almost unanimous vote to keep the present organization and basis of the Christian Union. It was then moved that a statement of the reasons for this decision and a resolution of sympathy with the work of the Federation be sent to the International Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association.

After a brief account of the origin of the discussion, this statement, prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose, proceeds as follows:

"The present basis of the Christian Union—'any member of the college will be welcomed to its fellowship who desires that the Christ-life may be deepened in herself as well as in the college'—seems more desirable for college work than the stricter basis of evangelical church membership:

- I. Because the former emphasizes the personal attitude of each student rather than a formal connection with any church.
- II. Because the former is broad enough to include all students who desire to coöperate in the religious work of the college, irrespective of denominational beliefs.
- III. Because we believe that the existing basis is more in accord with present religious thought which tends towards increasing breadth and unity.

- IV. Because the Christian Union, which expresses the liberal spirit of this college, is thus better fitted to carry on the religious work of this college.
- "Whereas, in view of these reasons, it seems best not to change the basis of the Christian Union.
- "Resolved: That the Christian Union of Smith College express its sincere sympathy in the aims and work of the Young Women's Christian Association, and its desire to cooperate with it in any way in harmony with the catholic spirit of Christ.

Miriam Foster Choate, Grace L. Russell, Alice Duryee."

On Wednesday, March seventh, Nineteen Hundred got thoroughly acquainted with herself. She had known herself before in the class-room and when banded against a common enemy at basket-ball games. She had entertained other classes and been entertained by them. The Junior Frolic was for the entertainment of her own members.

A pantomime in two acts, written by the committee, put every one in the humor for a good time. In the first act, Aunt Sophia sent out her four children, who represented the four classes, to find—a man, the Prince of Knowledge. They started on their quest, the Señorita in cap and gown, the little Infanta with her rattle, the coquettish Sophomore and Nineteen Hundred in classic garb.

When the curtain rose for the second act the Prince of Knowledge was seen sitting on an oak tree guarded by a ferocious-looking green dragon. Soon the Señorita appeared, and after a desperate struggle was swallowed by the green dragon, who was immediately made invisible by a sign from the geni of the place. The Infanta, absorbed in her baby-play with a rubber ball, failed to see the Prince and went off with a gay "lady's-man." At the entrance of the Sophomore, laden with boxes and dress-suit cases, there appeared a crowd of dancing peasants who persuaded that giddy young person to leave the quest and dance with them. When the dragon was finally slain by brave Nineteen Hundred with a fountain pen which proved mightier than a sword, the Prince of Knowledge descended from his step-ladder oak and rode away with Nineteen Hundred on two fiery steeds opportunely provided by the geni, to be blessed at last by Aunt Sophia.

The scenery, as one of the managers said in her speech before the curtain, was made especially for the occasion, and compared favorably with that used by Henry Irving. Beautifully printed signs distributed about the stage added to the realistic effect. The costumes were pretty, the lines clever and the actors well suited to their parts. The dancing was particularly well received.

After the play such games as Going-to-Jerusalem, London-Bridge, and Drop-the-Handkerchief were played. In accordance with the announcement of the President, everyone who did not know everyone else, told everyone else her name and proceeded to get acquainted as fast as possible. Before anyone had time to be bored, songs were announced, and the girls gathered round to sing class songs and hear the grinds. The only fault with the songs

about individuals was that they were rather too complimentary for grinds. With refreshments came more singing, this time to the class, the class presidents, past and present, the committee, and any one who chanced to catch the public eye. Later the girls danced a little to show that they were really old enough to know how. Games however proved more attractive. Just as the watchman turned down the lights as a signal for departure, the girls formed by fours and "did a zig-zag" around the Gymnasium in the half light. They lingered long enough for a song to the watchman, one to the class president, and one to Nineteen Hundred.

FRANCES LYNCH.

As the college grows in size it is also increasing in the number of its occupations and diversions, and just now the cry most often heard is, "How am I to get all of these things done, and when shall I ever find time to rest?" It is not an easy problem to solve, how one is to keep up with the numberless duties and pleasures of college life, and at the same time treat the question of health with due consideration, and we turn with relief to the thought of a restful Sunday. But take the Sunday of the average girl. If she lives on the campus she goes to prayers after breakfast, puts her room in order, in some cases attends a Bible class, and then finds she has barely time to get to church. After church she has her home letters to write, or she may take a walk before dinner. Perhaps she has a guest and after dinner they have music and coffee for an hour. At five o'clock comes Vespers and in the evening class prayer-meeting or church.

Now this would seem an impossibly busy day to us at home, but it does not include half the things we do here. We ask a few girls in on Sunday afternoon to make fudge, and a few more in the evening to meet a friend from out of town. We make formal as well as informal calls. Some of us conduct Sunday-schools, some of us even study. We hurry and worry and rush, and at ten o'clock we sigh with the girl in the theme, "Oh for a day of rest!" and wake the next morning feeling that if Monday followed Saturday we should not be so utterly worn out.

It is not my purpose to discuss the religious value of such a day, but from a physiological stand-point it is altogether wrong. We need one day in seven to relax from the strain of continuous working along the same lines, and change of occupation is not relaxation when it means a constant sense of hurry. When the French tried the plan of putting aside one day in ten for rest they had nervous prostration, and it is from the same cause that the students are as a rule so tired at the end of the term. If we would give up the formal entertaining and calling and leave the unoccupied hours of Sunday afternoon and evening for quiet resting, reading and visiting, the perils of "blue Monday" would be largely averted, and both Faculty and students benefited by the change.

AGNES MYNTER '99.

On February 18, 1899, in the new Gymnasium, the Lawrence House presented "The Belle's Strategem," before the usual large and enthusiatic audience. Eighteenth century plays are usually very successfully given here. Powder and patches are becoming to both the women and the men while the latter do not suffer by such direct comparison with real live men as in modern plays. The Belle's Strategem as given was much too long; there were fourteen scenes, altogether too many for our limited stage facilities, although the management very sensibly did not attempt elaborate scenic effects. The plot was too involved and would have been improved by more wholesale cutting, especially of the Lady Frances Touchwood episode which retarded the main action.

The acting, judging by the usual college standard, was uniformly good. Miss Capelle as Letitia Hardy had the most prominent part, and deserved all the honors she won. Her Letitia was charming to look upon and charmingly acted. Miss Hall made a very effective Doricourt, though at all times she talked too rapidly and indistinctly. She was very good in the mad scenes where a little overacting would have made her ridiculous. Of the rest of the cast, Miss Cranston as Mrs. Rackett acted well, but her voice was not good; Miss Reeves made a sweet and innocent Lady Touchwood; Miss Homer was a rather too melancholy Saville, and Miss Knox's Mr. Hardy was very amusing. The minor parts were acceptably filled. The masquerade scene was unusually pretty, and the ball-room scenery, as well as the dancing of the minuet, deserves praise. The costuming throughout was extremely good. The cast was as follows:—

DORICOURT,		. Elizabeth N. Hall
HARDY,		. Alice A. Knox
SIR GEORGE TOUCHWOOD,		. Ethel James
FLUTTER,		. Edith D. Laskey
SAVILLE,		. Ruth L. Homer
VILLERS,		. Dorcas F. Leese
COURTALL,		. Ethel V. Buffum
DICK,		. O. Mabelle Lewis
SIR GEORGE'S SERVANT,		. Ona L. Winants
SAVILLE'S SERVANT, .		. Ida F. Sargeant
LETITIA HARDY,		. Mabel Capelle
Mrs. Rackett,		. Bertha Cranston
LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD), .	Bertha Butler Reeves
MISS OGLE,		Harriet B. Lane
MISS KITTY WILLIS, .		. Bertha C. Sumner

Cousins, Maskers, etc.

"The Twenty-second every year
Finds us all assembled here;
Jolly times in this Gymnasium oft we see."

So one of the Senior songs declared, and this year's celebration proved no exception to the rule. From the moment when the marshals led our orderly ranks into College Hall, to that when a belated thought of lunch recalled us

from the Gymnasium in a tumultuous rush, Washington's Birthday was all that Washington's Birthday at college ought to be.

The principal feature of the exercises in College Hall, after the customary singing of America and President Seelye's introductory remarks, was an address by Mr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History at Harvard University, on "Washington and Lincoln." Professor Hart's critical comparison of the two men, with reference to their achievements and their opportunities, was unusually interesting, though some of us felt that the evident preference for the later of the two great presidents would have made it a more suitable address for Lincoln's birthday than for the actual occasion. After the address Mr. Francis Walker of New York sang Kipling's Recessional, an unexpected feature which was received with great enthusiasm. Miss Marsh's ode, printed in this number of the Monthly, was read by Miss Peck, Professor of Elocution, and then after The Star-Spangled Banner and Fair Smith, the students marched decorously out.

Once outside, everybody made the usual wild rush for her own purple or green or yellow or red corner of the Gymnasium, and joined in thundering the praises of Nineteen Hundred, or celebrating the best beneath the sun (which opportunely rhymes with Nineteen-one), or warning the world in general not to trifle with Ninety-nine's Great Green Dragon. The singing was exceptionally well organized this year, and 1902 in particular fully deserved the applause which greeted her maiden effort. But the time for this rivalry was short, for presently the Council appeared on the stage. Was it the huge gilt fac-similes of the new Council pin adorning the fronts of their flowing robes, which made our Councillors so very imposing this year? The dignity of their aspect was not lost even during the comb chorus with which they opened the program-a program comprising a flute solo by Miss Huntington '99; a recitation in the most approved method by Miss Marmon 1900; a moving appeal for social work among our neglected Faculty by a member of the class of '79, who strikingly resembled Miss Strickland '99; and a song by Miss Hull 1901, part of which was as follows:-

> "The Freshmen they brought books to chapel, The Freshmen were frequently late, So the Council to awe them completely Adopted a gold butter-plate.

Chorus.—And now they will never, no, nevermore
Arise from their seats out of turn,
Nor converse with their friends in the corridor,
Lest (spoken) 'Will you move on, please?' they hear
from a Councillor stern.

"When the Dewey was moved next the Wallace, We thought 'Here's a playground for all,' Or a place for our great Students' Building,— But our plans somewhat changed in the fall,

Chorus.—And now we can never, no, nevermore,
Have a park where we children can play,
And to judge from the present conditions,
We'll roost on the trees Ivy Day."

In place of the old hair-disheveling, skirt-tearing rush, there was this year a real march round the Gymnasium, six abreast, each class headed by its Councillors, in which any loss of excitement was more than counterbalanced by the gain in dignity, sense of organization, and pride in having accomplished the impossible. Then more singing—with one sudden hush when a little band of '98 girls marched in singing their Ivy Day processional—and then a general scramble for the doors.

The afternoon was as usual given up to basket-ball games. In the first of these the George Washingtons were beaten by the Liars, while in the second the Sophomore regular team defeated the newly elected Freshman team, in the last open game before their decisive contest.

This number of the Monthly contains the ode written for Washington's Birthday by a member of the Junior class, and selected with the help of Miss Jordan by a committee of the Council appointed for that purpose. To have an ode from the Junior class read during the services on the Twenty-second of February can hardly be called a custom of the college after only three years, and especially since this year there seemed to be a good deal of misunderstanding in regard to it. It has seemed advisable to the Council that the choice of an ode, if there is to be one, be left to competition by the Juniors, for in this way each class will have an equal chance. Whether a custom is to grow up rests entirely upon the interest that is shown by the students, and the number and excellence of the poems that are handed to the Committee.

February 15, Professor Charles A. Young of Princeton University lectured in College Hall, on Planets. His lecture was accompanied by stereopticon views.

M. Edouard Rod, the French critic and novelist, lectured Saturday afternoon, March 11, on La Litterature Personelle.

Wednesday evening, March 8, the Snowe House combined with some of the the other off-campus houses in giving a dance in the new Gymnasium.

February 16, the Biological Society had their regular semi-annual election, which resulted as follows:—President, Susan Brittain Ganong '99; Vice-President, Margherita Isola '99; Secretary, Julia Bayles Paton 1900; Treasurer, Elizabeth Fay Whitney 1900; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Helen Eva Makepeace '99.

The Analysis Class gave a concert in College Hall, March 3, by a Solo-Quartette consisting of Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, soprano; Mrs. E. C. Fenderson, contralto; Mr. George J. Parker, tenor, and Mr. D. M. Babcock, basso. The program was in two parts—I. Song Cycle: "In a Persian Garden." II. Selections from the Stabat Mater.

The regular basket-ball teams from the Sophomore and Freshman classes have been chosen, as follows:—

SOPHOMORES.—Homes, Margaret Wilder, Helen Kitchel, Elizabeth Comstock; Guards, Alice Kimball, Louise Kimball, Anna Thorne; Centers, May Lewis (Captain), Mary Ainslie, Ellen Emerson, Mary Barrett.

FRESHMEN.—Homes, Helen Walbridge, Juliet Patten, Constance Patton; Guards, Margery Ferriss (Captain), Harriet Emmons, Louise Vanderbilt; Centers, Eda Bruné, Mary Glover, Agnes Inglis, Katherine Harter.

CALENDAR

- March 16, Biological Society.
 - 18, Phi Kappa Psi Society. Open-closed Meeting.
 - 20, Philosophical Society.
 - 22, Morris House Play.
 - 25, Basket-Ball Game, 1901 vs. 1902.
 - 25, Alpha Society. Open-closed Meeting.
 - 29, College closes.
- April 13, College opens.
 - 15, Greek Club. Open Meeting.

The

Smith College

Montbly

April = 1899.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE

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VIRGINIA WOODSON FRAME,

CLARACE GOLDNER EATON,

LOUISE BARBER,

MABELLE MORRIS UFFORD.

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APRIL, 1899.

No. 7.

ARISTOTLE'S THEORY OF THE TRAGIC EMOTIONS

Mr. Ruskin in his treatment of the place of imitation in art (which he admits to be nothing more dignified than deception, and fit only to amuse children) says of the drama: "There the pleasure is not dependent on the imitation, but is the same which we should receive from nature herself, only far inferior in degree." This surprising statement may be used as a point in discussing Aristotle's theory of the drama,—a point of departure, that is, for nothing could be more totally opposed to it.

We readily see from all Mr. Ruskin writes that he relegates the drama to a very humble place, if any, among the arts, but it is difficult to understand how he could have been in earnest in saying what I have just quoted: that not only the pleasure we receive from the stage is the same that we should get from nature herself, but that it is inferior in degree. This is to say that the enjoyment we get from an excellent rendition of Othello is very good as far as it goes, but is as nothing to the delight we should experience at seeing a real man of noble type really slay on false evidence his lovely and innocent wife! Or it is to say that we should expect to get more pleasure out of a play like the "Royal Box," where the action is carried on in a real stage box of the real theater, than from Richard Burbage's "King

Lear" played with the poverty-stricken accessories of the Elizabethan stage.

But all this we can dismiss at once as absurd. There is something in tragedy at least, which gives us a pleasure not at all the same that nature would give in the same case, which nature in the same case would render positive pain. To the question what this is, Aristotle's theory offers a solution.

In the first place, in order to understand his theory not only of the drama but of all art, we must rid ourselves altogether of Mr. Ruskin's idea that imitation is mere deception, the mere mastery of tools, that kind of skill whereby Zeuxis shamed Apelles in the old story.

For Aristotle meant by imitation the representation of a process, a constructive process. Nature was to him not a static aggregate of objects presented to the senses, but a moving principle in the universe, and art imitates nature, according to Aristotle, not by copying any given result of hers at any given moment, but by being like her an organic process, which he defines as revealing a purpose through growth. But art at its best is not subject to the lets and hindrances that handicap nature, and is an improvement on her in that it can within certain narrow limits anticipate her completeness, so to speak. This is what we mean when we speak of poetic justice; we have faith in an ultimate poetic justice in the universe working itself out in nature, and a well-constructed tragedy illustrates this in little. It is a complete block out of life, and typifies the universal, showing what we might see in the constructive progress of nature, could we look beyond the chaotic, the fragmentary, and the momentary. The demand for good endings in dramas, says Aristotle, comes from the spectator's weakness, that is, his inability to comprehend the organism in its entirety. Aristotle insists on the imitation of the "better," a technical word with him, and says that the object of imitation may be the "thing as it ought to be." All this has been a long way of saying that art may imitate the ideal, which is very far indeed from imitation in the derogatory sense we often give to it; so it is a creative act.

The function of this creative act was, he said, the imitation of "men acting." This definition of course excludes several of what we consider legitimate forms of art, like nature poetry and the painting of animals and still life, but of tragedy it holds true from our stand-point as from his. If we narrow

down the definition then to tragedy simply, we have a very satisfactory working basis: tragedy is the imitation of men acting. This neatly excludes on the one hand the tragedy which is merely a labyrinth of circumstance, mechanically disentangled-though following never so closely Freytag's "Technique"-by what are but automatons after all; and, on the other, the tragedy which is merely a study of character cast in dialogue form. There must be more than either alone; there must be men acting—characters working out a plot.

The obligation laid upon art, and so upon tragedy, by Aristotle, to present the ideal, has often been translated, especially by the French, as a command for it to teach morality. Corneille prided himself on having acted in strict accordance with Aristotle's principles when he wrote of his own "Phédre": "I can say with certainty that I have written no tragedy in which the place of virtue is more exalted than in this...and vice is painted throughout in colors fit to make one hate its deformity. This is the proper object which every man who works for the public ought to set before himself, and it is the one that the ancient tragic poets had in view." Freytag was nearer the truth when he said: "The tragic should be an ethical force with which the poet has to fill his actions and characters: it should be the quality which the poet's moral theory of life deposits in the piece, and what is in truth dramatic will have an earnest tragic effect, if it was a man that wrote it." This is not so easy to define as Corneille's idea of a diagrammatic arrangement of rewards and punishments, but I think we see what his meaning is: the tragic is not the "moral" of an expanded fable, but an inevitable effect produced in the soul of the spectator.

But now after trying so long to show what to Aristotle tragedy was not, let us see what in his own words to his mind it was: "Tragedy," he says in the sixth book of the Poetics, "is an imitation of an action serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament; in the form of action, not narrative; through pity and fear effecting a proper purgation of these emotions."

Part of this definition is readily understood: that tragedy is an imitation has been discussed above; a tragedy is serious that is, elevated, dealing with large characters and universal interests, in other words, not trivial; it is complete, imitating nature but anticipating her completion; it must be of a certain magnitude, as an evident propriety of form-not too short to permit of a proper development of the plot, nor too long to hold the audience. That it is in the form of action not narrative, is only to say that it is a drama, while the embellishment of language Aristotle himself explains directly as referring to meter and song. This leaves but one clause in the definition to deal with, but it is that one which has raised all the discussion concerning Aristotle's theory of tragedy. This is, to repeat, that tragedy through pity and fear effects a purgation of those emotions. First, there is here a tacit exclusion from the essential material of tragedy of all other emotions than these two. but with this question it is not the function of this paper to deal. Admitting, then, pity and fear to be the emotions proper to tragedy, what does Aristotle mean by a purgation of them to be effected through tragedy?

The Greek word which is translated purgation or purification is "katharsis," which Aristotle is clearly using metaphorically, for it was a medical term in its first usage. There are many theories as to the usage intended by Aristotle. Some think that as fear and pity are universal emotions, which must not however be allowed too free play in actual life, tragedy may be allowed to arouse them artificially in order by that very process to assuage them. This homeopathic treatment of the emotions takes color from a practice-known to Aristotle, and elsewhere quoted by him-of curing the ecstacy of certain religious enthusiasts, dervishes perhaps, by movement induced from without by music. Others, as Bernays, say that what tragedy does is to afford an outlet to these emotions, which are universal, and that an object on which to vent them gives relief. Neither of these ideas would seem to our minds to account for the pleasure of tragedy. This pleasure, by the way, is of the kind denoted by Plato as mixed, and hence inferior, because dealing also with pain; but in our view it is superior for this very reason, because the very materials of pain are taught through art to contribute pleasure.

Before turning to the last interpretation of Aristotle's thought, perhaps it will be well to look more closely at the relation between fear and pity. It is evident that we pity another when we see him suffer, undeservedly, that which if turned upon ourselves would rouse our fear. This view, which appears to be

that held by Aristotle, is midway between the position of Lessing, who says pity is always accompanied by an actual present fear for ourselves, and the popular modern idea which makes compassion a disinterested emotion quite without self-reference. A digression into psychology at this point might perhaps disprove this last, but we must content ourselves with seeking Aristotle's thought here.

Again let us for a moment revert to the original medical meaning of katharsis. It meant the purification of a body by the removal of a diseased part. What is there in the emotions of pity and fear for which tragedy may perform such a purification? As regards pity, the emotion is clearly still the same, aroused by the undeserved sufferings of another. But the fear is far different. Here is no question of fear for ourselves .partly because the tragedy is but a representation, partly because the situation is usually too remote from us. We cannot fancy ourselves as likely ever to need the pity that we are now spending upon Œdipus or Hamlet, yet in their presence we are still conscious of a certain fear which contributes a great part of what we know as the aesthetic pleasure of tragedy. And this fear is what we have just noted as being from its very nature free from self-reference of any immediate or so-called selfish kind. Is not right here the secret? The tragic-emotion fear is fear which has been filtered through art, with a resulting katharsis which purifies it of the alloy of self.

But now why is it fear at all? Here the doctrine of Aristotle, that poetry is to portray the universal, comes to our answer. We pity the hero because he is a man like unto us—Aristotle stipulates that he shall be neither very much better nor very much worse than the general type—and what he suffers thrills us as lying within the gamut of possible human experience. and we feel fear at the human destiny suggested. The comment of Plato is here in point, who arraigns tragedy because it makes of the spectator who loses himself in the fortunes of the actor, not one man but many; and this very criticism may be retorted to tragedy's own defense, as being an instrument to widen human sympathies.

Another psychological digression here might lead us to pause and consider whether Professor Baldwin's theory of the "socius" might not be made to throw light on the tragic emotions, and be only another form of expressing what has just been said.

It now only remains to mention a point of tragic construction which grows out of this theory. Corneille—who seems at every point, for all his Frenchman's love for Aristotle, consistently to misunderstand him—insists that according to Aristotle it is enough for a tragedy to excite either fear or pity; but Aristotle expressly declares that neither alone can make a good tragedy, and I think a moment's reflection convinces us of the truth of this. We readily think of examples of either: Tamburlaine excites fear, but no pity; Maeterlinck's works in general arouse very distinct fear without sufficient human interest in the characters to start our pity; much of the earlier Elizabethan drama excites pity without fear. While we have only to turn to Hamlet or Marlowe's own Faustus to realize what is meant by a tragedy arousing both emotions.

To recapitulate the leading points of Aristotle's theory then: First, all art is imitation, and imitation of nature in the sense of her being an organic, constructive, purposeful process; second, the objects of imitation are men acting—either ethically, emotionally or practically; and last, tragedy is such an imitation as, by arousing the emotions of pity and fear, effects a purification of them which purges them of selfishness and gives them universality, thus demonstrating the function of poetry to depict the universal.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS.

PRINCE KARL

PRINCE KARL.

BETTINA.

WILHELM.

A Room in the Palace. Bettina watching from a window the crowd at the door of the Audience Room.

Bettina. How thick the people press there! One would think
This were the kindest monarch of the world,
So dear his subjects to him, that their woes
Too fast he could not soothe;—and yet he is
A tyrant, Wilhelm says. And who should know
But Wilhelm, with that broad brow and those eyes?
And yet this tyrant gives me audience here,
Apart, and all alone; 'a peasant girl

Come,' so the words went, 'with a special plea His Highness' self alone can judge aright.' Alas, they little know what special plea My bosom hides, dazzling and deadly keen, His royal heart alone must know and feel. Ah, Wilhelm, that on me the choice must light, Who never willingly have harmed a toad, And wept at a crushed snail! It is too much. Yet I have sworn, and for the Fatherland—

(KARL enters.)

Count Frederick!

Karl.

No, child, I am the prince.

Bettina. The prince!—Oh sir, are you not he that came
Last summer, tired with hunting, to the hut
That stands all lonely in the forest here
A half mile from the town? 'Tis surely you.
You drank our beer, and rested in the shade,
And told me of the great wide world outside,
And how you wearied of it. Then I sang.
And when you rode away, you took my hand,
And swore to come again.

Karl.

Bettina, you!

How came't I was so blind! Sure, there are not
So many faces in the world I love
That I should one thus easily forget.

Bettina. Then, sir, you are Count Frederick, and no prince.

Karl. No, Sweet, that may not be, save on a day
Snatched now and then from this great, greedy world.
When all the earth is sunshine and green shade,
I ride into the forest and I lose
My crown there. Find, perchance, myself—and you.

Bettina. Then you are not a tyrant!

Karl.
I, child? No.
Who told you that? Why, look, how pale you are!
Why, Sweet, you tremble at me. Do you think
I am the less your friend, that I am prince?

Bettina. Yet if you once deceived me,-

Karl. Deceived? No.

A prince has many titles, many names.
A sign, perhaps, he should be all to all;
How little then to each!—yet something still.
And you, child, what to you? They said you had
A special plea—petition—some such thing.
What is it? Give it me. (Aside.) A way at last!

Bettina. I, sir? I hardly know. A tale of wrong,
Of suffering and sorrow from the law,
The cruel law of princes. (Aside.) Cling to that.

Karl. The iron law, left from an iron age,
And iron men to wield it. Why must I—
Well, child, the law—What of it? Must it yield,
Bend to such common things as mercy, truth?
Tell me—

Bettina. And if it should? If this they ask?

Karl. They ask?

Bettina. The People ask it.

Karl. If they ask!

At last! After how many years, O God! All of my life-short, weak, but still my life. Even as a child, I thought, I dreamed of them, My People, who should love me-Father, Prince. Wise, mighty, kind, scattering the gifts of light With a wide hand, to all who cared to seek. Pure maker of good laws, ruling in peace, And raising up free altars to the truth To be a light to lighten many lands. A dreamer was I? Yet were these high dreams. And when they set the crown upon my head, Sceptre and sword in hand, I thought at last These dreams were true.—God saw it otherwise. Always a crowd of buzzing courtiers To keep the people from the palace gates: Sly, cheating statesmen at the council board, To twist the new good laws to the old bad: Rules everywhere, old codes, old precedent, Uncounted flying sands to blind the eyes. A giant, bound with threads innumerable Though of the finest, might not freely turn. And I no giant. Would to Heaven I were! But all my youth was hampered with a growth Of creeping fungus nourished on old thrones. And the spare powers they left me, those dead kings. Are blasted by the poisonous breath of tombs. Could I but once break out into the air, Through all these gilded smirkers, to my poor Who stand without the gate, and lift thin hands! Could I but find my People waiting there, And pour my soul out to them, they would know, And teach me how to help them. Now they come-Quick, the petition!

Bettina (falling on her knees, and bursting into tears.)
Oh, my Prince, my Prince,
Spare me, have mercy, for I brought you this!
(Presenting the dagger.)

Karl. This-from the People. Oh, dear Christ, not this!

(Wilhelm enters noiselessly and stabs him from behind. He falls without a cry. As Bettina is about to utter a shriek, Wilhelm stifles it with his hand.)

Wilhelm. Hush, not a sound. Weak one, a cry spoils all.

They have heard nothing. He was silent, so
Be you as silent. Now, the secret door.

Bettina. Why did you come-O God, why did you come?

Wilhelm. I feared your weakness. He was winning too.

While half your safeguard, for they feared you not,
Still it was weakness, and so like to prove

More danger to the cause. I came. All's well.

Bettina. Well? Ill, you mean. Oh, all is ruined. He Was kind. He loved us—dreamt of kindness still To us, his People. Sure, he is not dead!

Wilhelm. Kneel not, Bettina. Do not touch him. He
Has passed beyond the help of any hands.
Dreamt still of kindness, did he? Well, but we
Need more than dreams. We must have actions now.
The time has passed for princes, and we rise,
The People, strong, and cruel in our strength.
They were long cruel, and the kind were weak.
The tide has risen beyond them, and they die.
We who remain must live, and living, fight.
The cause is over us, and for the cause
We give our lives—and theirs.—Come, child, away.
They wait us yonder.

Bettina. He loved us, Wilhelm, Let me kiss him. So. The good God bless him.

Wilhelm. And God has blessed him. He is dead. Come, child.

CLARACE GOLDNER EATON.

THE MERVINGTON MILL FIRE

The night-watchman held his lantern out sideways and a little back with his right hand, and peered into the darkness of the long dim room. All was silent, grim. Long rows of still machines, slumbrous black masses, lay with only an occasional gleam here and there, like the glint of a tired half-shut eye, where the soft light of the lantern caught some point of brighter metal. The long leather belts, with their attachments along the ceiling above, cast heavy grotesque shadows over the room.

The night-watchman listened intently. The lantern held in its sidewise position dimly revealed his alert face, with its short nose, its long upper lip and heavy chin, its green-gray eyes with the crow's-feet, which much laughter leaves, set deep about them, its square jaw and firm-set mouth. His watchman's badge shone bright on his broad blue-coated chest, his blue uniform cap was pushed back from his square forehead. He seemed a man of about fifty years. At length he spoke with slow decision.

"Oi see yez there," he said. His voice rang rich and mellow through the echoing room; he made no motion to reach the revolver which is part of the watchman's outfit. A little silence followed.

"Ye're skulkin' beyont the pulp-tank, ye dirthy blayguar-rd, an' if ye move I'll kill ye—where ye shtand." He walked firmly down toward the lower end of the room between the silent machines. His lantern was still held in its side position; its light rose and fell, rose and fell, lighting up, blotting out, but the watchman's keen glance never left the dark end of the room. At last the first thin wavering edge of light fell on a dark object lying low against the round deep-set pulp-tank, hesitated, then brought out the black lines distinctly against the blue background of its side. It was the crouching figure of a man, his face hidden in his arms which were crossed on his drawn-up knees. He was well dressed, his high white collar caught the light, his gray-sprinkled black hair was smooth and well-kept.

"Raise yer head, fer God's sake raise yer head—Misther— Misther—" the words stuck in the night-watchman's throat.

The man slowly raised his drawn, white face; his eyes black and entreating looked up at the watchman.

"Shtand up, sorr, shtand up," the watchman gasped, "an' tell me why in God's name ye are here."

The man rose slowly to his feet. Behind him yawned the open door of the stairway which led directly into the mill ragroom above.

"This—this must look queer, to you, Dennis, coming on me so suddenly." The man smiled faintly, but his eyes were full of a desperate determination.

The night-watchman looked steadily into his white face.

"The fact is, Dennis,—I am ashamed to own it—I was spying on you, and I have satisfied myself that you are true to our interests." The man's voice had gained assurance and he spoke in a plausible, condescending tone.

"Shpyin' on me, Misther Edward?" The watchman gasped.

"I'm fairly ashamed, Dennis, but tales, you know—tales came to me that you—you were not quite straight—and that you had been seen to let someone into the mill two or three nights. Of course I was slow to believe it, but they said they had proof."

The watchman's eyes never moved from the man's face.

"I said I would take no proof but my own eyes, Dennis. So I have come here for the last two or three nights, with my rubbers on, and I have taken a look after you, my boy, but great heavens! you're as straight as a die. Give me your hand,—it gave me a regular chill to have you find me out. I tell you I feel low, Dennis." The man laughed uneasily.

The Irishman held out his hand slowly, his sharp eyes still on the man's restless black ones.

"Av coorse, Misther Edward. Oi—oi—" his voice ended in a hoarse break.

The man grasped the slow yielding hand effusively. "To think that I should have been so suspicious! Why man, do you suppose I have forgotten those days when we were young together? The way you taught me all the tricks that are good to the heart of a boy?" Was the man talking against time?

"Ye saved me loife wanst, Misther Edward, that day ye hauled me out av Moore's River." The Irishman's voice had a sound as if he were weighing something, his face had grown pale and old-looking.

"I suppose you don't remember how you stopped Black Bess, that day she ran away with me, just about twenty feet from Jenkins' quarry? Yes, and got a broken leg from it too, and lucky it was no worse."

The Irishman's face softened. "'Twas the dooce av a pull, Misther Edward; ye were the divil av a bye."

"And do you forget how you came to see me when I was at college and you a fine young under day-watchman, and we had that layout with Brown and Butler? Butler's dead, Dennis, but he was a fellow worth knowing." The man smiled in reminiscence.

"Ye were foine an' smooth to me that day, Misther Edward; oi might 'av been the quane."

Mr. Edward smiled. "We were proud to have you with us, Dennis. I am right ashamed of myself as I stand here.—Dennis,"—the man came nearer—"do you remember that day you came into my room—the pistol was in my hand—the day Miss Alice—refused—"

The watchman's voice was low and his face was haggard. "Oi tould ye not to count a woman's no. Faith, wasn't oi in the right, 'twas but the firsht bit ind of her yis."

"You were right, Dennis, and she was a good woman, Dennis,—a good woman. Good God! Dennis, when I laid her away I buried my heart and—"

A flickering pale flame shot across the stairway leading to the rag-room and lifted the faint shadow on the watchman's face. He jumped as if he had heard a rifle shot.

"Mither av mercy, sorr!"—his grip closed like a vise on his master's bent shoulders. "Phat 'av ye done!" He half dragged, half pushed the man to the foot of the stairs and taking a tight grasp on his wrist walked half way up, so that he could see the floor above. He jumped back the next instant and pulled his master away and shut the door.

"Good God, oi knew ye were up to some divilthry, but niver that, sorr,—niver that."

His master stood up firm under his grasp and his eyes met the watchman's squarely. "Listen, Dennis. It was that or destruction." He talked fast, his words flowed together. "We have been staggering under the hard times a long while. Our heads have just been above water. Now we are so near sinking that this alone can save us. We have kept up the insurance, Dennis, and "—the room was becoming hot, a crackling sounded over head—"and it is our last show. All our people will be thrown out of work in either case, the mill will stand idle, there's no call for vacant paper mills in these times, Dennis—oh, I've thought it all over—all over. And the honor of the old name, Dennis, think of that—think of it—bankrupt! The place is heavily insured, man; if it burns we are saved. Our liabilities are not so heavy but that we can satisfy our creditors."

The Irishman's face was full of emotion, his eyes were full of tears, his mouth quivered loosely. "Oh, Masther Edward, sorr, could ye not manage it honest! Oh ye are blackenin' the ould name worse than anything else could do! For the love of God, sorr, let me ring in the alarrum. The fire's shut up in the rag-room yit, and they can stop it." The man stood with entreating eyes, his hands had dropped from his master's shoulders.

"Would you ruin us, Dennis?" The master's voice was a wail.

"Oh, oi kin not do it, sorr, oi kin not do it, an' yit oi'm an honest man—Oh, oi've loved ye iver since ye were a bit shaver an' oi a sprout av sivin. An' ye've saved me loife an' giv me wur-rk an' ye were fair koind to me. Do ye s'pose oi belaved yer tale of suspichionin' me? Divil a bit, sorr, oi knew ye was loyin', knew it by yer eye, an' oi just waited to see the ind. But ye've been a fair man and a square man, an' oi could not belave ye would—ye would!" The watchman swallowed and choked, the master groaned.

"Ye're passin' middle loife, sorr, an' ye're a father, sorr, think av yer bye, sorr, an'—Miss Alice—sorr;" the tears were rolling down the Irishman's quivering face, the master's eyes were desperate.

"Dennis—stop—for God's sake!" Behind him the fire was charring through the panels of the door. "I—I must get some papers from the office, man, and then you can ring in the alarm. I—I will stand it some way."

The Irishman grasped the other's hand, his broad shoulders shook with a deep sob. "Hurry, hurry Masther Edward, ye're the man av honor shtill."

The master hastened through the dark room and out of the door; the watchman following more slowly with his lantern

heard him dash down-stairs to the offices. He came out to the head of the stairs and saw a square patch of light in the hall below, streaming from his master's open office door. He stopped and got out the key to the alarm box and as he held it up on its chain, he heard the report of a pistol below—a heavy fall—a whistling groan—and all was still save the crackling of the flames above, which had eaten through the floor here and there. Outside he heard the city hall clock strike three. It roused him to action.

It was the next evening. The lawyer of the Union Insurance Company was examining the only witness for the great Mervington Mill fire, in the company's luxurious head-quarters. The president and directors sat around him.

Outside the newsboys were calling, their shrill voices sounding softened through the shut windows—"All about the big fire!"—"The Mervington Mill fire!"—"Mr. Edward Mervington burned alive while tryin' to save valerble papers!"

Inside the lawyer was saying, "And you say you were in the basement at the time and didn't hear anything, until you heard Mr. Mervington cry out to you from his office?"

"Yis sorr, oi hear-rd him shcrame out, an' oi run up. The hallway was full av shmoke an' the flames were shootin' down the shtairs. He run out av his office an he says, 'Ring the alarrum, Dennis, quick, the mill's all afire! Where 'av ye been?' Oi shtarted, an' he called, 'Here take these papers whilst oi run back an' lock the safe, oi ain't shut it.' So oi run an' when I had shtarted the alarrum—'tis almost at the door—I run back; but the place was all afire, an' oi mished him, somehow, an' just crawled out misilf—by God's hilp—savin yer prisinces." He ended wearily; it was the last of many tellings of the same story.

"And you say you had not been in the basement more than fifteen minutes at the outside?"

"That's all. Oi was just about makin' my nixt inspiction. But the rag-room door was opin as usual,—oi 'av to watch it clost because of thim combushtible Igyptian rags—thim as caused all the throuble—an' the well was opin too an' the fire takin' there burned like the divil let loose."

The company's lawyer sighed, the mill's lawyer smiled.

"That's all straight, all right. Dennis is a faithful servant, he's served the Mervingtons, boy and man, for forty years. He doesn't mix his story."

"Yes," responded the company's lawyer, "I think we know all there is to know. It's told straight enough. Let the man go." He turned to his employers. "Their claim's perfectly valid," he went on.

The watchman backed out into the hall. "Mither av God," he muttered, "Mither av God"—through his set teeth.

FLORENCE WELLER HITCHCOCK.

A SUMMER TWILIGHT

When day was gone and the air was still
And the sun hung low in a slanting light,
I started out in the gathering chill
And walked alone to the little hill
Where we stood together last night.

I could not think you were gone at last—
Gone to your home in that far-off town—
And while I thought of the bright months past,
The lengthening shadows the mountains cast
Silently folded down.

Then a last faint chirp from the hillside, where The birds'-nests hung in the hushing thicket; And I knew I must turn and find you there, While shrill, shrill, shrill on the twilight air Fiddled a tireless cricket.

I heard the note of a drowsy dove,

Then one by one blazed the fireflies out.

Here and there, below and above,

With the lift and the dip and the gleam you love,

Myriads flitted about.

I looked on the meadows, low and still,
And the twilight sky, where a pale star shone.
Then floated up to the darkling hill
The sad, sad call of the whip-poor-will—
And I knew that you were gone.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

Little Mary Bartlett was a minister's daughter. There was no getting round it. As far as she could find out she always had been one and was likely to remain so for the rest of her days. It was an awful fact to contemplate; with no opportunity for choice on her part, she was to go through life branded with this offensive title. She was taunted with it unmercifully by unfeeling playmates when they got mad; it was brought home to her with unpleasant emphasis when she stole lumps of sugar between meals or was sassy to the cook; and it sufficiently accounted for her goodness, leaving no room for original virtue, when she let little Ruth take the best doll or staved in the house all afternoon to amuse the baby. It haunted her like a bad fairy in a story-book, dooming her to perpetual attendance at Sunday-School and Infant Mission Bands. There were times, to be sure, when she realized that there was a redeeming side to her misfortune. These were when, in the midst of a group of awed and admiring little girls, she referred in an easy and off-hand manner to "my father's church"; and more especially on Sundays, when, proud with the sense of ownership, she watched her father mount the pulpit steps and lord it over a humble congregation for a full hour and a half. These things were compensations; but after all, Sunday is only one day out of seven, and for the other six Mary was forced to think often and bitterly of her affliction.

Perhaps it might not have been so hard if it had not been for the melancholy contrast between her lot and that of Elenora Fitch. Elenora lived three doors down and she was Mary's most intimate friend. She was two years older than Mary, but she was ten years wiser. For one thing she had gone to school—oh, for years—and she had accumulated a fund of experience and anecdote that made Mary feel very small indeed. According to Elenora, the great world that existed beyond their street was full of harrowing adventures through which only a person of unusual advantages and vast resources, like Elenora herself, could hope to pass unharmed. Mary drank in eagerly every

word that fell from the lips of her friend. She had the profoundest admiration for Elenora's superior gifts, but she felt that they had a sufficient cause—a cause which Elenora was never weary of impressing on her mind. Elenora's father owned a grocery store. The social prestige of this was simply overwhelming. Mary's studied references to her father's church fell flat and unnoticed beside Elenora's boastful accounts of what happened down at the store. When Mary timidly suggested that her father saw to weddings and funerals and must therefore be an important member of society, Elenora downed her at once by showing that weddings and funerals come but once in a lifetime, and some folks never get married at all and are buried without a minister, whereas we all need flour and butter and eggs every day of our lives. Mary was compelled to admit that Elenora's father, overseeing a detachment of eager clerks, and dispensing sugar and coffee from behind a handsome glass counter, was indeed a splendid sight. Furthermore, Elenora's father allowed her to slip behind the counters, and her apron-pockets were almost sure to be full of pieces of dried apple, hazel-nuts, peppermints and other delectable morsels, which added great force to her arguments and created ardent partisans for her against Mary's occasional pretensions. Mary generally came off in any wordy encounter decidedly worsted and returned home aching with the sense of her own insignificance, but grateful at the thought of Elenora's continued patronage.

Things had been going on in this way for a great many years—indeed as far back as Mary could remember—when the September that brought Mary's sixth birthday arrived. With it a momentous conclusion was reached in the Bartlett household. Mary had at last arrived at years of discretion, and was to emerge from the retirement of the parsonage yard to the turmoil and struggle of the Third-Ward School. Mary's excitement when she heard the decision knew no bounds. She flew to confide it to Elenora. Elenora heard the news with becoming coolness, but she graciously offered to engineer Mary through the first trying ordeals and to insure her social position in the school. Mary accepted her generous proposal with grateful hugs, resolving inwardly that as far as in her lay she would be a credit to her noble friend.

Behold, then, on the eleventh of September, at exactly twen-

ty minutes of nine, the parsonage door opened and Mary came forth, dressed in a newly-starched white apron and a very wide sailor hat and carrying with tender pride the new basket which held her elegant lunch of three cookies and an apple. Her mother with Ruth and Baby Ted accompanied her to the front gate. Mary held herself very straight and her cheeks were very red. She looked pityingly at Ruth and Baby Ted and suddenly realized how very little they were. By noon that day what years of experience would lie between them and her, what a gap between her knowledge and their ignorance! Then she saw Elenora approaching and her importance dwindled. She held her mother's hand very tight and let her say the last words.

"Now, Mary, remember what I told you and be a good little girl. Be careful not to tear your apron and come straight home at twelve o'clock."

"Yes'm," said Mary meekly. Her mother kissed her and she passed out of the parsonage gate, feeling miserably that she would forfeit her new basket and her red-bound slate with the squeaky striped pencil if she could stay at home and play dolls with Ruthie. She had a wild desire to rush back to the refuge of her mother's arms; but pride and the sharp black eyes of Elenora deterred her, and she was obliged to find what comfort she could in exhibiting her new belongings to her friend, who examined them critically and was pleased to pronounce them good.

By the time they had reached the school-house corner, Mary had quite regained her interest in life. When the seething activity of the school-yard burst upon her, she held her breath with excitement—such running, such yelling, such absorption in mighty affairs of which she knew nothing! To think that she was about to enter upon this scene of endless variety, and might in time gain a position of honor and authority! She felt more than ever the necessity of making as good an impression as possible.

Meanwhile Elenora had dragged her up the walk and had ushered her into the school-house. Their hats were decently hung in the dressing-room and now at last Mary entered the room which had been the scene of her dreams for the last fortnight. It was almost empty now; a few little girls were talking together in one corner and a friendly-looking young woman was writing on a blackboard.

"That," said Elenora, indicating the young woman, "is Miss Sears."

Mary gazed at her curiously. So that was the tyrant of whom she had heard so many tales, the creature whose every whim was law and whom it took all Elenora's wiles to subdue. Fear and defiance struggled in her heart while Elenora pulled her toward the blackboard. "Miss Sears," said Elenora impressively, "this is Mary Bartlett." To Mary's infinite surprise Miss Sears smiled at her quite pleasantly. When she found that Mary was six and had never been to school before, she put her in a desk very near the front and told her to stav there till the First Class was called. Then she was to come and sit in the front row. Mary obediently slipped into her seat and sat very still, awaiting further developments. Presently the teacher rang a big bell a long while, and all the children came clattering in and took their seats; and then they all sang very loud a song which Mary couldn't understand. Then she sat there a wearisome time while many classes went up to the front row and answered questions. Occasionally she turned her head very cautiously and cast appealing glances back at Elenora. Then Elenora would wink encouragingly and Mary would turn back feeling much better. At last, after what seemed a long, long while, Miss Sears said "First Class," and Mary and three other little girls and a cross-eved little boy went up to the front row.

The First Class proved to be very exciting. Miss Sears printed words on the blackboard and the children had to remember what they were. Mary thought this excellent fun and she was just feeling very much elated because she was the only one that knew "cow," when a terrible thing happened. Miss Sears looked at her and said, "Let me see, what is your name?"

And when Mary answered, "Mary Bartlett," Miss Sears said, "Oh yes—the minister's little girl, aren't you?"

Poor Mary! Was it to follow her here too? She had hoped that she could keep it dark, so that the children would never know, and here the very first day—! Then an awful thought occurred to her and almost before she knew it she said, "No, my father isn't a minister—he keeps a grocery store."

As soon as she said it she was scared; for her voice sounded loud—dreadfully loud, and seemed to echo and re-echo through the schoolroom. She didn't dare look at Miss Sears, and she

didn't dare look at anyone else, and she was afraid to keep looking at the floor for fear some one would notice it; and her heart thumped so loud that she was sure the cross-eyed boy would hear it and ask her what was the matter. She thought to herself, "What if Elenora heard mo? What will she think? What will she do?" But nobody said anything, and when she furtively glanced back at Elenora, she saw that she was busy eating peppermints behind her geography. Mary drew a long breath of relief. The crisis had passed unnoticed.

Mary immediately threw herself into the business of the First Class with preternatural enthusiasm. She guessed at all the words before they were half written, with so many brilliant successes and so many awful failures that the rest were stunned at her audacity. She giggled convulsively at the cross-eyed boy's mistakes and whispered audible comments to the little girl next her. Recess came directly after the First Class and as soon as the bell rang Elenora pounced upon Mary and carried her off to initiate her into the mysteries of her set. She wondered a little at Mary's very red cheeks and great eagerness to join in the conversation, but she put it down to the natural excitement of a young and inexperienced person, brought for the first time into contact with the great world.

But poor Mary! In spite of her efforts at hilarity, a feeling of utter misery was stealing over her. She bore up pretty well through recess, but when she was once more sitting all alone in her desk a realization of her guilt began to settle down on her. That thing that she had said—it was a lie. She, Mary Bartlett, the minister's daughter, had fibbed—fibbed before the whole school. What would become of her? The man who told lies in the Bible fell down dead, and the bad little girl in Grimm's fairy book had been lost in a thick forest, with only wild beasts to live with. Suppose—oh, miserable thought—suppose they should find it out? What would they do to her? Surely, they would never let her come to school again. She would have to miss all the delights Elenora had described, all the triumphs she had planned. Expelled—that was what they called it—that was what they had done to Tom Evans—and what a disgrace it was! How grieved her mother would look when she heard, and how stern her father would be! And other people—they would laugh and point their fingers and say "minister's daughter" more than ever. Perhaps when they knew what a dreadful

girl she was they would stop going to hear her father preach. She could no longer boast to Elenora about her father's church. Boast to Elenora! What was she thinking of? She would no longer see Elenora—Elenora would not have her for a friend—Elenora would scorn her—she could never, never go with Elenora any more!

At last the big bell rang again and there was clatter and confusion in the school-room. Mary accepted with dreary meekness all Elenora's aid and suggestions—the last she would ever receive from her. Elenora put her lunch-basket into her hand and snapped the rubber of her sailor-hat under her chin, and they joined the group of eager little girls in the hall who were already busily discussing, with varying degrees of cheerfulness or indignation, all the chief events of the morning. A minute later the heavy front door swung to behind them and Mary's first day of school was over.

The walk home served only to increase her misery. Elenora was engaged in describing a crisis in geography class to three admiring friends, and Mary was left to walk dejectedly behind, with one of the little girls in her reading class. She knew that Susy had heard her story and her heart thumped with dread lest she should ask her where her father's store was or know that her house was the parsonage. Her anxiety was so evident that Susy noticed it and wondered greatly; for she had been deeply impressed by Mary's prowess in reading and her brilliancy at recess, and had counted her already as a bold and daring spirit who would surely have authority. The wretched change touched her heart. She even went so far in her sympathy as to offer Mary the use of her chewing-gum, but all her effort failed to rouse in her little companion any spark of pleasure in life.

At the parsonage gate Mary said good-bye fearfully and walked with lagging steps toward the house. She had expected to dash in triumphantly and dazzle Ruth with an account of her adventures. Now she slipped silently into the library where her mother was writing letters and waited anxiously for the questions she knew would come.

"Well, dear," said her mother briskly, "how did school go?"

"Pretty well," said Mary, in tones that would sound doleful in spite of her efforts.

Her mother thought she understood and slipped an arm lovingly around her waist. "Poor little girl, it wasn't all your

fancy painted it, was it? But never mind. It will be better to-morrow, and this afternoon you shall go driving with your father and me while we make calls."

Poor Mary! At any other time such a prospect would have made her jubilant, but now it struck cold terror to her heart. Suppose they should pass Miss Sears or one of the children—they would see her with the minister—they would know—

"Oh, mother," said the wretched child, "I don't want to go to ride this afternoon—I can't go. I—I—I haven't hardly seen Ruthie to-day. Mayn't I stay at home and play with her?"

"Very well," said her mother, somewhat surprised, "of course you may stay at home if you prefer. Ruthie is in the back yard."

What a dismal afternoon that was! At dinner the sight of her father was fresh cause for misery, and his wittiest sallies and cleverest jokes failed to dispel the gloom that had settled down upon her. When, safe hidden behind the parlor curtains, she had watched her father and mother drive off in the buggy, a new series of woes began. What wiles she had to use to persuade Ruthie not to play in the front yard lest Miss Sears should pass the house and grow suspicious! What starts of terror she felt when the door-bell rang, for fear the dreaded principal of Elenora's tales had come to demand an explanation! Ruthie did not know whether to be more irritated at her sister's lack of interest or delightfully surprised at her generosity in giving up all the best playthings. Thus the long hours dragged wearily away, and for the first time in her life Mary hailed the relentless approach of supper and bed-time with relief.

The next morning the trials of yesterday seemed very far away. She had almost forgotten that school with its wearing responsibilities existed, and was having a beautiful time planning a new shipwreck game to play with Ruth when an unfortunate remark from her mother suddenly dumped the whole load of care on her shoulders again. What was this awful thing that haunted her? Oh yes—that dreadful experience of yesterday. It seemed ages old as soon as she remembered it and she looked forward wearily to another long day of fears and evasions and complications. She longed for a sore throat or a sprained ankle—she wished she dared to plead to stay at home, but she knew that would mean searching questions and sure discovery. There was nothing for it but to face things as brazenly as possible.

Breakfast went pretty well on the whole. She was getting used to being a dark character and it didn't stifle her quite so much. She was beginning to feel resigned and she chatted quite naturally afterwards while her mother was braiding her hair. Suddenly, just as the last ribbon was being tied on her father called to her.

"Oh, Mary, let me know when you're ready to start. I am going down town and I'll walk to school with you."

Mary felt her heart sink at the words. She knew that the crisis had come. She muttered some excuse about washing her hands and took refuge in the bath-room.

Ten minutes later Mr. Bartlett looked for the third time at his watch and then spoke to his wife. "That child is late already," he said. "I wish you would speak to her."

Mary's mother called, but there was no answer. She rose in some alarm and tried the bath-room door. It opened, and she saw Mary sitting dismally on the edge of the tub, shedding into it tears of silent misery.

She had come to a decision. There was no way out of it but to tell. It would be better after all to confess and be disgraced than to wait thus miserably and be found out. Things had conspired against her to let it out. She felt helpless and baffled; and some tardy twinges of conscience melted her completely. She resolved to do the thing up properly and tell Miss Sears herself—Miss Sears and the children who heard her. But the thought of that dreadful scene almost overcame her and she sat in wretchedness, putting off the evil day as long as possible.

Her parents were grieved and perplexed. They wanted to be sympathetic, but they felt that the principles of education were at stake and they were valiantly firm. They were a little surprised that she offered no resistance to their commands. When her father told her he wanted her to look cheerful within five minutes, she obediently mopped her face. She let them put on her hat and took her slate and basket without a word. She meekly submitted to being led away by her father, whose heart smote him at sight of her docility.

School had already begun when they reached there. A class was reciting and Mary slipped in almost unobserved and without responding to certain inquiring glances from Elenora. Her heart was very heavy, for she knew her disgrace was at hand. She dared not wait, for fear her courage should give out.

Already she felt uneasy waverings. Three times she started to raise her hand to call Miss Sears' attention; three times her heart failed her before her hand was half up and she drew it down quickly. The fourth time Miss Sears saw her almost before she started. Too late to change now!

"What is it, Mary?" said Miss Sears.

Mary stood up in the aisle. One of her knees kept knocking the other unpleasantly and her voice sounded as faint as it had been loud yesterday.

"Please, Miss Sears," she said, "what I said yesterday about my father's being a grocer isn't true. He is a minister after all."

It was done and she sat down. Two big tears fell from her eyes and rolled slowly down her plump cheeks, and she fished nervously in her apron pocket for her little blue-bordered hand-kerchief. But—how was this? There were no jeers of derision, no reproaches. Instead the children were as still as if nothing had happened, and a boy over in the corner went on sharpening his pencil. From an immeasurable distance Miss Sears was saying something about a brave little girl; and—could it be possible that these were Elenora's arms, hugging her so fervently? A minute later her teeth crunched on one of Elenora's peppermints and she smiled.

HELEN DOROTHY RICHARDS.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WIND ACROSS THE WHEAT

Beat high against the headland, dash hard against the shore; Break into surging, foaming spray with thundering roll and roar! Boom, O Billows, in pitiless rage 'round the rocks off Highland Light; Strike the triumphant note of power, the awful chord of might. In the roar and the roll of your organ peal there is no note half so sweet As the lighter, softer melody of the wind across the wheat.

Sigh soft, O Wind, through the hemlock bending its branches low, Moan through the murmuring pine trees in cadence sad and slow, Sound in the leafless willow the dirge of what is past, Strike the key of the yet to be, in the highest note of your blast, In the wail and the sigh of your plaintive cry—there's no tone half so sweet As the rythmic undulation of the wind across the wheat.

Join in fantastic measure, O Rain-drops flashing bright, Wake the mountain streams to music beneath your touch so light. Let the dripping leaves beat time to the melody you make, Dance to your tripping measure on the polished silver lake. In the liveliest note of your gayest song there's no strain half so sweet As the rising, falling melody of the wind across the wheat.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS.

"Look at here, Si; I want to talk to you." Uncle Jabez Potter stopped before his son, and went on impressively, "I been thinkin', Si, about what would become of Si's Bridal Tour you if anything was to happen to your Ma and me. You're thirty-one year old—I asked your Ma last night—and you're a good enough worker, but you couldn't no more take care of yourself than that Jersey calf could."

Si leaned on his hoe handle, and his watery, pale blue eyes glanced shiftily about, now at his father, now at the young corn, and again at the Jersey calf. The neighbors said that Si Potter was "not all there," and his father was out-spokenly of that opinion. "Wouldn't 'a thought I'd 'a had a fool for a son, would you?" was his favorite introduction of Si. Si's mother, on the other hand, maintained that he was "just quiet."

"Your Ma and I have been talkin'it over," Uncle Jabez went on, "and we've bout decided you'd better get married."

Si looked up with a faint gleam of interest. "Who to?" he

asked.

"Oh, I do' know," his father answered with assumed indiffer-

ence. "Was you thinkin' of anybody?"

"Well, you might—that is—I could try—I thought of Sally Brooks"-Si detected a grin on his father's face, and ended lamely, "No, I ain't. Who did you mean, Pa?"

"Well, we was thinkin' some of-how'd you like Maria Ann

Robbins?"

Si dropped the hoe and straightened his lank figure suddenly, his features working with excitement.

"I-I won't do it, Pa," he said at last.

"Sho' now! why not? 'Ria Ann is a real good pervider."

"But she—she ain't pretty."

"No, she ain't," Uncle Jabez admitted drily. "That is, not unless you call a hedge-fence pretty."

"An' she's older than I be."

"She ain't a day over thirty-seven. 'Taint every woman that would have you, you know, Si."

"Well, I tell you I won't do it."

"She's a terrible good cook, they do say," his father said coaxingly, as one would speak to an obstinate child. "An' I'd give you-Si, I'd give you a new gun, 'stead o' that old thing out of Noah's ark you carry round."

Si shook his head obstinately. "You can just let it drop

right where it is," he said.

- "Well, no; I can't do that exactly. You see—the fact is, Si, your Ma and I had talked this all over, and so-well, the other night I happened to be goin' by Deacon Robbins's, an' there sat 'Ria Ann on the front porch. I thought I'd just step in and sound her on the matter, easy. Seemed like a leading of Providence.
- "Good evenin, said I, an just then I see she'd been cryin. Everybody knows her aunt Malvina leads her a dog's life.

"Good evenin', said I. 'Ria Ann Robbins, why don't you

get married?'

"She looked madder than a hornet at first, an' then she saw I meant business. 'Nobody's asked me, Mr. Potter,' she said, real dry, 'at least, not lately,'

"' What do you say to my son Silas?' said I.

"Well, I'm free to confess she didn't exactly jump at the idea at first: thought I was pokin' fun at her, I guess. But I explained 'bout how I had quite a little money to leave you, and 'twould give her a home of her own (she not bein' as young as she might be), an' I told her what a good harmless critter you was, not a bad habit to your name—an' the end of it was, we got it pretty well settled."

"You'll have to get it unsettled again, then," Si answered

obstinately. "She's old, an' she ain't pretty, an' I won't."

"'Tain't hardly decent, throwing a woman over at the last minute like that, after she's counted on gettin' married, and begun gettin' her *trusoe*, for what I know, an' laid all her plans for the bridal tour, and all."

His son started and looked him full in the face for the first time. "For what?" he demanded eagerly. "The bridal what?"

"Bridal tour. A woman doesn't think she's really married without she has a bridal tour. 'Ria Ann was plannin' to visit her married sister who lives in Boston."

Boston! Si had never seen a larger town than Brooksport, ten miles away, which had a dry-goods store with five clerks in it, and a soda-fountain in the drug-store. The unconfessed dream of his life was to go to the city, where they had horse-cars, and dime museums, like the circus, and places where you could go in and have a hot dinner right at supper time if you wanted it. He had sometimes had wild visions of going to Bangor, but Boston—! A hundred stories he had heard thronged into his memory. It was said the teams were so thick there you had to watch for a chance to dodge across the road, and policemen stood round all the time to keep you from having your pocket picked. And here was Boston spoken of as if it were an every-day affair—on a bridal tour! What were the sharp features of Maria Ann Robbins when weighed against these splendors?

"I ain't sayin' I won't marry Miss Robbins, Pa," he said at last, "if you're sure there ain't somebody else that would do just as well."

Three weeks later the Billingsville coach drew up at the little tumble-down station, and Uncle Jabez stepped out, beaming with triumph.

"Allow me, Mis' Potter," he said, and handed out with a flourish Maria Ann Robbins 'that was'. She carried herself defiantly, and glanced furtively about for jeering onlookers. Next Aunt Lyddy, Uncle Jabez' wife, got clumsily out—a large, motherly woman, her expression divided between pride and apprehension. Last of all, blind to everything about him, wrapped in a golden dream of Boston, came Silas. His shambling figure was clad in the same old "best suit" that he had worn for two years. "It don't pay partic'lar to dress up Si," as Uncle Jabez put it. But Uncle Jabez evidently did not regard himself as coming under the same rule, for he was dressed in a brand-new suit of "store clothes."

"Two tickets to Boston," he demanded with studied indifference. He handed one long green and buff slip to 'Ria Ann, and began folding the other elaborately.

"Here, Pa," said Si, stretching out his hand.

Uncle Jabez, without looking at him, finished folding the ticket and put it in his pocket. "I've been thinkin', Si," he said slowly, "that I wouldn't mind a trip to Boston myself. I ain't been there for thirty-three years—not since your Ma and me was married—and seems like this was a real good chance to go."

"That's all right, Pa," Si assented, "I ain't got nothin'

against your comin'. Now give me my ticket."

"Well, you see, Silas, there ain't no partic'lar call—the crops weren't over and above good last year; I ain't got much money to waste—an' some one ought to stay with your Ma, anyhow. The short an' the long of it is, Si, nobody wants you on this trip, partic'larly, and I guess you just better stay to home."

Si turned white. "Pa!" he gasped, "you don't mean-I

ain't agoin' on the bridal tour?"

"Well, yes, I do. 'Tain't as if I wasn't goin' to look out for 'Ria Ann. I'll bring her back all right."

The whistle of the approaching train was heard. In his desperation Si turned to 'Ria Ann, who stood nervously clutching her umbrella and bag, an unwonted red in her sallow cheeks.

"Miss Robbins," he cried, forgetting the change which the event of the last hour had made in her name, "Miss Robbins, you will let me go to Boston, won't you? Why, that's what I done it for!"

"No, I won't," she answered, "I can't. I've got to live with

him all my life," she continued, turning appealingly to Aunt Lyddy, whose disapproval was manifest, "and Lord knows that's enough. Folks round here all know how it was, and I've got to stand it, but I want to go just once in my life to a place where I can sign my name, "Mrs. Silas Poiter," without anybody's seein'—him."

The train rolled into the station.

"It don't seem hardly fair, Pa," Aunt Lyddy began timidly, but met the threatening glance of her husband and was silent. 'Ria Ann gathered her skirts tightly about her and started for the train, Uncle Jabez following. Si put himself in his father's way, his fist clenched, his eyes blazing.

"You don't go by me," he said.

For a moment it looked as if he would keep his word, but Uncle Jabez took a forward step, the habit of a lifetime prevailed, and Si stood still while his bride and his father entered the train and were borne away from him toward the unknown glories of Boston.

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

SHETLAND SLUMBER SONG

Closer to me than my hands and feet
With the throb of the sea in each tiny heart-beat,
Soon thou wilt grow to be strong, my sweet.
And sail thine own boat on the sea—
For the spindrift drives
In the line-fishing gay,
And the storms come up
And the nets go astray,
But thou, my son, wilt be stronger than they
And sail thine own boat on the sea.

When a ship comes sailing into the port
With the fluttering tokens the sailors have wrought,
When the lads all race for the prize in their sport,
My son will be first at the mast—
For the spindrift drives
In the line-fishing gay,
And storms come up
And the nets go astray,
But thou, my son, wilt be stronger than they
And sail thine own boat on the sea.

But boys must sleep to be strong, my son,
In the light of the morning then thou shalt run,
But now the dusky-sailed night has begun,
When the ships drift up from the sea—
For the spindrift drives
In the line-fishing gay,
And storms come up
And the nets go astray,
But thou, my son, wilt be stronger than they
And sail thine own boat on the sea.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

On a hot June Sunday, when the pews are sticky and when flies and mosquitoes are uncomfortably thick, it is not always easy to follow the sermon closely.

The Baptism of the Smith Twins

This morning the Reverend Mr. Talbot was even more rambling than usual. He was rather nervous: for it

was Children's Sunday, and he was expected to interest all the children by a simple, touching sermon, which gave him infinitely more trouble than his usual theological discourses. Moreover, when the children were baptized he often stumbled over the names, causing himself as well as the mothers much mortification.

The congregation fanned itself and waited patiently for the baptismal service. The ladies rustled their silks expectantly, for the little Smith twins were to be baptized this morning; but the men were too hot to be interested and only tried to shut their watches noiselessly.

In the vestry below sat Mr. and Mrs. Smith, each holding a twin. The proud father had a large silk handkerchief tucked in his collar and was trying to manage his small charge delicately, without crumpling the white christening dress. He felt very nervous; beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, but he did his best to appear happy and proud.

"Now Mary," he began anxiously, "are you sure you can tell them apart just by the way their hair is fixed? It would have been much safer to tie on the pink and blue ribbons as I suggested. I don't know now whether I'm holding Elizabeth or Frederick!"

"Why, Fred, of course you do!" said his wife reproachfully. "That's Elizabeth! Don't you see I've combed Frederick's

hair up into a 'Boston,' but Elizabeth's is parted in the middle. I must say I never thought much of people who couldn't tell their own children apart without ribbons! You just set Elizabeth down on your left after she's been baptized, and then I will give you Frederick, who will be at your right. Do remember, for I should hate to have the poor things go through life baptized with each other's names. There, it's time now! Take your handkerchief out of your neck, dear, and don't step on my dress going up." And with a hurried pat on Frederick's "Boston" and Elizabeth's part, Mrs. Smith went up-stairs.

The whispers in the church were quite audible as the Smiths walked up the broad aisle. "Don't the babies look sweet!"—
"Just exactly alike, too! They say she can tell them apart, but he can't!" "Those dear little dresses were—" "Hush!"

Mr. Smith stood before the altar with Elizabeth in his arms. Mrs. Smith cast one anxious glance at the child's head, saw the decorous part in the silken curls, and devoted her thoughts to the service. She heard the Reverend Mr. Talbot say, "I baptize thee, Elizabeth Dexter Smith," and she heard Elizabeth's little gasp as the minister's kindly hand was laid upon her head. Elizabeth did not cry; she looked up with her solemn baby smile, as if she fully understood the meaning of it all. Then her papa set her down beside him and bowed his head for the prayer. Elizabeth bowed hers too; but presently she caught sight of Frederick standing on the other side, holding mamma's hand, and she was seized with sudden jealousy. She wanted to hold mamma's hand; whereupon this small tyrant squeezed in beside her mother, pushing Frederick along to make room for her.

The prayer over, Mrs. Smith lifted the child at her side to her husband's arms, and the service was repeated. Mr. Smith was no longer nervous; the crisis was passed, and he felt a thrill of fatherly pride as he heard his son and heir baptized with the old family name, "Frederick Farell Smith."

Once more they passed down the aisle, and this time the twins were allowed to walk beside their father, each clinging tightly to a guiding finger.

As they were nearing the door, Mr. Smith looked down lovingly at the two little heads. Suddenly he gave a start of surprise, for he noticed that while Elizabeth's curls were still quite damp, Frederick's "Boston" stood up proudly on his head, suspiciously dry and smooth.

In a flash he remembered: twice at the altar he had raised Elizabeth in his arms, twice had the minister sprinkled her forehead, twice had she been baptized! Elizabeth Dexter and Frederick Farell! The poor father felt guilty of a sacrilege, and like a criminal he avoided the glance of the old deacon standing at the door. Should he confess? Would Mrs. Smith notice? He felt sure she would; but he was walking behind his wife, and surprised at his own audacity, he quickly drew his forefinger from Frederick's grasp, rumpled up the child's innocent "Boston," and then ran his fingers through Elizabeth's part.

Once more they stood in the vestry. "Well Fred, it was lovely, wasn't it?" said Mrs. Smith, kissing her husband and the children with tears in her eyes. "The babies were so good! But I declare," she added, looking at them critically, "their hair is so rumpled up now that I don't know as I could tell them apart myself! I'm so glad Mr. Talbot got their names right—it's quite a load off my mind!"

"Yes—er—ribbons would have been quite superfluous," rejoined her guilty husband. "You were quite right, my dear!"

MARGUERITE CUTLER PAGE.

The sweeping assertion, "I hate crowds," always throws one into an argumentative attitude. "But my dear lady," one responds—this form of nervous denunciation does not Crowds—emanate from the masculine intellect as a rule—

"There are crowds and crowds—everything from a gathering, an assembly, a collection, to a wild and howling mob. As well say you hate weather because you dislike rainy days." And then one proceeds, perhaps to the squirming discomfort of the listener, to discourse upon crowds.

There is the Subway crowd. If you wish to know for yourself what it is, go to the Park Street Station some evening about six, and observe. You are carried down the stairs by a small landslide of humanity, shoved past the ticket window before you receive your change, and then introduced into Bedlam. The arrival of a car at the farthest stopping place is the signal for an agonized rush in that direction. After several such performances you succeed in capturing an elusive bit of space in a car. Mauled and bruised, your real interest in getting any-

where quite dissipated, you are shot through the rumbling Subway. That is what I call an elbow-and-craned-neck crowd. It is not comfortable, neither is it instructive. I agree with you in denouncing it.

Then there is the vacation-train crowd. The cars are piled high with dress-suit cases—abominable inventions—and chattering humanity. If you want to take a nap some one talks to you; if you want to look out of the window, some one insists upon your attention at that moment; if you want to go to another car for exercise you find your way blocked by the aforementioned dress-suit cases, and in climbing over them you are more than likely to fall prostrate into the embraces of some stranger. Yes, I agree with you in hating train crowds.

But there is the opera crowd. While De Reszke and Nordica are still bowing to the plaudits of the enthusiasts, you find yourself slowly oozing down and out a broad aisle. Then is the time to be interested in the crowd. You can take fashion notes if nothing else; but people are always so curious at the opera and go for such mixed motives that their faces are an absorbing study afterwards. Some few of them are elated; many are bored; others are worn with the attempt to appear appreciative and to think of enthusiastic praises which they do not feel. Again, perhaps not an unfavorable sign, many are blank. With the cry of the Valkyrie still ringing in their ears, their faces are blank. I always have great sympathy for them, for I think they too have been overwhelmed. It is the people whose only interest is in getting out just as soon as possible, and a little sooner than their neighbors, who are certainly the most annoying; in the crowd as a whole there are elements of fascination and charm, and endless food for reflection.

Again, there is the picture-exhibit crowd. I am never quite sure when I go to a picture exhibit whether I am going to see the pictures or the people. Sometimes the latter are better worth it. The girl who strives for the artistic by means of the slovenly is usually there; and pleasant to relate, in such avowed surroundings she often comes nearer to acquiring her "tone" than in other times and places. In contrast to her is the professional illustrator, who is usually "stubby" looking, practical and inartistic. Anyone who has seen Chase for the first time, as he presided over an exhibit of the work of his classes, will

recall the shock which his materialistic presence gave. One grows to be gratified for it though, and ceases to protest against a certain "law of the Spectators" which impresses itself upon one, namely, that artistic appearance and success in the profession are found in inverse proportion. To return to the spectators themselves. At the recent Sargent exhibit the crowd contained two elements, those who came to see the paintings, and those who came to see the painted. I do not wish to seem to encourage eavesdropping, but yet my advice would be to the hater of crowds, who is trying to develop tolerance toward them, to eavesdrop assiduously at the next portrait exhibit within her pocket-book's radius. She will find all types represented, from the rapt admirers who murmur staccato polysyllables, to the pompous individuals whose measure of the worth of a picture is the desirability of having it in their own possession. They will deepen her insight into human nature. When she meets the man, who mounting into the second gallery of Tissot pictures groaned, "Good gracious - all these! I thought we were through,"-it will broaden her sense of humor. It will profit her much, this method of eavesdropping; besides it will afford her more unadulterated pleasure, and do more towards making her flee to rather than from the crowd than any other comparatively simple method within my power to advise.

Proverbially the woman convinced against her will retains the same opinion; so I indulge in no vain hope of the conversion of the hater of crowds. I simply recommend to her thoughtful consideration the genus crowd; I give her leave to discriminate against certain species and tax her wits to avoid them; but at the same time I would have her bear in mind the fact that there are—crowds and crowds.

CAROLINE MARMON.

CROSS-EYED

With forehead fair,
And umber hair
Swept backward like wind-ruffled mist;
With cheeks and lips
And finger tips
That seem but fashioned to be kissed:

Her dainty feet
Trip down the street,
As nimble as the mountain roe,
My heart ensnare
And trample there,
The while I watch her come and go.

But oh, her blue
Eyes shine askew,
And tax my ingenuity
To guess which way
Their glances stray
With twinkling ambiguity.

I cannot choose
But sadly muse
How optic axes lead amiss:—
Ah, spiteful freak!
Her glance oblique
Ever eludes analysis!

HELEN RUTH STOUT.

I had already overstepped the limits of legitimacy in my absences from the gymnasium class, but I tried to convince myself that I really was too tired to go In the Animal Gym. that afternoon. A little nap would do me infinitely more good, I thought, and an explanation of that fact would doubtless be received by the authorities with acquiescence. So I lay down with a comparatively quiet conscience, and thought the omens for a refreshing sleep unusually propitious. The hum of voices in the hall died away after two o'clock had struck, and the air was laden with the passive languor of a day in early spring. I was almost asleep, when up spoke that restless little voice which I thought I had quieted:

"You know you ought to have gone. You're only trying to find an excuse for your laziness; exercise is the very thing you need. That's what you used to say about your pony. You don't live up to your precepts."

"Well, I don't care," I retorted; "it's different with animals; we mustn't judge ourselves by them. I should like to know if I could be expected to do what those monkeys are doing?"

There they were, a dozen of them, standing at the booms, awaiting the order:

"Tails curl! Grasp! Climb!"

And off they all went, until ropes, ladders, and walls were all alive with monkeys. Two disorderly ones raced each other through the gallery, clambering down the curtain when they reached the stage. It was strange that they did not seem to disturb a company of hens and roosters drawn up in line on the platform, and engaged in neck-stretching and wing-flapping in time to the sonorous cock-a-doodle-doos of their leader. Then the camels in the middle of the floor began to practice the deep knee-bend, with a slow and steady motion. The only trouble was that they didn't keep their backs straight in the folding and unfolding of their numerous joints.

"I can see some sense in this kind of thing; it's part of their trade to kneel," I said to my companion-voice. But there was no reply. The evidence was too overwhelming, and conscience had fled, not staying to see the kangaroos take the high-jump, and the peacocks the exercise: "Feet open!—Feet close!"

There was a momentary lull. Even the monkeys were quiet for an instant, until a flying ball, summoning them to the pleasures of a game, set them in motion. They played center, and did it well; their incessant chattering seemed to stimulate them to action. The elephant at the goal, unconscious of the racket about him, hoisted his trunk deliberately above the basket, and the ball dropped neatly through,—in spite of the giraffe-guards, who did their frantic best at stretching their necks to defeat the self-complacent "home." But the one-sided success stirred the wrath of the losing centers, and breaking ranks they made a rush for their opponents, stumbling over apparatus and rattling windows, with that minus quantity of injuries which only monkeys can sustain.

"Say, will you lend me your Greek book? I've lost mine.—Oh, did I wake you up? Aren't you going to gym.?" burst out Polly, all in one breath, having entered informally after a generous bang on the door.

"There it is on the second shelf. Why, what time is it?"

"Ten minutes past two, and Mary is just going. You aren't sick, are you?"

"No, I guess I'll go. I did admire the way those animals did

things, anyhow."

"If you are referring to the girls in the exhibition last night, they ought to be grateful to you for the compliment," said Polly, still hunting for Xenophon.

But I couldn't stop to explain.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DEFOREST.

EDITORIAL

In changing the heterogeneous collection of individuals who come here every fall into an organized body with common traditions and sympathies, the college works through many and diverse agencies. The general gatherings in chapel and elsewhere form perhaps the first of these. Then there is the class—I do not mean the assemblage of students for purposes of recitation, though this too is not without its influence, but that fine abstraction which receives so much loyalty and warm personal service that by the end of four years it is no longer an abstraction, but a living personality. The manifold college organizations too—athletic and musical, literary and scientific—contribute largely to the general end of drawing together and assimilating widely different elements.

But there is one influence, which a few years ago would have been placed near the head of the list, the importance of which in this direction appears to be fast decreasing. I mean the life of the campus houses. The rapid increase in size of the college, constantly lessening the proportion of students who are able to find accomodation on the campus, is not in itself enough to account for the dwindling significance of campus life as such. It is surely a general if not a universal experience, that even within the last two or three years the sense of a connection, slight perhaps but very real, subsisting between inmates of the same house, has grown perceptibly less. From organizations the houses are becoming mere aggregations.

It might be hard to say whether the growing custom of a small party of friends taking a house by themselves is a cause or an effect of this dissolution of the old system. The new method has so much to commend it—greater freedom, a more homelike atmosphere, a more spontaneous social life—that it seems really ungracious to point out the disadvantages which would attend its general adoption. It is not that the retirement

of a "set" of girls into a separate house necessarily isolates them; it may even increase their opportunities for social intercourse as far as their own friends are concerned: but it does take away one means to that *general* association which is so important, not only to themselves as individuals but to the college as a whole.

It is hard to see how we could legislate against these tendencies, even if we were sure we wished to do so. For the trouble lies, not in the mere withdrawal of certain individuals from the college houses, but in the apathy towards house life on the part of those who remain. The proposed introduction of self-government in the houses would doubtless have some effect, though in just which direction it would operate one hardly ventures as yet to predict. Meanwhile it may be that indifference on this subject implies only that the energy of the students is all absorbed in other and more valuable forms of organization and association. If this be true, well; but there seems at least a danger that we may be losing one of the chief implements whereby this great unwieldy mass is moulded into a living organism.

The Editors of the Monthly take pleasure in announcing the election of the following editorial board for the ensuing year: Caroline Marmon, Editor-in-Chief; Charlotte Lowry Marsh, Literary Editor; Sarah Watson Sanderson, Contributors' Club; Mary Buell Sayles, Editor's Table; Katharine Brigham, Alumnæ Department; Helen Dorothy Richards, About College; Mary Clement Wilder, Managing Editor; Leonora Paxton, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S TABLE

There is one department of the college magazines towards which the attitudes of the outsider and the student differ radically. This is the one variously designated as the Spectator, College and Campus, Free Press, etc. To the outsider its reports of lectures and college festivals, its criticisms of plays and of the Faculty, are totally meaningless. To the student they are of burning interest, as representing that most potent influence in college affairs—public opinion.

Surely there is no place in the world where rumor is more rife or more effective than in the undergraduate world. Mrs. Grundy having been temporarily abolished by the creation of a nonsexual form of society, Monsieur On Dit takes her place and reigns supreme. I do not refer to the lighter forms of gossip, the ferment of impossible conjecture that arises before each vacation, and sets every house to the invention and patenting of a new tale to swell the tide. The effect of these idle speculations is as their nature—vain. But no one will deny the importance of that stronger current of feeling which not only sets every student in her place, rightly or wrongly as the case may be, but condemns or perpetuates the institutions and traditions of the college life. It is the deeper tendencies of this feeling that characterize the college as a whole, and receive the vague but all-powerful title of Harvard, Smith, or Wellesley "spirit." The department which expresses this feeling cannot but be of great value and benefit if rightly managed. In many of the colleges it is recognized already as one of the most responsible in the magazine.

The work of the department falls generally under three heads—complaint of the Faculty; criticism of college entertainments; criticism of general movements in the college.

Under the first head there is a noticeable divergence of treatment between the men's and women's colleges. The latter are

almost unanimous in maintaining a respectful silence on the subject of the Faculty, broken only by the feeblest of suggestions usually on matters of college discipline. In the men's colleges, on the other hand, there is open and unabashed animadversion upon these superior beings. They are informed of their short-comings with the most startling frankness, and come in liberally for a share of any reproof that is heaped upon the college. It is an open question certainly whether such a line of conduct tends to produce mutually helpful relations of good feeling. Still if the Faculty work better under the spur, application of it might not be undesirable. Evidence on this point would be valuable.

Criticism of the college entertainments, except where the reports are confined to a bare outline, is universal, and seems eminently practical. At a performance where all the audience are guests, impartial criticism can scarcely be expected. That the criticism is uttered as soon as the guests reach home, and goes to build up an increasing connotation of weariness at the name of every entertainment, is certainly no desirable result. Official, and consequently impersonal, expression of praise or blame is the best known and apparently the most practical means of maintaining a standard of social success, and of breaking away from stereotyped traditions whose charms are outworn. Such seems to be the opinion of most of the magazines, and—one infers—of their readers.

Criticism of general movements in the college belongs primarily to the province of the editorials, but expressions of it find their way into the less philosophic columns. Considering the fire of newspaper comment to which every college is constantly subjected, it is undeniable that the attitude of the college itself ought to be kept before the public, either to forestall or to obviate its ready reproof. A movement which is not approved by the college in which it goes on, is placed in a very different light from one in which the whole student body concurs. On the other hand, every one knows the perverse misinterpretation to which all our actions are continually exposed, and a right-minded and fair exposition of their true character is equally needful and rare.

BOOK REVIEWS

* "One of the Pilgrims—A Bank Story," by Anna Fuller. "The rarest sort of a book," says Mr. Bagehot, "is a book to read." Unfortunately this story does not belong to that class. It is realism run mad; not an adventure, not an incident is permitted to add a gleam of interest to its barren plot. It makes you long for the good old days of Haroun Alraschid and the Arabian Nights, when, at least, things happened.

The sub-title indicates the setting and strikes the key-note. "The Pilgrims" is the name of a savings-bank; its paying-teller fills the position of hero in this tale. Besides his duties in the bank he kindly undertakes to collect the rents of her tenements for his old-maid aunt; and in both of these spheres of activity he is indefatigable in the performance of charitable deeds. His cheerful disposition and sunny temper make him the very life of the bank; he sits up all night with the poor and sick; he sends them carnations and current jelly (why do the destitute invalids of literature always want current jelly?); he pays their rents; he provides them with æsthetic wall-paper. He is, in short, too good to be entertaining. He falls in love with an equally good girl, interested in slumming and usually dressed in "lilac cambric, a lilac hat and a bunch of violets at her belt." Since there are no obstacles to their happiness and the girl seems willing, he is at last about to propose to her when he is accused of having robbed the bank of ten thousand dollars. This accusation for a time interrupts that happiness which should be the portion of one so truly virtuous; but, being the hero, he is soon able without difficulty to prove his innocence, the girl accepts him and the story ends with the congratulations of all the minor characters.

It has no redeeming feature: no vividness of conception, no skill in development. The characters are hazy, the plot indistinguishable, the attempts at sprightly dialogue ludicrously pathetic. Its page after page of details is indescribably tiresome. Innumerable trifles are interesting and consequently valuable only as accessories or as showing that they do actually make up the sum of all life, the noblest as well as the meanest. The details themselves are worthless unless reinforced by this philosophical insight into the real scope of man's destiny. In this respect, the book fails most conspicuously; its realism is not elevating, but humdrum to a degree. It is, however, not so much with its subject-matter as with the atmosphere pervading it, that we find fault; it is common-place—not plebeian but bourgeois, which is worse.

We regret that this book is from the same pen that gave us stories so bright and entertaining as the "Pratt Portraits," "A Literary Courtship," and "A Venetian June."

^{*} G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*"W. V.'s Golden Legend," by William Canton. William Canton has here presented to the world of juvenile readers a number of beautiful old legends of the Catholic saints, in the form of stories told to a charming little girl named W. V. The innocent wonder of this little maid and her firm belief in the works of the ancient seekers of truth about whom her father tells her, lend great interest to the tales themselves as he presents them.

From the dark, gray old abbeys where "women lived the life of prayer and praise and austerity," from the deep, silent forests cheered by a hermit's tiny hut and glowing shrine, from the far countries which Isidore in Spain longed to see, breathes, in the beautiful descriptions which Mr. Canton gives, the very spirit of mediaeval faith. Hilary and his companions in their struggles with the false Lady Pelagia, Basil the Hermit of Ancyra who lived long years on the lofty pillar, Dorothea of Cæsarea who died for her faith, and the beloved Francis of Assisi, who preached to the flowers and the birds, appear in a glamour of romance, wonderful and mysterious enough to render each as deeply absorbing to a child's imagination as any character in the most infatuating fairy tale. And yet each saint appears distinct, showing in all his words and works the lesson he would teach, of humility, faith, hope and endurance which formed so strong an element in the old Catholic faith. No child could fail to be pleased with the pretty myth of the blackbird in "Kenoch's Little Woman," or the idea of the angels around the bed in the "Guardians of the Door."

Yet from the very dimness and shadow of the age, the idea of which the author has caught so well, arises an indefiniteness and something of a monotony in style, as in "The Seven Years' Seeking," where the very aged monks, in their very aged cells, reason out their slowly developing ideas of this world and the next, and muse and consider, in a way which might seem interminable, not to say extremely wearisome, to a child. This element appears in few places however, and the book as a whole would be well worth reading, either for a child or for an older person. This edition of the work is rendered doubly attractive by the illustrations of S. H. Robinson, who has suited his drawings admirably to the quaint spirit of the tales.

^{*} Dodd, Mead & Co.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

MEDIAEVAL SMITH

With the entering of the Class of '85 began, in a sense, the third generation of Smith College classes. The seniors of our freshman days, the Class of '82, had been freshmen when the famous first class, that of '79, were seniors. They had looked up to '79, even as we looked up to them. Members of these two earlier classes might resent it, if I were to call '82 and '79 our academic mothers and grandmothers; yet there would be a certain propriety in the name. Traditions were handed down from '79 to '82; '82 handed them on down to us. And yet, candor compels me to state that, although we received them in all seeming gratitude, we usually forgot them, after the manner of freshmen, and went to work to form some traditions on our own account. How far we succeeded—that is another story. I leave it for the Class of '88 to tell. But in spirit, if not in point of time, we stood midway between the past and the present; our era was that of Mediaeval Smith.

All in all, we were more irresponsible than the most of the classes that had gone before us. When we were at the college, we forgot that we were interesting experiments in the cause of higher education, and only enjoyed ourselves after the fashion of healthy, happy girlhood, the world over. When we went home for vacations, it must be confessed that we did pose a little, both for the benefit of our families, and for the sake of those of our old comrades who were not being higher-educated. That is, we still posed most self-consciously for the outer world; but in Northampton, we took ourselves much less in earnest. In our native cities and hamlets, we were still the exception; but in the college, our predecessors were supposed to have established our right to exist. We had passed the stage of experiment.

Of course, there were exceptions. There were still many who took themselves and their duties to the community most seriously; but, as a rule, the collegiate sense of humor had begun to develop itself. But, if we took ourselves less in earnest, we were in earnest ourselves, if I may be pardoned the quibble. We had a most glorious time; but I believe that we went through our work with no more than the average amount of conditions, with less than the average amount of shirking. Notwithstanding a little perfunctory grumbling at times, we enjoyed it all, work and play, and we went into them both in a happy-go-lucky fashion peculiarly our own. Moreover, we had lost the abiding fear of seeming boarding-school-y, because, with the arrogance of our years and of our epoch, we had decided that the boarding-school was not to be mentioned in comparison with us.

After all this, what need to say that we were very young? In looking backward, the freshman of our day seems a child in character, not so much in comparison with our own present ages, as with the Freshmen as one sees them, to-day, in occasional expeditions to Smith. It is long since that day,

in the spring of '81, when two waifs were straying about the front campus. Neither of them was much more than five feet tall, both of them were in the pigtail stage of existence, and both of them had come to spy out the land, preparatory to entering college, the next fall. One of them is now of the Faculty; the other was the present writer. How it might have been with my companion, I know not; but I was mortally offended by hearing a kindly member of the Class of '82 allude to us as "those two babies." However, we were no exception. The girls of the lower classes of my own time were for the most part very young, very ingenuous and very healthy, as healthy mentally as they were physically. Nervous prostration was not considered "the thing" in our college code; a morbid, introspective girl was let severely alone. As a rule, the cure worked, and she came out of her morbidness; but there were occasional obstinate cases who defied the treatment.

College athletics, per se, were still in a rudimentary condition. Boating, basket-ball and golf were still in the future. Tennis reigned supreme for many of us, and court crowded court over the whole front campus. The back campus, back of the Hubbard, Washburn and Hatfield Houses, was unavailable for the purpose; it was allowed to grow up to daisies and, later in the season, to furnish a grazing-ground for the presidential cow. We walked extensively, in those days, tramping over the highroads and byroads, and all-unconsciously learning to know the seasons in their course. Often and often we stood on the Connecticut River bridge and jeered at the row of piers, upstream, ready for the railroad that was always promising to come to Northampton, but never came. Amherst was reached by a stage, in those days, and it took a certain amount of heroism to attempt the pilgrimage.

On the campus, there were still waste places. In our freshman year, the Art Gallery and Music Hall were not. For music, the girls still practised in the Old Gymnasium, and concerts were held in the Chapel where the seats still faced the East and the portrait of our founder, and a grand piano furnished the accompaniments. The college choir sat on the main floor, at the right of the desk, grouped about the piano which was played by one of the girls; and the two front rows on the other side of the chapel, facing the main entrance, were known as "Faculty row." During our Junior year, one of our number kept a carefully marked schedule of Faculty attendance. The list is extant, an interesting human document.

The present library room, still too meagre to bring credit upon the college, in my freshman year served as art gallery, with Pygmalion in the place of honor on the northern wall. I am forced to confess that it has taken a decided effort of memory to recall the location of the library at that time, perhaps because it was too minute to attract attention. I have a vague idea that it was in the present Registrar's Room. The Teachers' Room was then the reading room, and it was fairly well stocked with papers and the leading American magazines.

About the present Reading Room cluster some of my own most vivid memories. Though even smaller than its present size, it served as the sole laboratory of the whole department of chemistry. Think of that, ye latter-day chemists who have just been crowded out of Lilly Hall and into one of the best-appointed buildings of the country! Modern Smith is larger than Me-

diaeval Smith; but it would not be so much better, were it not for the new Laboratory.

In the old quarters, there was one hood, at the east side: there was a tiny balance closet, looking westward across the campus, and, alas! there was no hydrogen sulphide room. Three desks ran through the room, and there we "messed" in content. Fortunately we could not foresee the future, and the present was very, very good.

The lecture room, next door, was devoted to chemistry and physics, and it was there that our Faculty first tried the experiment of making chemistry a required study, during the first term of our Sophomore year. It is impossible to describe, still more impossible to forget, the panic which befell us at the Christmas examinations—examinations were held, each term, in those days—nor how, unable to wait for the conditions which we felt sure would be forthcoming, we presented ourselves to the professor by twos and by threes, begging him to tell us the worst and end our suspense. That we escaped scot free, I have always attributed to the fact that it would have been deemed inadvisable to condition a whole class, and that it was beyond the thought-processes of even a professor's brain to draw the line 'twixt the Tweedledum of bad and the Tweedledee of worse. Time has changed many a tragedy into comedy; but no episode of my college course seems to me now so distinctively funny as this one.

Compared with the present day, we were not well developed, socially speaking; but then, neither was any other small community. By preference, the girls lived in one of the four houses on the campus where, even without the more elaborate functions of to-day, we contrived to have an extremely good time. There was the jolly half-hour of dancing in the parlors, after tea.—we had tea, in those days,—and those of us who lived in the Washburn House will long remember the music that followed Sunday morning prayers. Of that trio of sweet singers, not one is alive, to-day. The two house societies, "The Olla Pod" and "The T. Q.", were flourishing then, and the Alpha was slowly working out its own more dignified salvation. There was, too, a short-lived Natural History Society, irreverently dubbed the "Angle-Worm Club", from the subject of its first meeting. It languished into an early grave. Perhaps its nickname killed it.

The Sophomore Reception was the event of the fall term. Of more pomp and ceremony was the Washington's Birthday Reception, that dreary, hungry, endless tramp from the feet of Pygmalion through the "German room"—alas, the term was used in no terpsichorean sense!—past the little Niobe on the mantel at the rear of the chapel, and back again, on and on in an unceasing round. We couldn't even "sit it out" on the stairs, because there wasn't anything tangible to sit out. It would be hard to say whether guests or hostesses were more relieved when the evening's festivities were ended. During our senior year, we had more than our fair share of junketings; but, for the rest of our course, two or three receptions and the usual festivities of commencement week had to suffice for the year's gayety.

The college choir was the only musical organization at that time, if I except a short-lived "choral class" that studied glees and attempted an oratorio. The glee and banjo clubs were not, and Mediaeval Smith lost much thereby. We were blest in the matter of music, however. The pupils' reci-

tals, held in Music Hall, were less important; but the concerts in the chapel gave many of us our first taste for really solid music, and some of them stand to-day as among the best chamber concerts we have ever heard.

But even if our social resources were comparatively small, even if our laboratories and lecture rooms were meagre beside those of to-day, our devotion to the college was as great as that of the present student. An eloquent testimony to this lay in our prompt return after the most delightful of vacations, our determination to stay out the term to the eleventh and even the twelfth hour. To the girl of our time, college was an ever-present delight, and many of us made the most of it.

During the years of what I have termed Mediaeval Smith, the relation between Faculty and students was a peculiarly close and pleasant one. We had come to be numbered now by hundreds, rather than by dozens, and our Faculty had increased in proportion. The students were not so numerous that it was impossible for those who wished, to come into personal touch with the Faculty; the Faculty was large enough so that the student could exercise individual choice in the matter, and, in that way many a strong, healthy and permanent friendship was formed. It is a gratifying witness to the justness of our girlish tastes that those of us who, from time to time, wander back to the old place, find that the old ties hold us as firmly as ever. Many of us number among our truest friends, to-day, some member of the Faculty of Mediaeval Smith.

Items for this department may be sent to Katharine Brigham, 41 Elm Street, and are desired by the third of each month if they are to appear in that month's issue.

- '88. Harriet C. Seelye has announced her engagement to Professor Rush Reese, of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Newton Center.
 - Adelaide Brown, M. D., was appointed on the staff of the Children's Hospital in San Francisco, to take charge of one half of the work at the Alexander Maternity.
- '90. Mary L. Huffman was married in 1898 to Mr. Thomas D. Healy. Her address is Fort Dodge, Iowa.
 - Mary F. Carpenter is doing some work in the Normal School Library of West Superior, Wis.
 - The class of '90 wish to extend their sympathy to Ellen Holt, on account of the recent death of her father.
- '91. Inez Brown was married January 25, in Chattanooga, Tenn., to Mr. John Slosson Harding, a lawyer in Wilkesbarre, Penn.
 - Harriet A. Boyd, at present a student in Athens, has been appointed to the Agnes Hoppin Memorial Fellowship in the American School at Athens, for the year 1899-1900.
- '95. Theona Peck is teaching History of Art at the Burnham School.
 - Mary A. Bowers took the deegree of A. M. in Zoölogy at Radcliffe last June. She is now studying Botany, and teaching Botany and Zoölogy at Smith.

BIRTH

'94. Mrs. George N. Smith (Katharine Ware), a daughter born March 25.



Died in Palatka, Florida, March 16, Mary A. Frost '90.

Life is valued in terms not of how long, but how much. Judged by this standard, Miss Frost's life cannot be called incomplete. She had lived but thirty-one years, yet she had already done the work of a lifetime.

Between the time when she left college as a student, in the summer of '90, and her return as an instructor, in the fall of '93, she had taught successfully in Colorado College and in Dr. Sachs' School in New York, and had studied a year and a half in Göttingen. In Germany she had become interested in Scheffel's work, and in the spring of '95 Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. published her edition of Der Trompeter von Säkkingen, the first complete edition published in America. For this and other work on Scheffel she received her Master's degree in June of the same year. In the next two years followed editions of Heyse's L' Arrabiata and Riehl's Fluch der Schönheit. What she herself considered her "magnum opus," a German Grammar, to be published by the American Book Co., was within a few weeks of completion when her work was stopped by the sudden death of her only brother, followed by the illness and death of her mother. She had hoped to complete the work this spring.

In these years, too, a host of other interests called out her executive ability, notably the raising of the Preston Memorial Fund of \$1,000 for the Library, and the proof by the experience of two summers that a European trip could be made for \$200.

Yet all these were but side issues to her main work—her teaching. Most teachers have their partisans, but to her genius in her profession there was never a dissenting voice among her pupils. Her sympathy and her firmness were in perfect balance and she could exact the maximum of work with the minimum of friction. Her own moods never colored her work—that she was rarely well, few of her pupils suspected. They always found in her classes abounding vitality.

"She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just, To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky; Give her the wages of going on, and not to die."



ABOUT COLLEGE

A souvenir of the four years at college can never adequately represent a period so full of happy associations. The Committee for the '99 class book feels that the reputation of the book will depend largely upon the charity of its readers, and that its merits will only be rewarded, or its faults obviated, in proportion as the class and its friends shall remember much where but little could be recorded.

As has been the custom, the contents will primarily consist of the Ivy Oration, the Furness Prize Essay and the Class Histories, together with the photographs of class and Faculty, of the musical clubs, the basket-ball teams and the Monthly editors. A new feature has been introduced this year, however, in the reproduction of original designs by members of the class. In this way thirteen college organizations will be represented. Ten pages will contain illustrated '99 verse from the Monthly, four pages will represent the important days of Commencement week with Dramatics cast, Commencement speakers, etc.

Additional cuts will be those of groups from House Dramatics, "About the Campus," the Junior Promenade, the basket-ball game, with pictures of all the college buildings. President Seelye has been accorded the place of honor which College Hall has heretofore held. Through the kindness of Mr. Wells of the Smith Charities, we have also obtained a rare photograph of Miss Smith.

The book will be eight by nine and three-quarters inches, bound in green cloth, and stamped with the famous Green Dragon. The printed matter will be upon rough paper, with smooth insets for the photographs. The price will not in any case exceed two dollars.

Owing to the fact that the publication is by the class rather than by the college, and that every member of the class should be able to possess a memento which otherwise might be beyond her means, the expenses will be partially paid by a limited number of advertisements. Subscribers are required to fill out printed blanks in order that there may be no mistakes in disposing of the contract. Slips have been sent to all former members of the class, and the directory will include their names and addresses. The book will be issued on the evening of class supper, June 20.

Communications should be addressed to Alice A. Knox, Lawrence House.

ALICE A. KNOX.

On February 28, the Colloquium held the first meeting in its new quarters, the library of Chemistry Hall. After the usual business, the gifts of the Alumnæ Colloquium were presented, the fire-place and Professor Stoddard's

study chair. The fire-place is of red brick with terra cotta ornamentation; a scroll above is to bear the word Colloquium. The first fire proved a great success, although the wrought iron andirons were not then in place. The chair is a very handsome one of "bog oak" beautifully covered, and is upholstered in dark green leather.

Professor Stoddard responded with a little sketch of the starting of the Colloquium twelve years ago when Lilly Hall was first occupied, and expressed the hope that the opening of the new room would be an impulse to renewed activity in the work of the society.

After singing the old Colloquium songs and also a new one written for the occasion, and expressing our thanks to '95 with "Here's to '95, she's the finest class alive," we adjourned to the recitation-room on the third floor which was already filled with the invited guests. A clever little play, written and acted by Colloquium members, and full of bright bits and good local hits, was greatly enjoyed by the audience, though it required a whole chemical course fully to appreciate all the allusions.

Later, coffee—chemically compounded or extracted of course—and sand-wiches, were served in the library and the guests given an opportunity to admire the new rooms—fire-place and chair included. In spite of the fact that the electric lights were not in, and the chairs and table had not come, there was no lack either of light or of furniture, though certain rooms on the campus must have lacked both on that particular evening. Now everything is in order, and we hope to have many a pleasant and profitable evening around the library table in Chemistry Hall.

The bi-annual Gymnastic Exhibition was given in the Alumnæ Gymnasium on Thursday and Friday evenings, March 16 and 17. On Thursday evening the students were all invited, but on Friday admission was by card only, invitations coming from Miss Berenson. The regular gymnastic work began the exercises. The floor-work, illustrating as it did the development of the Swedish system from the most elementary movements of the body to the more complex exercises of vaulting, climbing and the like, was splendidly done by Miss Berenson's evening class of Sophomores. The work on the ropes was especially good, and the jumping from the swinging ropes unusually high.

In the second part of the evening came the athletic gymnastics, consisting of volley-ball and basket-ball. Volley-ball is a new game here, and was not well enough understood to create as much interest as the basket-ball. The Freshmen who played the game had not been practicing long together, so there were really few good plays during the game. In the two basket-ball games which followed, '99 met 1900 for the last time and sustained its championship, winning both evenings by the very close record of 18 to 16. Ninety-nine has never lost a big game since she started in Freshman year, and the enthusiasm shown both nights over her victories was strong. The games, however, were not good basket-ball, as neither team had been practicing of late and all team work was consequently lacking. The encouragement from the spectators in the gallery urged each girl to do her best and some of the individual playing was remarkable, particularly that of the homes, Miss Kennard '99 and Miss Leese 1900.

Æsthetic gymnastics were illustrated by a very pretty minuet which ended the evening's entertainment. Sixteen girls, dressed in soft-flowing colonial gowns of delicate colors, made an effective picture as they glided through the graceful figures of the dance. Throughout the evening the exercises showed hard work by the students and careful and skillful training by Miss Berenson.

ABBY LOUISE ALLEN '99.

The greatest athletic event of the year, the annual basket-ball game, was played Saturday afternoon, March 25, the Sophomores defeating the Freshmen by a score of $27\frac{2}{3}$ to 9. The contest was not such a one-sided affair as the score would indicate, for the Freshmen played hard and well, but the Sophomores' splendid team work won them the game. Miss Wilder and Miss Lewis did particularly good individual playing for 1901. Miss Inglis, who played center on the Freshman team, was also very strong. Both teams celebrated in the evening by a banquet given in the Morris House. The decorations were unusually elaborate this year, with great masses of color everywhere, the yellow and green on the west side and the purple and red on the east. Huge yellow chrysanthemums and red poppies made of tissue paper added to the effect.

The Morris House presented Esmeralda Wednesday evening, March 22, in the Gymnasium. The play was an ill-chosen one, for the plot is not strong; and injudicious cutting weakened the situations and lessened the interest of the principal characters. In general, the women's parts were played much better than the men's. Miss Caldwell, as Nora Desmond, probably showed the best acting; she was graceful and natural and saved the play from having a too sombre hue. Miss Hills equalled her in acting and played her more difficult part with a great deal of spirit. We could not help wishing that her lover had been less weak and undecided. Miss Titcomb filled the homely and attractive but somewhat monotonous role of the old farmer acceptably, and Miss Scott gave a very humorous interpretation of the truculent and overbearing wife. The minor parts were taken with varying degrees of success. Modern costumes have been thought desirable, but the make-up of the male characters was not always sufficiently careful. The scenery was well arranged, the scene in the studio being especially attractive. The audience was very grateful for the shortness of the entractes due to few changes of scene. The cast was as follows:

 The annual Glee Club Concert was held in Music Hall, Wednesday evening, March 15. The program was well arranged and the execution even better than usual. The Mandolin Club deserves special praise. The variety of instruments—mandolins, guitars, violins and harp—together with the light touch and perfect time of the players, made it the most popular club of the evening. Their first selection, "Liebeslied," in which a harp solo was introduced, was the favorite. The last number, Finale III. from "The Charlatan," by the three clubs together, was extremely good. The Glee Club's new songs containing hits on the Faculty, the Council, and other ever-present subjects for badinage, were also received with generous laughter and applause.

Professor Dwight W. Tryon, N. A., Director of the Art School, has been awarded the first prize at the recent exhibition of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, for his painting, "Spring in New England."

Thursday evening, March 23, Professor Dennis lectured before the Biological Society and their friends on "The Klondike."

CALENDAR

- April 17, Philosophical Society.
 - 19, Morris House Dance.
 - 20, Biological Society.
 - 22, Phi Kappa Psi Society. Open Meeting. Lecture by Mr. Norman Hapgood.
 - 26. Tyler House Play.
 - 29. Annual Meeting of the S. C. A. C. W. Alpha Society.
- May 3, Lecture.
 - 4, Biological Society.
 - 8, Voice Club.
 - 10. Junior Promenade.
 - 13, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

The

Smith College Monthly

May = 1899.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE

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LEONORA MERRILL PAXTON.

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No. 8.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

To draw a Gascon gentleman and soldier of the days of the Great Cardinal—what an audacious undertaking! The thing has been done once and for all: that is one's first thought. Either this will be a weak imitation of the inimitable, or it will diverge from it, and we shall say, "That is not right; that is not D'Artagnan!" But before the first act is over we realize that here is not the same man, but another. Rostand has not overstepped modesty in the symbolic act by which he makes the great musketeer extend his hand to this cadet of Gascony. There are just enough points of resemblance between them to establish the common type. Both are as proud as Highland chieftains, and as poor; braggarts, and upon occasion facile and artistic liars; of a most indisputable courage; keen as the swords which they are ready to draw at an instant's notice; and each conceals beneath an outwardly fantastic and mercurial demeanor a stedfast nature tinged with profound melancholy. And here perhaps the resemblance ends. It may cheerfully be owned that in romantic love for any particular woman D'Artagnan does not shine, while one inevitably recalls Cyrano first, though I think not last, as a lover. Moreover, to the depths of his soul he is an idealist and poet. And finally, there is the Nose.

The Nose is not a mere trademark designed to catch the fancy of an audience, and adding one more foible to the character of its unlucky wearer. It is a tragic fact comparable only to the dark skin of Othello. Only give this man a fair chance, pit him single-handed if need be against the world, and how far might he not have gone! But a mere brutal happening, a wilful freak of nature, has made him its victim. There are whole fields of human experience which he dare not hope to enter. What in another man would be moving, his nose would render simply ridiculous; his pathos seems predoomed only to offend and disgust. He knows it; he has always known it. "My mother did not find me good-looking." That is the first chapter of his biography; a short, but a tolerably complete one. The very central fact of his whole life is the consciousness of this trivial, meaningless, irremediable deformity. Accepting the fact, he has calmly taken his character in his own hands and moulded it—to fit his nose. He is fantastic, self-assertive, bombastic: if he wished it, the nose would not suffer him to be inconspicuous. He is haughty, touchy, unapproachable, and takes a perverse pleasure in forming enmities; is it likely that any one could be sincere in making friendly advances to the wearer of such a nose? He introduces it into every conversation—to forestall others. Before all the world he acts a part, or rather a brilliant succession of parts, lest anyone should suspect a man so deformed of having feelings.

And meanwhile, he loves the most beautiful, spoiled, witty, capricious, adorable woman in Paris. The temptation which assails him is perhaps the only one to which he is accessible. Roxane is capable of appreciating, of loving him; unhappily his grotesque outside will not even let her see him. And so he assumes the handsome mask of a young soldier, and for the first time in his life expresses the soul of Cyrano de Bergerac, not as he has become, but as he was meant to be. And yet—

I have begun in a strain of unqualified panegyric, and I wish to continue in it, so let me first make one small reservation and have it out of the way. I do it with some trepidation, for it is concerned with the much-quoted and justly admired balcony scene. Cyrano declares his intention of discarding all the false figures, declamation and artificiality of fashionable sentiment. But does he quite do it?

"Thy name is in my heart as in a bell, And as I ever tremble, thinking of thee, Ever the bell shakes, ever thy name ringeth."

Then there is the "rose-colored dot over the i in the verb aimer"—very pretty and ingenious, but hardly convincing as an utterance of passion. But after all, this only signifies that Cyrano is not an Anglo-Saxon. And who wants him to be? Without that Gallic dash of what a more sluggish temperament sometimes misinterprets as the charlatan, how could be all he is—

"Philosopher and physicist, Musician, rhymer, duelist, Explorer of the upper blue, Retorter apt with point and point, Lover as well,—not for his peace!"

All this time I have dwelt on only one of the two chief merits of this play—the character of Cyrano—without ever mentioning the other, namely, the fact that it really is a play. In these days, when three minutes' inspection will serve to classify nearly everything in the dramatic form as "acting play" or "closet drama," a play that can hold an audience and still be literature justifies somewhat extravagant rhapsody. M. Rostand's play achieves the former of these things, as well as the latter. In the first place, the settings are superb. The theatre with its crowd, its naughty pages, pompous bourgeois, its fops and preciouses: the mad procession advancing with waxen candles into "a moonlit street of old Paris"; the throng of hungry poets; Roxane's jasmine-hung balcony, and the distant lutes of the sentinel pages: the daybreak on the besieged and besieging camp-what effects they make! It is very true that the Elizabethan dramatists never used such effects, but who shall say that they would not have rejoiced could they have had them to use? The only trouble with accessories is when they are no longer accessory, and this fault M. Rostand has avoided. Everything falls into its place as aiding either in the progress of the action or in the delineation of Cyrano.

As for the other characters, they are well-managed enough, but strictly subordinate. Roxane is charming; capricious and wilful at first, at times a thought over-sophisticated in her analytical enjoyment of new experiences. In the camp scene she becomes wholly delightful. "The precieuse was a heroine,

then?" "Monsieur de Bergerac, I am your cousin." Her clever transmutation of De Guiche's love-letter into a command that she shall marry Christian, too, is a piece of tact on the part of the author; many writers of plays would have refused at such a crucial point to let the control of events pass out of the hero's hands. Christian also is a well-written part, which must have been sufficiently difficult. There were nine chances in ten of his proving a clothes-horse, and, properly played by an actor of an athletic and manly type of good looks, this should prove the tenth chance. He commands a certain liking in the scene where he insults Cyrano, nearly loses it from the ignominious fashion in which the exigencies of the play compel him to be hustled about in the third act, and regains it with interest from the manly simplicity with which he tries to surrender Roxane's love to its rightful owner.

Roxane and Christian are good, but it is chiefly as they are needed for Cyrano's sake. The woman whom he loves, the man in expiation to whom he can give up his life's happiness, must be people capable of arousing sympathy and interest on their own behalf. The other characters are more loosely connected with him, and therefore more slight. Ragueneau, the poetic and soft-hearted pastry-cook, affords a good opportunity for a comedy actor; the faithful grumbler, Le Bret, is very likable; De Guiche serves all the purposes of a villain without being too irredeemably villainous (though the most interesting thing about him, to a devotee of Dumas, is the fact that he must have been the father of the De Guiche in "Bragelonne," the lover of Madame).

But characters or no characters, what splendid action, what sparkling and delicately-touched dialogue! What an unflagging series of vitally dramatic situations, from the ballade-duel in the first act,—through all the shifting phases of love and war, plot and counter-plot, hope, agony and renunciation,—up to the climax where Cyrano stands magnificent amid the smoke and uproar of battle, possessed by a despairing exultation, and greets the enemy as they pour over the entrenchments with a triolet—"They are the Gascony cadets of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux"!

And then—then there is a fifth act. I have purposely treated the play from the beginning as if there had been no such thing, if only to demonstrate how easy it is to do so. One remembers the eighteenth century, with its solemn discussions of "the unities," and hesitates to pronounce finally,

"Thus plays are made, And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."

Yet if any safe principle of dramatic construction could be laid down, it would seem to be that when there is to be a fifth act the entire business of the play shall not be brought to a satisfying and artistic conclusion in the fourth. I will venture to assert that no one seeing or reading this play with the last act omitted would have the slightest sense of its being unfinished.

Taken by itself, however, the last act is a piece of very tender and pathetic art. It is wholly and intentionally removed from the bustle and brilliancy of the earlier scenes. In nearly every line is struck the key-note of a gentle, resigned and almost painless sadness—a constancy no longer enthusiastic, only indomitably stedfast. All is in keeping here: the falling leaves; the sweet-voiced, innocent, childish nuns; Roxane's eternal broidery, and the yellowing letter worn always upon her heart.

Nowhere is Cyrano more characteristic than here. In fact, if the fifth act is to make good its claim to be considered an integral part of the play, its strongest plea must rest on its development of the character of the hero, and of the grim irony of his life. Cyrano, poor, forsaken, forgotten and growing old-Cyrano "defrauded even of his death", struck down from behind by a lackey with a block of wood, and left to die unnoticed-is somehow more than ever Cyrano. Justly, too, the love-element is subordinated here as it could not be in the earlier scenes, and we have time to see Cyrano the poet, the idealist, the enemy to the death of fraud and pretence. He might have died on the rampart, borne down by his enemies, his sword drawn, his verses on his lips, graceful, alert, exultant, victorious. And he dies with his back to the tree to which he has staggered from his arm-chair, struggling with mortal weakness, his sword drawn only in the symbolic fight with "falsehood, compromise, treachery". It makes a greater Cyrano, I think. Whether it makes a greater drama or not is an open question.

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

PASSION=TOSSED

Women who love with the strength of your hearts, Women who hate, with the hate that lasts, By the blood that the step of the loved one starts, By the hope that the voice of the hated one blasts, Swear to this truth.

"Love such as ours can never die;
It may change to hate, but it cannot die;
For the mothers that bore us did not lie
When they told us late, with their last faint sigh,
That the love within us could not die.

"Hate such as ours will last forever,
Mayhap forced back by that mighty lever,—
The love of the one who we thought could never
Bring back our hearts to love again.

"But be it love, or be it hate,
The tide runs strong,
A force that hurls our lives along,
Up to and past the huge flood-gate
That marks the end of pulsing life.
But not for such as us the strife,
Nav.—that goes on."

CORNELIA BROWNELL GOULD.

THE NEW GIRL

There was an unusual stir in the house. Of course excitement was nothing remarkably new when twenty girls lived under one roof and were always doing those things they ought not to have done, at least according to the matron; but to-day the excitement had grown into a painful state of suspense. Necks were craned over the banisters, cheeks plastered against the window-panes in futile attempts to see around the corner, while groups of girls collected in the halls with bated breath at each ring of the bell—and all because a new girl was coming.

"Wouldn't she be conceited," remarked Katherine Hill to her room-mate, "if she knew what a fuss we were making about her! I wonder what she'll be like anyway."

"Don't bother me," replied Ruth, who was deep in the mysteries of the Gadfly, and rather cross because she had not been

able to stop even at dinner time.

"Probably scared and fresh," went on Katherine, in all the dignity of her second year. "Shouldn't blame her much, though, coming into a house in the middle of the winter, after the girls all know each other. Guess she must be going to enter the art school. She couldn't come into any other course at the beginning of the second semester, could she?"

"Can't you leave me alone!" from Ruth.

"I was about to retire, Your Majesty," and with a sweeping courtesy, Katherine backed out into the hall, to run unexpectedly into the arms of Polly Chandler.

"Well of all things-"

"Sh!"

"What's the matter?"

- "She's coming. I heard the carriage drive up,—with three trunks too!"
- "Well, we can't stand here, like detectives, and watch her come up."
- "That's so, we'll be going down stairs to see if there's any mail on the table. It isn't anywhere near time, but never mind."
- "Wait just a minute till Mary comes to the door, or we'll get down there too soon."
- "That's so. There she comes. Now for it. You'd better say something, Katherine."
- "Do you suppose that postman has come yet?" remarked Katherine in her most unconscious tone, as the new girl entered the door. "I never saw anyone quite so slow."

In a minute it was over. She had come and been seen by the whole twenty, most of whom had discovered that they had lost their pet collar-button or golf stick and were rushing frantically around the hall in the most distressing anxiety.

"She looked frightened, don't you think so?" asked Katherine, as the girls gathered in Polly's room for a conference. "Awfully meek, too; don't believe she has much mind of her

own."

One of six Smiths in the sophomore class looked up. "Yes, but really, we ought to be especially nice to her at first. It

must be terribly hard when she doesn't know anyone."

"Of course we'll be nice enough," from Katherine, "but it won't hurt to have a little fun with her. Let's go to call right away. I ought to be doing Bible this present minute, but never mind, come along."

"All right, where's Ruthie?"

"Oh, she's miles deep in the Gadfly, no use stopping for her. She can pay her respects to Miss Barker afterwards. Her room is at the end of the hall, isn't it?"

Miss Barker opened the door with an embarrassed air, and

blushed as she saw the crowd of girls in the hall.

"May we come in?" asked Katherine pleasantly. "We thought it would be nice to get acquainted right away. My name is Katherine Hill."

"Thank you," said the new girl, hesitating over her words, it is very good of you to be so considerate, one appreciates it

so much in a strange place."

"Oh, you'll get used to things, all right," put in Polly. "The college life will seem a little queer at first, but Katherine will put you on to all the ropes to-morrow."

"I suppose you are all upper class girls?" asked Miss Barker,

with great interest.

Polly stepped on Katherine's foot. "Miss Hill is the only senior in the house," she remarked gravely, "the rest of us are

only sophomores."

"Oh," said the new girl, and looked at Katherine respectfully. Katherine smiled condescendingly. "Oh, that's nothing," she said, "you'll feel just as much a part of the college as I do, in a day or so."

"Miss Barker," broke in Smith H. B., "won't you come over to my room about half-past nine to-night? I've had a box—I

mean my home people have sent me some eatables."

"Thanks," said the new girl, "but really I think I had better go to bed pretty soon after supper, I'm just a little tired

coming up."

The spread that night was particularly gay and festive. Polly Chandler appeared in all the glory of a sky blue bathrobe and a black velvet hat, while Katherine and Ruth wore full evening dress, low neck wrappers with the sleeves rolled up. No one talked of anything except the new girl.

"I know what I'm going to do," said Ruth. "Katherine's a senior, even has the 1901 on her card changed to '99, so I'll be a freshman with an entrance condition and three warnings."

"That's nothing," broke in Polly. "Smithie and I are interested in mission work and we are going to start a weekly prayer meeting for the girls in the house. We've been learning hymns to impress her with, ever since supper time."

"Oh dear, there go the lights."

"Never mind, think what lots of fun it'll be to-morrow. Only nobody must be at all surprised at what anyone else says and does."

"I'll hold the lamp so you can find the way up-stairs. You look awfully swell, Polly, in that black hat. Good-night."

When the first bell rang for chapel next morning, the new girl knocked at a door bearing two cards—Ruth Stevens 1902, Katherine Hill '99. "Would you mind letting me go to your classes with you this morning, Miss Hill?" she asked, "you see I was sick the second semester last year and couldn't graduate, but I decided to come back and try my luck with you '99 girls."

Ruth stepped to the door. "Katherine isn't feeling well this morning. I'm afraid she can't go."

HELEN WALBRIDGE.

MORNING IN KYOTO

All night long the soft spring rain had pattered gently upon the roof, and gurgled musically in the water-spouts. The damp air, stealing in at the windows, was laden with the earthy smell of springing grass and the occasional fragrance of cherryblossoms drenched with moisture. Without, mysterious in the darkness, lay the sleeping city.

The eastern breeze freshened. The rain, spent at last, splashed in a few great drops upon the window-panes; then ceased. Over the night came a subtle, indefinable change, permeating the darkness with the hope of dawn. Under the eaves, the sparrows began to chirp, sleepily at first, and then as the light increased, with growing confidence. The crows, too, roosting upon the roofs of the now empty palaces in the great deserted

Gosho, bestirred themselves, uttering loud uncanny cries. The wind, still rising, rustled through the swaying bamboo grove close by. But from the great city rose as yet no sound of human life.

Then in the gray of the morning, far away, sounded dreamily the single mellow peal of a temple bell. Near at hand, with shriller sweetness, another answered. From all parts of the city, near and far, still others caught up the sound, till the fresh morning air was tremulous with soft, low melody. Hundreds, yes, thousands of bells, large and small, joined with their full, musical tones in the great, irregular chorus; and heard through all the flood of sound boomed majestically the Big Bell of Chionin. But at length, one by one, the bells ceased ringing; the music died away in scattering cadences, and all again was silent.

In the east the light grew. From the streets below came up faintly the noise of beginning traffic; the creaking of burdens as the peasants trudged along with their country produce; the occasional rattle of hand-carts, and the soft shuffle of sandaled feet. Suddenly, breaking out with harsh clamor, sounded the sharp clack of the rising-gong at the military school hard by. For city, as well as country, the day's work had begun.

The east was all aglow with its radiant secret. Above the awakening city, the damp air crimsoned with the sun's first rays, hung in a veil of glory. Now the sunlight burst from beyond the barrier-mountains, and touched into an indescribable splendor of prismatic hues the rain-drenched valley below. The myriad roofs of the city steamed in the flooding light; and away to the foot-hills spread a shimmering sea of tender green, interspersed with darker pine, and tinged here and there with the pink of cherry-bloom, or blushing deeper with the delicate red of early maple leaves. A fragrance as of incense rose from the flowers in the garden. Invisible in the deep blue of the sky, a lark poured forth her morning song of praise. The white-haired gardener stood with clasped hands and upturned face, worshipping with all nature the Giver of Day, the Sun.

RUTH L. GAINES.

CARLYLE

He traveled as a pilgrim, toward the Light, But still, with each new height attained, he bent More sorrowful to catch the cry of fear That pity and the ever-darkening space Made tremble more acutely on his ear.

He pointed, as a prophet, toward the Light, But with his eyes so fixed upon the Earth That in his heart he carried half its gloom, And, in his trumpet call, his fellow-men Heard both their souls' salvation and their doom.

LAUREL LOUISA FLETCHER.

LUIGI FEDERICI—ITALIAN

My uncle and I had just come down the long marble staircase from the Vatican Museum and had passed out on the glaring white pavement. The hot September sun beat fiercely down on us, and I raised my umbrella, as I said, "Well, we have really seen Laocoon and Apollo Belvidere!"

My uncle smiled. "Yes, we have seen them, and that is about all," he said. "I wish I could spend a year near that museum!" My uncle is not an artist, but he ought to have been one. It is worth going abroad to see the light in his eyes when he stands before one of Raphael's madonnas. As for me, I never know what is worth looking at, and turn instinctively to all the most common-place pieces of art. It did not take me long to recover from the impressions I had received in the Vatican Museum.

"Well, what's the next thing on the program?" I said. "Have we time to do Fra Angelico's chapel?"

My poor uncle groaned. "Do Fra Angelico's chapel! do the Vatican! do Rome! do Europe! Well, that's about it! We've been doing all summer, and we haven't done a thing. A week in London, three in Paris, two in Switzerland, six days in Florence, five in Rome, two mornings in the Vatican! Yes, come on! We'll do poor old Fra Angelico's little chapel."

We were walking around the rear of St. Peter's on our way to another entrance of the great Vatican. The fierce glare of the scorching sun had invested everything with a dazzling brightness. Back and forth in front of the gateways, stolidly paced the Swiss Guards in their gay, striped uniforms of blue and red and yellow. We walked on in silence—it was too hot to talk. Presently, however, I made some remark to my uncle, and as I looked up, I saw that we were not alone, but had been joined by a stranger who was walking along with us quite familiarly, and was regarding us with interest.

"The impudence of these guides!" I muttered to myself, and talked as fast as possible, pretending not to notice him. My uncle evidently shared my sentiments, for he had put up his chin and was shrugging his shoulders—a token of displeasure which he had caught from the foreigners, and which he was accustomed to practice effectively on guides, cabmen, and beggars. But the man did not see fit to take the hint and walked coolly along, as if he belonged with us. As he persisted, I looked up at him boldly and frowned, at the same time taking him in at a glance. He was a handsome young Italian, tall, slender, and comparatively well-dressed. Moreover, he had a keen, intelligent look. I began to waver in my first opinion. What could the man want? And if he was a guide, why was he not jabbering away about St. Peter's and the Vatican, and pestering us with offers to take us over them? No, he was certainly no guide—and not a cabman—and not a beggar—and therefore not necessarily objectionable. For aught I knew of Italian etiquette, it might be in perfectly good form in Rome for a man to come and join strangers in this familiar fashion. Perhaps it was characteristic of Italian good-will and hospitality for one to take on a hail-fellow-well-met attitude toward tourists.

All this time, my uncle and I had been making conversation under a severe strain, but I saw that our thoughts were following the same line, for he had perceptibly lowered his chin, and had not shrugged his shoulders for several seconds. He too had found that he had mistaken his man.

As we paused a moment in our conversation, the stranger addressed us with a foreign accent. "The Pope is walking in the

garden," he said, and waved his hand toward a delightful park of green shade trees on the other side of a stone wall.

My uncle is a model of courtesy, wherever guides, cabmen, or beggars are not concerned. "Indeed!" he remarked without

apparent interest.

"Yes," continued the man, "I haf just come from there."
My uncle and I walked on without answering, and talked to each other.

"You are Americans," the man broke in again, trying a new subject. "I knew you were Americans, when I saw you." My uncle nodded.

"I can talk a little English," the man went on, "not much—a little—I like to talk with Americans, when I see them here. Many come to Rome." Still we manifested no interest.

"Do you live in New York?" pursued the Italian. My uncle responded shortly that we live an hour from New York.

The man brightened. "Ah! perhaps you know friends of mine. Do you know the Vincents—Cornelius Porter Vincent?" We both started and looked at each other. The name was unmistakable. It belongs to one of the richest families of the New York "Four Hundred". A son had been a classmate of my uncle's in college. He warmed up and spoke heartily of his friend.

The Italian looked pleased. "Yes, they are my friends," he said, and added, "large family—three tall young ladies, not handsome—and a little boy, light hair and very fat," and he laughed and spread out his arms to indicate the approximate breadth of the small boy.

Again my uncle and I looked at each other. It was a perfect description of the family, as we had seen them in Lenox, the summer before.

The Italian beamed. "There was another!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Senator Fremont—you know him?"

We could not help smiling. Up to this time I had maintained a maidenly silence, but I could contain myself no longer. "Senator Fremont! Why, the Fremonts visited friends of ours in S—last spring!"

The Italian grinned with satisfaction. "I haf his card, I haf his card!" he cried, gesticulating excitedly, and he immediately produced it. There it was, engraved with the name "George Trumbull Fremont, Senate-chamber."

And now we were absorbed with interest in our new friend. We asked him how he had fallen in with these Americans.

"Ah! you must know, I haf took them to see the Pope. I haf took Mr. Vincent and his son and the three young ladies and the little fat boy—all, all to see the Pope—it was two years ago. Last year, I haf took the Senator—a very nice man, a very nice man! I haf took others to see the Pope also. I haf took a Russian princess—here is her card," and he produced it immediately, "and here is a letter from her—I got it the other day—to thank me, see!"

We glanced at it and nodded. I began to wonder if our friend ever deigned to take any but senators and millionaires and princesses to see His Holiness.

The Italian could not keep still. He began again at once. "You must know, my father he was a friend of the Pope, and the Pope he was very kind to him—to my father—but my father he haf died. I was going to be a lawyer and studied. I studied three years—in one year more I would haf my diploma; but when my father died, I must stop—I haf not enough money—it takes much money! The Pope because he like my father, he haf made me one of his body-guard. This is my holiday. I do not work to-day. You see I haf not on my uniform." All this time, he had been getting more animated, and was gesticulating vehemently and shrugging his shoulders at every sentence.

Suddenly his voice fell. "Too bad my father haf died!" he said, "but the Pope, he is very kind to me—for my father, see? and sometimes he let me bring people to see him—in a very great while."

"Do you want to see the Pope?" he added after a minute. My uncle looked at me inquiringly.

"Just as you think," I said calmly, but my state of mind was far from composure. To think of seeing the Pope! what a tale to tell my friends when I get home! how they would envy me! I drew a picture of myself as the center of admiring circles, giving lectures on my visit to His Holiness.

When I looked up next, the Italian was saying, "you know I haf not taken any one for a very long time. I cannot take many people. But you—you know my friends—I see what kind of people you are—I will take you. Do you want a public audience or a private?"

We decided that we should be quite satisfied with hearing the

Pope say Mass in the Sistine Chapel at seven o'clock on Sunday morning. My mother would accompany us.

"But there is one thing!" and the man hesitated a little. "You will haf to see the Cardinal first—you see? I must take you to the Cardinal and introduce you; you are my friends, see? Then the Cardinal he get the tickets for you. All must haf tickets, you know. When can you see the Cardinal—now?"

My uncle looked at his watch, and said, "Well, it's one of two things, Betsey—Fra Angelico's frescoes or the Cardinal which shall it be?"

I laughed and said promptly, "The Cardinal, of course!" So the Cardinal it was.

Our Italian friend was in a flurry of excitement. "Shall we take a carriage? The Propaganda is a good way."

Of course we would take a carriage, we answered grandly, forgetting that we had come by the omnibus. He called a victoria, we were soon seated, and our friend was rapidly exhorting the driver in Italian. "Presto! presto!" he cried.

For the first time, a strange feeling came over me. It was the most romantic experience I had ever had—to be driving at full speed through the streets of the Eternal City on the way to the Propaganda, the home of the famous Cardinal. I seemed to have stepped suddenly out of my old prosaic self, and entered upon a new life as an important actor in a drama. I sat very still and gazed off into space. Sometimes I looked down the narrow streets and glanced along the sidewalk to see if any one was watching me—me, Mary Elizabeth Gray, with my handsome uncle beside me and a distinguished Roman opposite me, en route for the Propaganda.

Presently I noticed we were in a street I had not seen before, and an unpleasant thought seized me. What if our Italian were an imposter, after all, and were taking us into some awful trap laid for innocent strangers—some terrible hole on the outskirts of Rome! It was a child's fear, but it took hold of me for the moment. I looked about anxiously.

As I glanced at the Italian, I noticed that he was looking searchingly at me. "The Signorina is serious," he said, "she has studied—she has studied—I can see it in her face."

My uncle is rather proud of me because I am a college girl. "Yes," he answered, "she has studied. She knows Greek."

To tell a European that a girl knows Greek is usually enough to take his breath away. But the Italian appeared not at all surprised. "Ah, yes! I believe well," he said at once, "I can see it in her face. You can always tell."

Yes, the drama was proceeding well. I felt myself a most important character—an object of wonder and admiration. I forgot that on the other side of the Atlantic, I was only one insignificant girl among a thousand.

I no longer doubted our friend. A man who had such a wonderful discernment of character and intellect could not be a villain! He was still talking. "The Americans study much—the Germans too. But the Germans are not like the Americans. They are rough and rude. They are not polite like the Americans—they are not gentlemen." Another proof of his discernment! I have always hated the Germans.

We turned a corner and came out on the Corso. I recognized the street at once and became entirely reassured. A few minutes more and we had stopped before the Propaganda. We all got out, and my uncle insisted upon paying the driver.

"Don't give him so much," said our friend, "they know how much Americans give, so they try to get more. Give him a

franc or two, it is enough."

We ascended the broad stone steps which led up from the street, our friend preceding. He opened the heavy door without ringing, and we climbed a long stairway of white marble. The Italian stopped suddenly half way up and called "Eric!" But no one appeared, and our friend led us on to the top, and then ushered us into a fine old gallery, hung on both sides with paintings of popes and cardinals.

"Sit down," he said, "I know the place well. I come often. The Cardinal he knows me—ah! he knows me very well! We

must wait a little."

He went out to the stairway and we heard him call again, "Eric! Eric!" I looked at my uncle and smiled. The situation pleased me.

"What shall I call the Cardinal," I whispered,—"Monseigneur?" He nodded gravely.

The Italian now returned. "Patience! patience! a great deal of patience!" he exclaimed, gesticulating. "The Cardinal is at his lunch. One must wait and have patience—much patience—for the great man, the Cardinal."

Then he went out again quickly, and returned in a moment. "Your card!" he said, "he must haf your card."

My uncle took out his card and wrote carefully beneath his name my own and my mother's, with our pension address, 53 Via Poli. The man took it and again went out.

He was gone longer this time. When he returned, he seemed greatly excited. "I haf seen the Cardinal's servant," he exclaimed, "I haf given him your card to take to His Eminence, and make application for the tickets. The Cardinal he was eating his lunch, but he took it and said yes, he would send them to-morrow—and 'take this to the young lady,' he said. The servant he came running out right from the dining-hall, with his napkin over his arm, so! in such hurry—and said 'all right!' and put this in my hand and ran back."

He gave me a small envelope, and when I opened it I found a little rosary—red beads strung on a silver chain and a silver crucifix.

"Is it for me to keep?" I asked with pleasure.

The Italian was fairly wriggling with excitement. "Yes! it is from the Cardinal himself!" he cried, gesticulating, "a great honor. I haf known the Cardinal very long time, and he haf never done such a thing before—a great honor! You must take it to the chapel on Sunday. Wind it round your hand—so!" and he arranged it in my fingers. "The Cardinal, he knows you are Protestants, but everybody, everybody who goes to the Sistine Chapel must haf a rosary, so he send you this—it save you the money from buying one, and it is such an honor! such an honor!"

It was now past one o'clock, and we hastened out. Our pension was just around the corner, so we decided to walk, and the Italian accompanied us. I was thinking of my rosary, while my uncle conversed with his usual grave politeness. He was telling our friend that we should leave Rome on Monday morning and was making arrangements about the tickets for Sunday and our presence at the Sistine Chapel.

The Italian suggested that we give him a franc or two for the Cardinal's servant who had been at so much trouble that morning. My uncle handed him three francs, and the man promised to deliver it himself that evening.

At the door of our pension, my uncle presented his card to our friend, and asked him for his. The Italian felt in his pocket. "I haf not mine here. I will send it to-night, to-night! Good-bye!" and in a moment he was gone.

I went in quickly, to tell the news of our good fortune. The story was repeated again and again for the interest of different persons. The boarders were most envious. Only our little English landlady said nothing except that we were very fortunate, were we not? Poor thing! she had never seen the Pope.

At dinner that evening, the waitress brought in a note for my uncle. The messenger was waiting for an answer, she said. "The tickets, of course," I thought.

My uncle took out his knife, deliberately slit the envelope, and read the note slowly. Men always take so long. After he had finished, he smiled slightly, and handed it over to me.

I seized the paper and read eagerly, as follows:

"Dear Sir :--

This afternoon the secretary of His Eminence the Cardinal called on me, told me that His Eminence would like to know what time on Monday you leave Rome, as if you would leave Rome in the afternoon he would send tickets on Sunday night for assisting at the chapel service on Monday instead of Sunday. Please let me know it. As I told you, have my mother ill, this morning was ashamed to ask to help me. You would be kind enough to send me something for assisting my mother. Please to seal well the envelop and forgive me.

Your servant,

Luigi Federici."

When I had finished, I gasped and looked up at my uncle, who was watching me curiously. "Well, Betsey," he said, "I guess we won't have time to see the Pope this time." Then he excused himself and went to his room, where he wrote a brief note to Signor Luigi Federici, reminding him that we should leave Rome very early on Monday morning, and should be unable to attend the chapel service. Moreover, that a very slight acquaintance prevented him from giving any assistance to Federici's mother.

That evening we recalled the details of our little adventure. We thought of the Vincents and the Fremonts and were puzzled. Had they been taken in too?

My uncle was more mortified than I had ever seen him. "He didn't get much out of us, anyway!" he growled.

"Well, he got a ride, and you paid the driver," I suggested.
"And do you suppose that the servant of His Eminence the Cardinal will ever see his three francs?"

My uncle looked up quickly. "There wasn't any servant," he said. "Do you remember how that fellow put us behind a door in the corner and kept going out of the room, and we never saw a soul but him? And that rosary, I'll wager, came out of Luigi Federici's pocket."

"But I have that anyway," I said triumphantly, "And I will keep it to the day of my death! That rosary must have cost the villain something!"

Our little landlady looked up mischievously. "You can get all you want of them on the Corso for fifty centimes," she said.

AMY ELIOT DICKERMAN.

WEIR MITCHELL AND THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

Of the many forms of literature, the historical novel has perhaps suffered most at the hands of presumptuous and unskilful craftsmen. Its present popularity is not due to its novelty, for it is by no means a recent innovation. Mr. Saintsbury has traced it back to Xenophon and Livy; and even if we go no farther back than Scott, whom most people are content to consider its father, the number of romances constructed on the principles of "Waverley" and "The Abbot" is almost countless and bids fair to swamp the literary market. We have them of all sorts and conditions, from "St. Ives" and "Under the Red Robe" to "The Prince and the Pauper" and the Henty books. There seems absolutely no limit to the number the public is able to consume.

It is rather interesting to observe how much the average reader will pardon in a book of this class. A story which would never be read for itself alone, will be condoned if it be served with the sauce of historical truth. Even those disagreeably virtuous persons who insist that novel reading is a pure waste of time will sometimes consent to read an historical novel because it is "so instructive"; while those flighty spirits who can never be induced to read the books (those solemnly respectable octavos!) which "no gentleman's library should be

without," will yet read a bad story mixed with bad history, with the pleasantly self-satisfied feeling that they are improving their minds. The historical novel is the sugar-coated pill in literature; to this is due its remarkable popularity.

Probably the reason that so many writers embark on this treacherous sea is that to the unthinking novice, the historical novel is the easiest kind of fiction to write and has the most safeguards against failure.

For the story of domestic life and manners, a certain amount of observation and power of description is necessary; for the problem story, there must be breadth of view and, at least, a show of knowledge on the point at issue; even for the dialect story, that never-failing resource of impecunious writers, an imagination vivid enough to create local color is indispensable; but to write a successful historical novel one need have no wit. no pathos, no fancy, no style, no insight into human nature. It is advisable first to study Scott; then cram the necessary information about the costumes, peculiarities of speech, and public events of the period chosen. There is no need to create characters; there are enough types ready-made which can be rechristened and will serve the purpose well enough. Make the plot as complicated as possible with adventures, imprisonments, hair-breadth escapes, duels, and so forth; sprinkle plentifully with love and heroism, immorality to taste; keep up the mystery overhanging the hero's birth until the last chapter, and have a good villain, scheming and scowling successfully through two volumes and a half, to be triumphantly exposed and defeated by Innocence and Virtue at last. Your historical novel is then ready to be served hot to the ever-gullible public.

Fortunately all authors are not satisfied with an easy performance of this sort. Dr. Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne", in striking contrast to most of the historical novels written nowadays, is a truly excellent piece of work. One proof of its worth is the fact that it has survived the amount of laudatory advertising which heralded its appearance sufficient to have killed, at once, a feebler production. Before its publication, it was announced as the great discovery, the Great American Novel, which the literary world has so anxiously waited for; its author was proclaimed as the great exponent of the new and distinctly American in literature. A great deal of this praise was, of course, extravagant. The field of the historical novel has been

so thoroughly exploited since Scott laid down and demonstrated the principles of its construction that there remains little possibility of originality in the fundamental form of its conception. There is nothing new in Art except its beauties. And in Hugh Wynne, Dr. Mitchell was only following in the footsteps of his predecessors. It is true, however, that the book shows skill and fertility of invention in its development, and for this the writer deserves all the praise which has been given him.

The plot presents no striking characteristics; the result of its complication is a foregone conclusion. The hero, his cousin, the villain, and the hero's devoted friend are all in love with the same young lady, and although, as usually happens, the villain is at first the happy man, we feel no uneasiness, for we see at once that in the end

"Jack will have Jill, Naught shall go ill, The man shall have his mare again And all go well."

And in this we are not disappointed. The hero wins the heroine, the friend's love for her quiets down to the proper degree of respectful affection for his friend's wife, and the villain meets the punishment he deserves. There is nothing noteworthy in this, and to find the reasons for the book's popularity one must look elsewhere.

Perhaps the most important factors in the author's success are his management of historical material and the degree to which he has assimilated the atmosphere of the period he has chosen. The book is a story of Revolutionary times in the old Quaker town of Philadelphia; the three principal men characters are soldiers in the war, and we have much to do with the movements of both the American and British army. Dr. Mitchell has been for many years a close student of American history and especially of the colonial periods, and the result of this intimate knowledge of both the outward form and the inward spirit of the period is that he is able to reconstruct the old Quaker settlement with an ease and verisimilitude of treatment that could be obtained in no other way, certainly not by intense and restricted attention to the subject. The man who has read up for the occasion is apt to tell too much of his newly acquired knowledge; he cannot discriminate, but throws his history bodilv in with an eagerness that betrays him. In Hugh Wynne,

on the contrary, there is the necessary restraint in the use of historical material. The atmosphere is created with as little apparent mechanism as possible, and more by implication than by direct assertion.

The form in which the story is cast was a particularly happy thought of the writer to carry out the idea of a bygone epoch. The book purports to be the memoirs of the hero, written for his children many years after the events themselves. The sense of old age, which is admirably conveyed, brings with it a feeling of dignity, of tranquillity, of repose after a life of action, and this accounts for the lack of suspense in the adventures of the book and covers up any lack of intensity or vividness of portrayal. We ascribe any such failure to the fictitious narrator, rather than to the real author. The dimness which obscures the events seems like the mist of years, and thus what might be a fault becomes a virtue.

If, in his treatment of historical facts, Dr. Mitchell shatters some of our most cherished ideals, it is probably because those ideals were ill-grounded, and in destroying them, he gives us others which are probably much nearer the truth. Washington here is no "impeccable patriot, leading his people to a high destiny," but a very human man, haughty, with a terrible temper, occasionally blasphemous, extravagant to the point of being unable to pay his doctor's bill at times. "His people" in general do not seem particularly unhappy under the tyranny of George III. They drink their tea contentedly enough with little grumbling about its extra cost. Arnold himself was not so bad after all. It is undeniable that he tried to sell his country, but then he had always kept open house in Philadelphia, and having married a daughter of one of the first families, he had fallen into extravagant ways and really needed the money.

Dr. Mitchell knows very well, however, that he cannot go too far in his attempt to change popular notions of the men and events of history. The public is usually jealous of the reputation of its heroes and tenacious of its conception of them, however mistaken these may be. Especially is this true of the great names of American history and of modern times. We are willing to allow Sienkiewicz any latitude he wishes in his delineation of Nero, provided he keeps somewhat within the large outline of our pre-conceived ideas of that fiddling emperor; but the graven images of latter-day heroes which we have made

unto ourselves, must be handled more carefully. What American, for instance, would dare to write a novel depicting Jonathan Trumbull and John Hancock as men suspected of smuggling? Where accuracy is insisted upon, however, it is more in regard to unimportant details than larger events. It is on the same principle that we are willing to admit, for the sake of the story, that in the reign of Charles I., a simple country girl held the fate of a kingdom in her hands; but it makes us peevish when the author tells us that the hero, a courtier of that same king, looked at his watch and found he was twenty minutes late, if we happen to know that it is to a Puritan of Queen Anne's day that we owe the invention of the watch's minute hand.

There are several mistakes of fact in "Hugh Wynne." The Continental Congress is brought in, apparently for no other purpose than to introduce as members, men who were not elected to it; the Conway Cabal is made to collapse a whole year sooner than it really did, and for causes which actually had no connection with it. But these things we do not mind. For after all, it is not the accuracy of the actual events with which it deals that make a historical novel successful, but rather the faithfulness with which it preserves and transmits the atmosphere of the given epoch.

It is in this respect that Hugh Wynne is pre-eminently successful. It would be a historical novel if none of the names of history appeared in its pages. We have a perfect picture of the old Quaker town; the staid old gentlemen in broad beaver hats, gravely discussing affairs of the meeting; the sprightly Tory ladies, drinking tea in the garden with their friends; the English officers, playing cards and gossiping. We see also the quiet life of the Quaker household; the stern father, John Wynne, and the gay little French woman whom, in a fit of temporary mental aberration, he has made his wife and who, though loving him devotedly, has yet some difficulty in taming her lively spirits down to the monotonous quiet of a Friend's life. She finds it hard enough at times. "Am I not of this world?" she says. "I love it all—the sea, the flowers and our woods—and dear me, also gay gowns. Why should there be a color to a religion? Is drab goodness better than red goodness. I wonder?"

The love for nature and nature's colors which Dr. Mitchell

ascribes to the little Quakeress is one of his own marked characteristics. Indeed, the personal element is strong in his books. We see that he is very fond of out-door life, of water, of fishing, of flowers; he dislikes perfume, he admires Walt Whitman; we feel at once that he is a man we should like to know.

To the naturalist's accuracy of observation he adds the power of seeing beauty in everything, dead trees, the bronze smoke of forest fires; even what some men call blemishes are beautiful to him. Every phase of life appeals to him. He welcomes every new experience, every novelty of human thought, with quick sympathy and never-failing interest. The Stevenson child, who exclaims,

"The world is so full of a number of things I am sure we should all be as happy as kings",

seems to express Dr. Mitchell's attitude exactly. His books are full of discussions of life and literature; they are bubbling over with fun and delicious nonsense.

The physician is especially apparent in his stories. It might be interesting to compare him in this respect with other doctors in literature who have won greater fame with their pens than with their pills; with John Keats, for instance, who was a surgeon, or with Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dr. Mitchell's place in literature is not among the highest; he has not genius, he is no great discoverer. But on the other hand, he has taste, and his good breeding never fails him. In this respect, he belongs to the class of writers which includes Longfellow and Tennyson, rather than Wordsworth or Byron, who were men of genius, but not taste. Taken along his own lines, he has no superior, and a host of readers find him delightful. He is the best sort of companion for a leisure hour.

LEONORA M. PAXTON.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

VERSES

Once Love came laughing through the orchard ways, When white and pink with blossoms were the trees, And redolent with perfume blew the breeze, And filled with promise were the long Spring days.

All glorious to my enchanted gaze
Were spread before me earth and air and sky.
So gladly forth to meet him then went I,
When Love came laughing through the orchard ways.

Ah, magic spell of all these long Spring days!

Once more to your sweet witchery I yield,

And fain I am to wander far afield

With Love, who laughs adown the orchard ways!

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

It was the thirtieth of May, hotter than patriotism. Now, at seven in the morning, the air was of a sounding heat that belongs to a summer noon. The sun On Memorial Day glared relentlessly at the dazzling whitewash of Miss Deborah's little old-fashioned house, and Miss Deborah from the shadeless porch, scowled back at the sun.

This porch was like the meeting house belfry, white and square, with a post in each corner, and like the bell within sat Miss Deborah, her stiff ribbed chair planted at an angle of equidistance from each of the four posts. A large green umbrella was roped to the boney chair back, and shed a sickly greenish light upon Miss Deborah's sallow face and mottled calico gown. She sat straight and unyielding, vigorously darning a white stocking. A piece of wax in her work-basket was oozing through an opening and running slowly down the right hand chair-leg.

John Calvin noticed that detail from his cool spot under the lilacs. He always saw things that moved, even with his eyes nine-tenths closed. Calvin, discriminating cat, lay stretched at length, close to the damp roots of the lilac bushes, every muscle relaxed in proper Delsarte fashion. Only now and then he opened a corner of one eye for a glance of pity and contempt at Miss Deborah.

"She's a stupid one," thought he, but there he wronged her, not seeing a fine method in her madness.

For twenty Memorial days now, more or less, Miss Deborah's lilacs and japonicas, fuchias and peonies, had disappeared in a mysterious manner, but with a certain fate, that of withering and dying in the graveyard, on the tombs of relatives—real or borrowed—of thieves and scoundrels.

"This year," Miss Deborah said to herself, "my lilacs and pinies will stay on their stems. Taint as if the dead, certain ones of 'em, didn't have flowers enough and to spare, and the kind that don't fade too, and as for the livin'—there's no use in their lottin' on ashes."

"It is all poppycock, anyway," she would say, "callin' up memories of a war that ought never to have been; and how do they do it? A band wagon full of flighty girls with wreaths witherin' on their heads, and a whole raft followin' after it with bowquets they've begged or stole, and the band playin' tunes they ain't any of 'em no business to hear, not knowin' what they mean. Then come the few lingerin' remnants of the war, paradin' along, just lookin' foolish. There ain't any sense in any of it, and it ought not to be countenanced." Hence a look of serene satisfaction, defiance of weather and opinion, glowed on Miss Deborah's face. She was outwitting her enemies, and upholding a principle.

It was five minutes past seven. Every flower was on its stalk, and not an enemy in sight. At ten minutes past, something happened. There was a patting sound of bare feet on hot bricks, a scraping noise of somebody sidling along a fence, then a double quick bobbing up and down of a black head, with just a flash of devilish eyes; and again a sound of bare feet travelling away for dear life. All still again, until fifteen minutes past, when a depraved and dirty little girl, without exercise of forethought, came running into the very teeth of the foe. She opened on Miss Deborah a stare of stupid satisfaction.

"What do you want?" said Miss Deborah.

"Nothin'," she replied, and a look of injured innocence covered her embarrassed retreat.

Miss Deborah looked triumphantly toward the japonica on the one side, and the lilacs on the other. She wiped her forehead and darned on. People passing turned surprised glances in her direction. "'Tain't as if I hadn't given up carin' what folks think," she murmured.

Meanwhile three more of the enemy were holding a spirited conference on the opposite side of the street. They were two boys and a small girl. At the end of the discussion, the girl, with the aid of a forcible shove over the curb, dragged herself toward Miss Deborah's porch. She looked abjectly miserable, and seized the gate to encourage herself. Her voice would have moved the heart of the Sphinx.

"Our baby died last week, and Mom wants to know, can't she have some o' them lilacs to lay on his grave?"

Miss Deborah's eyes looked straight through the rags into the little black heart of the sinner.

"What did it die of?" she demanded.

"Ma'am?" whispered the child, throwing an agonized look over her shoulder, whence no help came.

"What did it die of?" thundered Miss Deborah.

The girl's eyes rolled despairingly over the sky and the earth, and fell upon John Calvin. With an awful inspiration, "Fits!" she gasped; but Miss Deborah's look of horror was too much for her. She fled ignominiously down the street and around the corner, her friends in hot pursuit.

Miss Deborah could hear the band in the distance rallying forces for the parade. She darned furiously to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Another beggar wanted flowers for "Uncle Gus's grave", and was dismissed with a "None to spare".

A band-wagon angel, yet in curl papers, wished for some lilies to put in her wreath, and was told she'd do better to wear a bonnet.

The heat and the music were perhaps making Miss Deborah drowsy. She did not see the approach of another of the enemy, and started a few minutes later, to find two big eyes looking at her, mournful brown eyes, in a round face squeezed between the fence pickets. She thought of saying, "Go away, little

boy," but in fact she gazed silently at the wistful eyes and the two large freckles on his nose. The boy looked earnestly back at her, asking dumbly for sympathy. Suddenly the music stopped and the silence seemed to compel him to speak.

"I ain't got nobody to the graveyard," he murmured in a tone of inconsolable grief. "Tom has, an' little Annie has, and the Mullighans has six, but they won't let me help trim their

folks."

Miss Deborah opened her mouth to speak, and shut it again.

"Ye ain't in it, without folks there, ye know," he continued confidingly.

Miss Deborah again started to speak and changed her mind.

"Ain't you got nobody to the graveyard either?" he asked sympathetically.

Over the still, breathless air, came clearly the strains of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching". Miss Deborah rose with a jerk, laid her work in the chair and stepped down from the white porch; she carried her scissors.

The boy watched her with excited interest. She reached and cut the largest white lilacs, she stooped and parted the leaves to find the freshest lilies of the valley. She cut the heliotrope recklessly, all the blossoms; then she hurried to the fence.

"Go up the hill by the main path, an' turn off to the left on the sunset side," she said. "It's all by itself, and it'll have a flag on it to-day, you'll know it by that;" and bending down she laid the flowers between the two brown hands.

"You'd better hurry along," she said, "I hear the parade startin'."

BERTHA BUTLER REEVES.

It was the time of the spring round-up. The gulches and hillsides were tracked with thousands of hoof-prints, leading toward the upper course of the river and out into Napoleon the broad pasture lands or sage-brush areas. As far as eye could reach was a dark, slowly moving mass; from all sides sounded the mingled shouts of cow-boys and the lowing of cattle. With every breath came the odor of singed hair and smoke from the branding camp and now and then a humped back still smarting from the iron would curvet out and in through the restless herd.

Toby, a lank youth just budding into the cow-boy prime, was on the right wing of a bunch of stout-limbed sleek steers, keeping them well toward the center of the ever-moving body. He raised himself in his stirrups and bending low over his pony's neck carelessly fleeked a loitering two-year-old which jumped and ran into the herd, butting its curious comrades right and left.

A man in a dusty sombrero came galloping toward him, gracefully drooping from side to side, as his pony veered this way and that. "Hello there, Tobias," he ejaculated, showing a row of tobacco-stained teeth, as he pulled in his horse. "Got that 'er 'ole scrub again, have yer? I thought 'ed gone up last winter."

Tobias scowled from beneath his broad-brimmed hat and said, "You needn't be throwing me any your guff about this 'orse, him an' me is pretty good pals." So saying he turned his pony's head toward his aggressive companion, who went bounding off with a "who-o-p-la" and, as he went, gracefully uncoiled his lariat in mid air. Toby turned about again and with a few sharp dashes here and there gathered in the animals that had straggled from the bunch. With a gentle patting motion he put his hand back of the saddle on his horse's rump. "You ain't a beauty, Napoleon," he said, "that's sure, but you're a regular little pine knot, and my blood and your'n works together," he said, as he leaned over the little short neck, half turned about in attentive pose to the boy's caressing tones.

The horse suddenly turned his head, straightened up his ears and began champing his bit. Toby raised himself from his leaning posture and looked over the moving mass that had begun to climb the steep slope on the opposite side of the ravine. "What's happenin' up thar?" he half muttered, leaning over the pommel, as Nap began quickly to thread his way in and out along the line of cattle. "Bless my chops, if that ain't a stampede making right down that ravine, where old Miss Beard 'as pitched 'er tent."

He loosened his rein and bent further forward, signaling the pony to greater speed. The horse caught the spirit of his master and with a shake of his head loped along making rabbit-like leaps over clumps of sage-brush and prairie-dog holes. A cow-pony takes to running down a cow or a steer with as much delight as a dog chases a cat. Nap had early learned the busi-

ness and the many tricks connected with it. Every motion of Toby now seemed to tell him that this was real business.

A long triangular shaped body was surging toward the top of the ravine like a prairie fire, men were shouting and riding with breakneck speed hither and thither, hoarse bellows and plaintive moos were mingled and around, the earth sounded with a quick incessant thud. As they rushed on Toby threw back his now bared head and felt the rush of air on his face like quick pulsating waves of heat. They were almost parallel with the stampeding herd. The wild-eyed snorting brutes never slackened their pace. Could he reach the rise of the slope before that bounding red mass tumbled over the other side of the ravine and down upon the poor old woman all unconscious of their approach. She was deaf and would not hear them until they were close upon her.

Nap had settled his gait into a short run broken by wide leaps over holes and bushes. They were only a few yards away now and Toby could feel the heat and steaming breath from the great panting creatures. The strain was intense and once or twice he felt himself slipping from the saddle. Still Nap never slackened his pace, but with wavering jumps was struggling up the last grade toward the crazed animals. Suddenly Nap stumbled, Toby lost his balance and fell to the ground. In a minute he was on his feet, and with wild eyes peered over the dust-choking sage-brush. He shaded his eyes with his hands and there, still galloping up the slope was Nap, going straight into Another moment and the thud, thud, thud the cloud of dust. was receding. Toby ran up the long slope with breathless haste and within a few yards of the edge of the ravine, just in sight of the white tent, found Nap stretched out upon the ground quite motionless. His breast was a clot of blood and his little brown eyes were starting from their sockets. True to his instinct he had fallen against the foremost leader, who. stopped in his mad rush, had gored the little pony to death. The momentary stop of the leader had turned the direction of the whole herd and it was now going off down the other side of the slope again.

Toby mopped his forehead and eyes, as he looked at the now quiet pony. A comrade rode up. "Hurt, Toby? The grub's finished is he? Here's a 'orse," he cried, and rode on, as

he threw Toby the loose end of a rope to which was tied a pony. Toby mechanically took the saddle from little Nap's body and girthed it on the other horse. "Oh, well, horse-flesh is cheap, I suppose," he said, and biting his lip mounted and rode after the still galloping herd.

Anna A. Ryan.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

To write a poem seems to be
A very simple thing,
Just to have a feeling
Some lovely day in spring;
To sit down passive as it were
And give to it full swing,
Without a thought of metre
Or in fact of any thing;
Just to feel and dream, and listen
To what the Muses sing.

But when you try to write one,
That's quite another thing.
You know yon have a feeling
But you cannot get it in,
It won't fit any metre,
And all the wit you bring
To bear upon the trouble
Avails not any thing.
Yet you still keep one ear open
To what the Muses sing.

As you think and write and ponder
Your emotions all take wing;
The verses are too long or short,
They haven't any swing;
The rhymes are all defective
And have a hollow ring;
The thought won't fit the feeling
Nor the words fit any thing.
And you discover, quite dismayed,
Your Muse has ceased to sing.
GERTRUDE ROBERTS.

Katherine Arnold was very tired and cross. She had been sitting on deck in the moonlight with her aunt ever since sup-

per. That was enough to make her cross if noth-An Affair ing else, for although her aunt was a most amiable person, and Katherine was very fond indeed of her, still, even a very dear aunt seems a little inadequate on a perfect moonlight night on ship board.

Katherine entered the cabin, picked her way through the endless heap of bandboxes, wraps and dress-suit cases, extricated her new sealskin collarette from the bottom of the mass, and gave a very nice looking bandbox a kick half across the room. Then she climbed into an upper berth, and with a weary good night to her aunt, she tried to compose herself to sleep.

Katherine could not sleep. First, the idea that she and her aunt, both eminently respectable American citizens, should be settled down for a two week's journey in the ladies' cabin of the little steamer Stalheim, did not please her. Of course it was very nice to see the midnight sun, but as they could not procure a state-room for this voyage, could they not just as well have waited until the following year? Then they might have gone to London, and—Katherine was beginning to think of Friedrich.

She had met Friedrich von Altbergen on the Etruria coming over. He sat opposite them at table. First he had talked to her aunt and looked at her. That is the way with foreigners. It might have been always so, had not her aunt considerately taken cold and been confined to her state-room; and then, it seemed so natural, Friedrich talked to her. He was a tall, fine looking fellow, with heavy light hair that fell back from his brow with a fascinating wave. He had deep blue eyes, too, and best of all he was a lieutenant. It was all very natural that Katherine should fall in love with this handsome German officer. In the first place, she could not help it, and then she would have something nice to write about to the girls at home, and something to make traveling more interesting. While in Troudhjem. Katherine had taken such an interest in the cathedral, that her aunt began to have hopes that her annual homeopathic doses of traveling were really beginning to have some effect on her thoughtless niece. But Katherine was thinking, "He said this was very fine. Oh dear, was it Gothic or-which did he say? Anyway, he said it was the finest architecture in the North. I wonder where he sat. He said he attended service." Then she forgot the cathedral and remembered those lovely moonlight nights on the Etruria, when they had sat together away down in the stern, and he had wrapped her cloak around her, and asked her in his deep voice, if she were really quite warm and comfortable. Then they had listened to the noise of the ocean and waited for the voice of the sailor as he called out from the crow's nest on the mast, "Ten o'clock and all is well." "Ten o'clock and all is well," Friedrich had whispered as he looked down at her with his deep blue eyes, and she had come to the conclusion that blue eyes meant Paradise.

"Das ist mein!" Katherine's reverie was broken off unpleasantly, and she felt the curtains of her berth pulled aside. Now Katherine did not like being disturbed, and as she was just beginning to be comfortably warm after her long evening on deck she felt very disagreeable.

"Das ist mein, I tell you. Das ist mein."

Katherine was angry. "Now what on earth is the difference," she said, "whether you sleep in this berth or the next one to it. I am sure they are all alike, and don't you see I am all settled?"

"Das ist mein, I tell you." She was a very large woman with a very large voice.

"Katherine dear, don't you think you had better change; you know it really does not make any difference."

"But aunt—" said Katherine, and then at the sight of the big German woman, she climbed slowly out of her berth.

As she did so the vessel gave a lurch, and with a feeling of "goneness" she fell into the next berth. "Well," she said. "of all people in the world, I think Germans lack most common politeness. I only hope you are as ill as—" She stopped. The vessel gave another lurch, her berth seemed to go out from beneath her. Katherine was seasick.

All night she tossed on her narrow berth and hated more and more the big German woman who had made her move, and, she thought, caused her seasickness. Somehow she felt instinctively that the German woman was sick too, and the thought comforted her.

Next morning when the sea had quieted a little and Katherine was hastily dressing, she was highly pleased to hear her friend groaning in her berth.

"Are you very ill?" she said before going on deck, "perhaps you would like my berth, I—"

"Katherine!" said her aunt, and Katherine said no more.

"My dear," said her aunt, a little later, "you must try and be more polite to this woman. She is the Baroness von—von—I cannot think of the name, but I am sure she did not mean to be disagreeable to you; you must remember that customs differ."

"Baroness," exclaimed Katherine. "I don't believe a word of it. Why should she go in the ladies' cabin if she is a baron-

ess, I should like to know."

"Why did we go in the ladies' cabin, my dear, and why did Mrs. Allen, the wife of the minister to Greece? I am sure there may have been just as much reason for her as for us."

"No, Baronesses don't usually have much money."

"Katherine!" Her aunt always spoke her name in such a reproving voice, when Katherine said unpleasant things, that she had to stop.

But she did not stop being unpleasant to the German woman. To the Norwegian schoolmistress with her straight hair and iron-clad expression, she was charming in comparison. Even to the two young French ladies who smoked cigarettes on deck after every meal, she was most amiable, but to the Baroness of "Das ist mein," she was scarcely civil.

The trip passed slowly. There were no young men on board and it rained most of the time, so to Katherine it was very stupid. Who would not grow tired of a continuous chain of snowcapped mountains. It was light most of the time, too, so how on earth was a person to know when to get up and when to go to bed. Katherine might have liked that if Friedrich had been there. When at last the trip came to an end, Katherine was sitting on deck when the first mail was brought on at Trondhiem. She could hardly wait until it was distributed. She expected one letter from Friedrich, perhaps two. Yes, among the letters were two from Friedrich. She tore the first one open. It was a fine letter. Just the kind of a letter that Friedrich would write. Katherine read it over and over. Then she remembered the other letter and opened it. It was very short. It read, "I have forgotten in my last letter to tell you the good news. But you probably know by this time. My mother is on board the Stalheim, the Baroness von Altbergen. If you have not met her. I hope that you will soon."

Katherine thought a minute. "Yes, I have met her," she said to herself, and somehow her little dream faded.

MARGARET MOREHEAD MONFORT.

TO THE HYACINTH

Now whisper, dainty flower, And soft the secret tell, What means the gentle swaying Of each pretty, purple bell?

Do they ring with wondrous music For our dull sense too clear? Do they chime in sweet accordance For another, purer sphere?

In the world of elves and fairies
Do they swing at weddings gay?
Do they toll the sad departure
Of some all too-mortal fay?

In the moonlight's pale, faint fairness Does their happy rhythm sound To the listening world of blossoms In dreamy silence bound?

Now whisper, pretty flower,
Have I the secret guessed?
By your magic, mystic music
Is some world of joy blessed?
NINA ALMIRALL.

EDITORIAL

After all, are we, as college students, inclined to take ourselves too seriously? We are often charged with it in a halfmocking way; our own somewhat indignant denials we have come to accept so much as a matter of course, that we seldom stop to consider the elements of truth which may lie in such an accusation. We feel that it is unwarranted so far as our attitude toward college life and college education in general is concerned. Since a college education for women is no longer an experiment, we are freed from the responsibility of giving that constant and critical consideration to every act and its possible consequences, which was necessary while as yet such an education was not demonstrated to be both possible and desirable. There is nothing sufficiently unusual or out of the ordinary in the fact that we are studying at college to give rise on our parts to any exaggerated conception of the importance of it. Moreover, here at Smith, I think we take a special pride in not taking ourselves too seriously. But such a feeling is not a proof of consistency, and while our attitude toward college as a whole may be comparatively rational and intelligent, we have not progressed so far in regard to many of the specific aspects of our life here. True, it is difficult to keep one's sense of proportion unaffected in the midst of so many conflicting influences. Instances multiply of mountains made from mole hills; some are only amusing, but there are others in which the misconceptions are more deeply grounded and more sincere, both in connection with the work prescribed in the catalogue, and in connection with the work and play prescribed by the student body.

Chief among the latter group is the matter of committee work. In the natural course of things much of the work and play which originates among the students is the under management of special committees. Thus the responsibility and most of

the work devolves upon a small number of girls. Frequently the work to be performed is similar in character to what has been done before, as in the case of class and annual entertainments; a desire not to be outshone in their endeavors by the light of predecessors, seizes upon the girls, and they enter into the work with an exaggerated sense of responsibility which too frequently develops into a desperate feeling of worry. It is not the actual work which proves half so hard or so exhaustive as this nervous uncertainty about its outcome. To say to such girls that they are taking the matter too seriously is a form of derogation to be immediately resented. "If we do not take it seriously," they reply, "how are we to accomplish anything?" The difficulty is expressed in a turn of phrase; it is so hard not to slip from the attitude of regarding a thing as worthy of serious consideration into that of taking it too seriously. Since it is mainly lack of experience and training which produces the latter error, the difficulty is increased; how is one to acquire the experience and knowledge which is to prevent the worry and difficulty before one passes through the experience? Anomalous position!

Again, in another field, one more closely connected with actual college work, the same difficulty appears. Not long ago, a girl, discussing her work, remarked in a semi-serious way that she did not dare to write. "You see," she continued, "ever since I reached the age of reason I've been studying literature and methods of literary criticism, until I'm like Peter Ruggles, 'so chuck full of manners' and the proper ways of doing things that I can hardly budge. Whenever I do have an 'idea', and think of trying to write something, lack of moral courage prevents me, for I know before hand what a botch I shall make of it." Now a certain amount of wholesome awe and respect for attainments which we must recognize to be beyond our own immediate reach, is a most desirable and helpful thing; but it is a very easy matter for the amount to increase until, like the girl who resembled Peter Ruggles, we bind our own hands in our veneration for these same superior attainments. is needless to say that there is something fundamentally wrong in such an attitude, and that the aim of criticism is to be constructive as well as destructive; vet the fact remains that frequently the critical ability outstrips in its growth the creative ability. But when we shrink from making attempts, in the

line of writing as well as other ways, through the conviction that we cannot do the thing so well as it has been done before, then we are committing the grave mistake of taking our position too seriously, and expecting more of ourselves than any reasonable being expects of us. To be sure we are young; to be sure we are immature; the only remedy for what is not a fault is to go on making attempts, failing often, succeeding once in a while, remembering all the time that just as success is seldom final, so failure is seldom irremediable,—a matter to be hailed with trembling in advance and blindly mourned when it is past.

It is a matter which deserves consideration from the standpoint of results. Besides the mental inertness growing out of the somewhat despairing conviction that we cannot do things well even when we are capable of seeing our own faults, there is the injurious effect upon our physical health. From observation I should say that many more girls break down nervously from the strain of outside worries-from committee work and kindred labors—than from the effect of hard studying alone. Many of the evil consequences might be avoided if we would only regard these matters with a little more complacency; not with any less enthusiasm certainly, but with less nervous worry as to the results. We are not sufficiently flexible, we fail to adjust ourselves to conditions. The importance of many features of our college life lies quite as much in the experience as in the result. In order to gage the relative importance of our various occupations, it is necessary to take a sane view of them, not in connection with college alone, but in connection with the life which must follow it. For certainly if we are to be toppled over mentally and physically by questions which confront us here at college, even if we are to be forced back into a shell of inaction, there is a fault to be remedied somewhere; possibly the root of the trouble really lies in the old and hackneved suggestion, and we are, half unconsciously, taking ourselves too seriously.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Does the writing of distinctly imitative fiction pay? What is its value in the education of a young writer, and what are its dangers?

Imitative writing may be divided into two classes: that which adopts from its model its essential and fundamental form or method; and that which catches merely superficial phases of

style, mannerisms and tricks of expression.

Each of these two types may, of course, be based either upon literary models of an earlier generation, or upon the work of contemporaries. In general, however, the imitator of a predecessor of some years standing is more likely to give attention to fundamental forms than is the imitator of a contemporary. Several reasons may be given for this. The older work has been, so to speak, settled by time—brought into proportion and due perspective—so that the really essential and vital features of the treatment stand out from those which gave it a merely temporary interest and charm. Then, too, we recognize that the types of fiction are few, and do not resent the reappearance of (to use a class-room illustration) Defoe's narrative method in Treasure Island, provided we feel that Stevenson has enriched the adopted form with enough that is fresh and individual in character-drawing and word-painting to justify its use.

It is, however, rather to the imitation of contemporary writers, and to that based upon the more superficial aspects of their style, that the character of some of the fiction of our exchanges compels me to turn my attention. An author who is constantly before the public eye, who is developing in sight of the world from day to day, rousing its enthusiam and receiving its condemnation, cannot possibly be estimated with the critical calmness with which one decides on the merits of the eighteenth century novelists. A strong and sudden light is liable to blind one to details, and enthusiasm often seizes upon the least essen-

tial mannerism, glad to have something definite to which to pin its faith. This is one reason why the undergraduate imitator usually catches the external and occasional, the individual trick of manner, rather than the vital and essential in style.

Still another danger from which he can hardly escape is an over-emphasis of manner as compared with matter. In the effort to deliberately acquire a style, he seeks, almost inevitably, for material to clothe in the desired form rather than for a "passage out" for "naked thoughts that rove about" within. So the natural method is reversed, and he becomes a slave to his style.

The evils of imitative writing, of which I have mentioned only a few, are sufficiently obvious. Its value is more difficult to point out. Yet it seems to me that a close and studied imitation of an author's style, made not with any idea of forming a similar one for oneself, but simply as a method of studying his technique, may help one not a little to understand how things go on behind the scenes, how certain effects are produced and why—a still more valuable experience—certain others are inimitable. Such work, however, being purely experimental, is hardly fit to place before the public.

Finally, there is one consideration which would, one might suppose, be sufficient of itself to deter a young writer from attempting a serious imitation,—the harsher criticism which he inevitably brings down upon himself by forcing upon his readers' minds a comparison between the (presumably) great writer whom he has chosen for his model, and his own production. He is far more likely to meet with kindly criticism if he stands independently on his own feet, acknowledging freely the sources of his inspiration, but imitating the style of no man.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

THE "OLLA PODRIDA'S" BEGINNING

In the summer of '78 the Washburn, then known as the "New" House was finished; and by September 12, one senior and forty-five freshmen had taken possession of it. This was Thursday, and getting acquainted staved off homesickness for that day. By the next evening the novelty and excitement had worn off a little and some few faces began to lengthen; whereupon three or four choice spirits surprised the all-too-subdued gathering in the parlor with a pantomime representation of "Lord Ullin's Daughter". The higher the plaid-shawl waves rose about the clothes-basket boat, the merrier became the spectators and homesickness vanished.

Naturally during the following week it was many times suggested how pleasant it would be to have some such simple entertainment frequently. There were then no house traditions to hamper these newly arrived students, and so they determined to establish their own precedents. Consequently on the second Saturday of the term, that is on the twenty-first of September, 1878, it was voted at a regularly called meeting of all dwellers in the "New" House that a society be organized to be composed wholly of residents in the house. It was further decided at that time that the society should be bound by no written constitution, that residence in the house was equivalent to membership, that the officers should be a president and a vice-president chosen for a college term and not immediately re-eligible, while an additional entertainment committee of three were to serve for three meetings, when another committee was to be chosen. There might then of course be two or three changes of committee within one term, for meetings were held every Saturday night. All this plan was promptly adopted as outlined, and Miss Lina Eppendorff of Brooklyn was chosen first president of the society. All the members were asked to consider the question of a name, and at a special meeting called the following week the name Olla Podrida, proposed by Miss Stella Shuart of Rochester, was adopted by acclamation, as best expressing the character of the society, since it was the intention to spend an hour or two of each Saturday evening without a thought of serious purpose, but with a bit of this and a bit of that which might prove entertaining and productive of fun pure and simple. It will not be surprising then to learn that the entertainments were of the "variety" type; that impromptu charades were greatly favored, wherein sometimes unexpected retorts provoked as much laughter among actors as in the audience; that burlesques were frequent, as, for instance, when the Œdipus was given at Harvard, the tragedy was promptly reproduced in burlesque in the Washburn parlors, the actors even

having the audacity to sing Professor Paine's music written for the Harvard performance. And on this occasion it is worthy of mention that Professor Tyler honored the society with his presence, and expressed much amusement. An unfailing resource, too, was Dickens; and many were the scenes enacted from his novels; the courtship of Mrs. Nickleby by the little old gentleman who threw real carrots and turnips over a delightful brown-paper-and-charcoal garden-wall, producing almost inextinguishable laughter. Songs were sung and poems read with accompanying pantomime or tableaux, ranging all the way from "Kafoozleum, the Daughter of the Baba" to "The Dream of Fair Women",—alas, that Cleopatra should have giggled!

Perhaps, since times have changed, a little more of the stage manager side of the story should be told. To begin with, since there could from lack of space never be more than ten invited guests, the programs were bulletined only in the Washburn, and not until the morning before the entertainment. There was then no bulletin board proper, but the door of the house maid's closet between Rooms 2 and 3 answered the purpose admirably. No stage was used, but it will be remembered that before the recent changes in the Washburn House, a small reception room existed between the then narrow hallway and the long parlor. The door from hall to reception room was of the ordinary size and served for a centre entrance, while the folding doors opposite, opening into the parlor had to do for "curtain", the floor of the reception room answering for stage. Entrances from the "wings" or exits thereto had to be accomplished with the aid of folding screens behind which the actors flattened themselves against the wall awaiting their cues. It was felt that the height of artistic ability was exhibited in gaining effects under so great limitations!

Unfortunately ambition would not down, and even before the close of the first year a play which should occupy the whole evening was attempted. This was the farce, "Naval Engagements", which proved a successful climax to the year, but at the same time proved vastly too much work, if the plan of entertainments every week were to be kept up.

During this first year the Olla Podrida committee, too. planned the Hallowe'en festivities, and in the second term under the presidency of Miss Mary Huggens, devoted one Saturday evening to an old-fashioned "sugar-eat" in the dining-room, which figured as a novelty in the experience of those not of New England up-bringing.

Then of course there was a pin. The accepted design, which came from Theodore B. Starr of New York, was not, it must be admitted, as great an artistic success as the well known Alpha pin, nevertheless it is still cherished by a few women who like to remember when the Washburn House was "New." A monogram of the letters O P formed the pin, while on the upright of the P hung a three-legged pot in black enamel suggestive of the kind of cookery which Olla Podrida required. Whereupon one small boy interpreted it in his own way as "P. O., Polly put the kettle on"!

The first time that any entertainment was given by the O. P. outside the Washburn House was on May 21, 1882, when a play, "Circe", written by one of its members, was given on the stage of the Old Gymnasium to a crowded house. Of this some Memorabilia Books probably still contain the printed

cast of characters,-another "first thing". It was realized, however, that this was a break with traditions in the direction of more elaborate plays instead of frequent evenings of fun; and as has since been proved, it was more and more difficult to go back. Warning had already been given to the students as a whole against this tendency to over-elaboration, and one such bit of advice on the part of the President gave rise to what was perhaps the most comical incident in the early history of the Olla Podrida. It was the Friday before Thanksgiving in 1881, when after Chapel, President Seelye very kindly and very wisely cautioned the students against spending too much time over their dramatic entertainments, advising them to content themselves with what would take but ten minutes or so in preparation. He further expressed it as his wish that in plays where it was necessary to enact the part of a man of modern time, they should employ some conventional sign to indicate the fact rather than make use of actual masculine costume, explaining that, just as was necessary with most of the stage-setting, they could in this particular also adopt a "suggestive style". Since up to this time it had been a strict rule of both the O. P. and the T. Q. that invited guests were never to include men (the incident mentioned of Professor Tyler's attendance being a solitary exception), this ruling excited some feelings of opposition. But, quick to seize on the possibilities of fun involved, the officers of the O. P. held an immediate consultation and within an hour there appeared in the Washburn House a bulletin to this effect: -

The Olla Podrida
will give an
Entertainment in the "Suggestive Style"
This evening at 7.30.
The Spanish Student (Longfellow).
Act I., Scene iii.
Act III., Scenes iii. and vi.

Warranted not to have taken more than ten minutes in getting up.

N. B.—As it would take much longer than ten minutes to provide chairs for all, the audience will please find seats on the floor.

The scenes chosen introduced five male characters and two female. Victorian, Hypolito and the Padre were as girlishly attired as possible, with hair, hats and gowns in the extreme of the prevailing fashion and wore, each, a large plainly marked placard (shoe-blacking on pasteboard), reading, "This is a Man"; while "This is a Monk" and "This is a Shepherd" distinguished the other two. Two pillows did duty for sheep and the table on which the shepherd made his appearance was labelled "This is a Rock". In like manner, a broomstick which appeared in the last scene gave notice "This is a Horse". Each actor read her part, book in hand, sometimes stage-directions and all, and now and then added audible hints to the others as to proper "business". This proved no small undertaking at the point where Victorian had to support the weeping Preciosa, calm her prancing broomstick and at the same time hold his book open to read to her the affecting speech beginning, "O gentle spirit!"

The audience,—on the floor,—weak with laughter, had, at the end, to be assisted to their feet by the actors; and then it was learned from two or three members of the T. Q. who had been smuggled in, that a similar "take-

off" had been planned in the Hubbard House, but that the next evening had been thought time enough for its production. The fact that the O. P. had thus, in newspaper parlance, scored a "beat" over the T. Q. did not detract from the enjoyment of the evening.

The fourth annual luncheon of the Smith College Alumnæ of New York City was held in the banquet hall of the Murray Hill Hotel, on April the eighth, one hundred and twenty-four being present. After the menu had been served, Mrs. Frederick T. Hill, the president of the Association, introduced as the first speaker President Seelye, who responded to the toast "College Halls", by giving an interesting account of the growth of the college during the past year. The new Chemistry Building is now in use, as is also the new dormitory "Tyler House". The Academic Building is nearing completion, and two houses on Elm Street, the Parsonage of the Methodist Church and the Kingsley House, have been bought and will be used as dormitories for the students.

The second speaker, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, spoke upon "Culture and Service", and showed how truly a college, while bestowing culture on its students, must fit them for a wider service in later life. "Japanese Bric-a-Brac" became a more fascinating subject than ever when Mrs. Todd in her bright, interesting way told about the customs and habits of the little Japanese and of their love for all that is beautiful. It was with great interest that all who had known Professor John Clark, when he was the professor of Economics at Smith College, as well as those who know him only by reputation, heard his views upon "Colonies and what they mean".

Senator Chauncey M. Depew gave the response to the toast "College and Colleges." Among the pleasantest days of his life, he said, were those spent at Yale, while the happiest memories circled around the old campus. Professor Gerald Stanley Lee showed how the hurry of the nineteenth century had found its way into the Literary World in "The Literary Rush". It was a great disappointment to all to learn that Professor John Stoddard had been unable to be in New York and so could not speak about the new Chemistry Building. Miss Harriet Morris '97 was called upon to answer to the toast "A little work and a little play", and was followed by the last speaker, Professor Charles D. Hazen, who spoke upon "The Far East in Present Politics".

ALICE JACKSON '98.

The Boston Branch of the Smith College Alumnæ Association held its annual luncheon at the Vendôme, on Saturday, April 22. Almost one hundred were present, representing every class from '81 to Smith's youngest graduates, and as the eighteen classes rose in successive response to the request of the presiding officer, Mrs. Harriet Holden Oldham '93, the class of '97 had the largest delegation. Such a gathering could only prepare each of us for the record of changes that President Seelye had to tell us. Though we had all known College Hall, but a small proportion had sat in chapel together, and as we looked in each others' unfamiliar faces, we realized that Smith had passed through changes, and were happy that the one whose unchanging devotion and constant close connection with Smith should be the one to tell us of our college. The

informality of the luncheon, for there was no real guest, made the occasion particularly enjoyable. It was the inexpressible affection and loyalty that bound us all, and with no standard of scholarship or summary of aims and ideals to discuss, the graduates and our president could meet on a familiar, friendly footing that brought back to all the old college fervor and enthusiasm. Several of the alumnæ spoke informally of reminiscences of college suggested by the recent changes in the campus, and of future ideals for work. With the renewed loyalty for college, its aims and its ideals, the luncheon closed, leaving with us the thought that preëminently our four years at college should teach us to be students rather than executive women, and that the equal balance of both should guide the college woman's work. A short reception followed, giving every one the opportunity of a few words with President Seelye, and the gratification of hearing one's name remembered after we had thought the little thrill of personal triumph had died out of our lives when we left college.

CONSTANCE ILES '95.

Will the alumnæ who desire tickets for the senior dramatics please send names to Georgianna M. Brackett, Hubbard House.

'94. Mary Elizabeth Balch has announced her engagement to Mr. Allen Winchester Jackson of Boston.

Marion B. Gale and Mary B. Clark will spend two months of the summer traveling in England, Holland and Switzerland.

Sarah M. Pratt is teaching English Literature in Union Classical Institute, Schenectady, N. Y.

'95. Caroline M. Fuller has written a book of Smith stories called "Across the Campus", which is published by Scribner.

Members of '95 who wish to attend an informal class supper on June 20th, will please send names promptly to E. D. Lewis, Lawrence House.

'96. Georgia W. Pope has returned to this country.

'97. Grace L. Wiard has announced her engagement to Mr. Archer Eyerett Young.

Dorothea R. Caverno has been appointed to teach Latin and German at the Burnham School in Northampton.

Mary C. Hewitt is studying for a Ph. D. at Yale.

Agnes Hunt is studying for a Ph. D. at Yale.

Susan M. Holton is teaching Literature and History in Philadelphia.

Mary P. Merrill is studying at the State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.

'98. Ruth G. Wood is studying for a Ph. D. at Yale.

Katharine C. Ahern and Mary P. Kendrick are studying at the University of North Carolina.

Cornelia S. Harter and Frances E. Comstock are going abroad for the summer.

ABOUT COLLEGE

The Chemical Laboratory which has just been completed is the third home of the chemical work in Smith College. In the beginning, the room which has since grown into the present Reading Room was the scene of reactions and fumes, while No. 6 served as lecture room for both Chemistry and Physics. Miss Ray makes felicitous allusion to these old quarters in her article on "Mediaeval Smith" in the last Monthly. In 1886 Lilly Hall was completed and the department of Chemistry and Physics moved into it, occupying the first floor and basement, while the departments of Biology and Geology were accommodated on the second floor, and the whole of the third floor was reserved for a museum. This building at its opening seemed ample both for the present and an indefinite future. But in the next few years the college grew beyond all anticipation; the entering classes increasing from eighty-six in the year Lilly Hall was begun, to two hundred and seventeen in 1892, and the total number of students from two hundred and forty-seven to six hundred and thirty-six. In 1892 the department of Biology was divided and the work in Botany and Zoölogy rapidly developed. The chemical laboratories were entirely inadequate for the classes in Chemistry, and when in 1897 the separate department of Physics was created, some new provision for the scientific work of the college became imperative. Our new Chemistry Hall is the first answer to that demand. The class of 1895 pledged the fund it was raising for a new building to the erection of a chemistry building, and this sum with a gift of \$5,000 from a friend of the class, determined the trustees to build.

The foundations were laid in July of last year, and the laboratories opened for work at the beginning of this semester. The building stands on the Stoddard House lot on Elm Street with a front of fifty feet and a depth of eighty-eight feet. The entrance is on the side. It is three stories in height with two basements. The lecture room, accommodating two hundred and fifty, is at the back of the building between the first basement level and the second floor. Beneath it in the sub-basement are the heating apparatus and well-lighted rooms for furnace and assay work. The front basement contains the general store rooms. On the first floor are the library and reading room, the professor's office and private laboratory and a photograhic room; on the second floor, the quantitative and organic laboratories with places for thirty and twenty-four students respectively, a smaller laboratory for sanitary chemistry, balance and combustion rooms and two offices for teachers; on the third floor, the high ceiled general laboratory of the same size as the lecture room, the H₂S room, a recitation room and a small laboratory. There are store

rooms on each floor communicating by a lift with the basement. The inside walls throughout the building are finished in red brick, the ceilings of all the laboratories are steel, those of the lecture room, library and halls, of wood. The building is heated by steam and all principal rooms are supplied with a double system of fan ventilation. The whole building is of very substantial and thorough construction, the rooms all splendidly lighted and conveniently arranged, with every facility for the work of the department.

JOHN TAPPAN STODDARD.

The game of golf is controlled in two ways, by a code of rules and by a code of etiquette. The sportsmanlike qualities of the game are lost when the first is violated, and the neglect of the second destroys pleasure and threatens safety. A golf club is not organized for the benefit of those who wish to indulge in a fad, to tire themselves out, or simply to "chase a quinine pill around a cow-pasture." It is for those who honestly wish to play a decent game in a fair way. The peculiar etiquette of golf arises from the fact that the course must be shared by many players. A tennis court is taken and held until the players are through with it. No spectators would dream of rushing on a court in the middle of a game and beginning to serve from behind the legitimate players. And although if the players offered to retire, the spectators might very properly accept the favor, they would not be likely to ask that the court be surrendered to them.

Serious misunderstanding would be avoided if the same idea were applied to the use of the various holes on the golf links. When two players have walked up to an unoccupied tee, the hole before them, and behind them too, is temporarily theirs, until they have holed out and gone to the next tee. A second pair of players may drive, as soon as the first are unquestionably out of range, but no ball struck by the second players should at any time fly or even roll past the first. If the first players are unskilful and slow, they will probably invite the second couple to pass them. If they are playing three balls, or have stopped playing to look for a lost ball, they ought to do so. It is, however, far from courteous to demand as a right this privilege of passing players in front. To pass without any permission whatever is to commit an unpardonable breach of golf etiquette.

The rules which concern the playing together of two opponents in a match seem scarcely less vital to the preservation of the character of the game. though of course they have little to do with the regulation of public nuisances. Two girls who play together are absolutely bound, by all they know of true sport and gentle breeding, to respect the rights of other club members. If they wish, however, to disregard those rules of match play which do not affect those behind or in front of them, they have every legal right to sole their clubs in a hazard, pluck interfering twigs, or try their puts over. So have they every legal right to play croquet. But croquet is not golf, and it ought not to be played on the golf links. It is the bounden duty of every would-be player to become thoroughly familiar with the code before venturing on the green. Those who ignore the rules are rebelling against golf, and all true golfers have a right to rebel against them. A true golfer, however short his drives, however numerous his failures, has a profound and severe regard for those laws which have made and upheld the royal and ancient game.

That humor is largely national, that the humor of one country can seldom be appreciated to its fullest extent by another, is a truth so often stated as to be trite. That humor is in some degree also limited to a community is not so generally recognized. At best we are apt to realize this fact in theory, but personally do not act in accordance with it.

There are few of us who have not experienced that most trying of all positions held by him whose joke falls flat and is met by a smile of which one hundredth part is amusement and ninety-nine hundredths a polite desire to spare our feelings. We are likely to meet with this smile when we tell college stories to outsiders. This unpleasant state of things indicates neither a defective sense of the ludicrous in our friends, nor too great eagerness on our part to see a joke where none exists. It results from the fact that many of our most humerous situations and best jokes depend to such an extent upon local color that they are practically unintelligible to outsiders. To appreciate them a training in college traditions is necessary. The freshman "grinds", as a general thing, are heard with great composure by friends not well versed in college affairs. For the college student this local flavor adds a particular zest.

Although college society is necessarily limited and imperfect in some respects, there are more elements of variety than in an ordinary gathering. That the college girl as a type and not an individual exists only in literature, all fair-minded persons who know whereof they speak, will readily grant. Think of a college dinner table for example. There is the girl who, without the ghost of a smile, can recite marvelous tales to the dismay of the freshmen; the girl who is quick at retort; the demure girl whose quiet remarks never miss the point. So on around the table. To have the circle quite complete, however, we must have the girl who cannot see the joke. This character has never been given due consideration. She deserves a great deal, when like a college girl she is willing to laugh at herself and be laughed at by others. She then furnishes more amusement than the original joke. Still, it is more agreeable, on the whole, to have others laugh with us rather than at us. Four years of college training will bring about this pleasant result in all but the most stubborn cases. Constant practice is given, and though her enjoyment may never be quite as keen, she at least knows when to laugh.

The conditions which make our conversation tend to personalities also largely affect our humor. College life necessarily brings us into unusually close relations with one another, thus giving unsought for opportunities to see one another's faults and foibles. Rubbing up against one another in this way we must either laugh or grow irritable. This laughter is seldom unkind. It not only keeps us calm and cheerful, but it is a distinct factor of the college attitude. Affectation and pretence cannot long stand before honest laughter. Our small mannerisms are rubbed off by this treatment and we learn the impossibility of seeming to be that which we are not.

If Meredith's estimate of the capacity for comic perception be true, and it lies in an ability "to detect the ridicule of them you love, without loving them the less", and more, the ability "to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes and accept the correction their image of you proposes", then comic perception in a high degree can be found in the college girl.

Annie Perry Hincks 1900.

The saying we hear often at this time of the year would have more truth here if it read, in the spring the college fancy lightly turns to out-door life. Before the last snow-drift has actually disappeared, the same life which makes the grass grow seems to spring up within the college thoughts and we wish no roof but the sky.

Walking and bicycling are the first expressions of our spring out-door feeling. No place could better favor these than the country around Northampton, with its level roads, occasional hills, woods full of arbutus and best of all its mountain range only a few meadows and a river's width away. To ride to the river on a wheel, cross it by the ferry and climb Mount Holyoke or Tom in search of ferns, frog's eggs, or just for the pure joy of climbing,—nothing could be a greater pleasure on a fine New England day.

In speaking of spring sports now, one should mention golf in the very first breath, and certainly the opportunities which Smith offers to "golfiacs" deserve to be recognized even by the most persistent flouters of the game. It is easy enough with the new club-house as vantage-ground, or even from the fleeting view which the trolley affords, to get an outsider's idea of our game of golf. Such an impression of the links is one of bright colors, shouts of "fore", and figures burdened with bags of clubs. From the initiate the joys of the game call forth a boundless enthusiasm; they furnish an inexhaustible subject for conversation and rouse an interest that makes all other pleasures tame. There is nothing quite like golf to a lover of golf.

There are some who are still faithful to its old-time rival, tennis. All the tennis playing of our spring term focuses itself upon the tournament in June. During that week the favorite courts are hardly vacant for an hour, even before breakfast,—this in spite of the popularity of golf. On the day when the finals are played off, all the players, conspicuous among them the wearers of the Hibernian green, are cheered enthusiastically by their friends who occupy the available space around the courts. The pursuit of the ball falls to the lot of the gaily attired ushers. This year the president's barn will add to their difficulties, or will it serve as back-stop?

The back campus witnesses almost daily a game which is becoming so popular that it makes one wonder if base ball will not sometime find a regular place among Smith athletics. As yet, however, we lay no claim to scientific playing nor prescribed diamond. The pauses necessary to rescue the ball from the branches of an apple tree show the true nature of our game. The last hour of a few afternoons of each week is given to games on the back campus. Among them the new game of tether ball is becoming conspicuous.

One has only to keep straight on under the apple trees, past the plant house to Paradise, to find one of the most popular of our spring sports. The boats as well as the tennis courts are engaged as far ahead as college law allows. Boating serves both as end and means. Although we may boast of no crew, it affords a chance for exercise which we do not ignore. Perhaps, however, it serves still more as a means to make a friend or a book more delightful.

Even a casual observer could see that at the first hint of spring the college rushes heart and soul into out door life. And so some might object to the

word "lightly" in our adaptation of the old saying, but let lightly mean light-heartedly and even the pessimist would agree and perhaps smile in sympathy.

MARY HOADLY CHASE 1900.

The cast for the "Winter's Tale", the play to be given at the '99 Senior Dramatics, has been announced as follows:

Leontes, King of Sicilia	Ruth Strickland
Mamillius, young prince of Sibilia	
Camillo,	Edith Rand
Antigonus, formal of Ciliais	Emily Cheney
Cleomenes, four lord of Silicia	Gertrude Churchill
Dion,	Margaret Putnam
Polixenes, king of Bohemia	Ruth Homer
Florizel, prince of Bohemia	Blanche Ames
Archidamus, a lord of Bohemia	Edith Hall
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita	Bertha Cranston
Clown, his son	Janet Roberts
Autolycus, a rogue	Harriet Coburn
A Mariner	Mary Bell
Hermione, queen to Leontes	Harriet Bliss
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione	Caroline Hills
Paulina, wife to Antigonus	Caroline Read
Mopsa,) Shaphardesses	6 Marjory King
Mopsa, Dorcas, Shepherdesses	Marion Somers

Considerable additions have recently been made to the college grounds by the purchase of land adjoining the back campus. The purchase includes Mr. C. B. Kingsley's house and grounds, the Methodist parsonage, and the land in the rear of Miss Cushing's and Miss Tucker's houses. The Methodist parsonage and Mr. Kingsley's house will be fitted up for the use of students. Still other changes will be made during the next year. A new dwelling house is to be built and the Stoddard house and Dr. Brewster's house will be removed.

At the open meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society on April 22, Mr. Norman Hapgood lectured on "Educated Women and the Stage".

The regular biennial meeting of the Smith College Chapter of the College Settlement Association was held April 24. Annie H. Duncan 1901 was made elector for the next two years.

On April 24, Miss Bissell, of the "Outlook" staff, lectured to the students in Chemistry Hall, on "Woman as a Municipal Factor".

President McKinley has been invited to visit the college in June, and a committee has been appointed by the trustees to arrange for his reception.

At the annual meeting of the Smith College Association for Christian Work, held April 29, reports from the various departments were presented and the following officers were elected for next year: President, Florence Whitney 1900; Vice-President, Grace Russell 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Hannah Johnson 1901; Recording Secretary, Alice Taggart 1901; Treasurer, Stella Goss 1902.

On May 3, Dr. Charles Waldstein, Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Cambridge, England, gave a lecture in College Hall. His subject was "The Spirit of Greek Art".

CALENDAR

- May 16, Sophomore-Senior Entertainment.
 - 18, Biological Society.
 - 20, Alpha Society.
 - 23, Colloquium.
 - 24, Dr. Blodgett's Annual Concert.
 - 27. Junior-Senior Entertainment.
- June 10, Phi Kappa Psi Society.

 Alpha Society.
 - 15, Biological Society.

The

Smith College

Monthly

June = 1899.
Conducted by the Senior Class.

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THE

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No. 9.

MUSIC AS AN ART=MINISTRY

There is a beauty never to be seen in nature, nor known save through the human consciousness, a beauty of intangibilities belonging to the realms of intellect and emotion. Nature is no allegory to be expounded by the seer. The mysteries are in his own soul. He passes the row of lilies in his moonlit garden; he is arrested by the wonder of their whiteness; they seem to him symbols, as dreams are, and he takes them into his mind to shine there. But as he calls them up in thought, there is a halo of light around each cup, which his eyes never beheld. His spirit has dealt with them. This is not memory alone. In the same way all things become to him significant, as nature is touched imperiously by his human spirit, until she seems the source of the transfiguring beauty existing in himself. Looking upon objects through the veil of his own personality, he must reproduce them, if he be an artist, not as they are but as they seem to him. He can obtain from nature only what he himself brings to her, and the value of his art presentation depends not on skill in the use of the medium he employs, but on his power of perception. His mind is stimulated by the suggestions of the outer world, to persistent and patient imagination. He sees, reflects, interprets. It is his aspiration to attain in his art the intellectually beautiful. His work must have the approbation of mind.

Yet this is by no means all. Nor will he find impelling creative force in mere intellectualities. The mind contemplating the images and impressions received from the outer world knows that its verdict is not the final one. It is aware of an infinity of the spirit where mental processes are inadequate and thought is an alien thing. There is a power here not born of reason, which is able to thrill the remotest fibres of being. It trembles in the inmost places of the soul; the pulsations of it are life; it is the intimate wonder. Many are the conjectures of the mind concerning it, but it ever eludes definition. Words are strange to it. The very thought of it must breathe through subtler mediums or shine in dreams. Yet there are aspects of it which flash upon consciousness. Man knows it for the very quintessence of beauty-beauty the mind is faint before. His mind may even deny it while he feels it stirring within him. His spirit knows and yields to the ineffable divineness, and loves its omnipotence. There come pervasive influences, promptings, impulses from unexplored areas of his nature; he is conscious of new purity of persuasion and holiness of desire; and then, if he is irresistibly driven by his longing to expression, he becomes an artist.

Art has the range of the whole human spirit; its heights, its depths, its unimpassioned levels. From no less a world does it spring. Goethe has said that art is but form-giving. Then it is the giving of form to human consciouness, an embodiment of soul for which beauty, intellectual and spiritual, is not so much the motive force as it is the indispensable condition of being. External beauty of form or embodiment can never be in itself an end, and the inner, spirit-penetrated beauty can inhabit art only as art is truly revelatory of humanity. The spirit of beauty is imperious with man, and faithful, for it will not leave him. But while it cannot illuminate man's art unless his soul is there revealing itself, it is equally true that his soul cannot stand revealed, unaccompanied by that transcendent beauty. They seem coexistent, inseparable, a soul with an inhabitating soul.

Humanity then is the spiritual content of art and its whole reason to be. But art reveals the life not of past and present merely. It has the gift of prophecy. There is to be found in an artist's work a clue to the being that he is in the deeps of his soul; but more gladly apparent is his consciousness of all that he will be. The unfaltering tones of warranted confidence are there, and the mighty allurements of his immortality. He attains his liberty and breathes a diviner air. His art is not only wide as life, it is wide as ideal life. He sees the vision before the time has come for him to enter into it, but there are no fetters to bind his spirit. He imagines, and the indwelling beauty of his soul upholds him like a strong angel and leads him on. He roams and wanders in a world where every perception and emotion may touch his life with unhindered impact, and after he has seen and expressed, it is said of him, "He creates."

Moreover this freedom is not brief, transitory. Time is not, in the art world. The liberty wherewith art makes free is abiding, and may be known through potentialities in the souls of those who cannot make manifest the experiences of which they first became conscious, it may be, through the artist's ministry. There does exist in humanity a sense of the beautiful which may be developed. The material world will not easily dominate a life which has known the ideal. Art arouses men to a consciousness of their attitude toward the higher life of the human spirit which it reflects and completes. It mirrors the spirit "melodious, lucid, poised and whole." A revelation of the unattained and possible, it awakens in humanity a vast and illimitable desire. And this is its chief function. It is for the more certain attainment of this effect that it is constantly striving.

It is now clear why it is that art must not and cannot depend on intelligence alone or limit itself too much. If the poet were satisfied with the mere presentation of a subject for the understanding to consider, why does he not write in simple prose? The painter could not find inspiration for his work in mere imitation. Something there must be in the treatment of the artist's idea which conveys more than subject-matter, which accounts for the form of his expression in the first place. Uttering himself in terms of beauty, he is individual, yet is his thought "in a god's words expressed, his own and somehow greater than his own." The approbation of mind, as before stated, if necessary, is secondary. His longing is to get rid of his responsibilities to his subject and the material medium of expression; to attain a union of matter and form which shall baffle the understanding seeking to separate the two, and for that reason shall make his

meaning spirit-clear. He would speak "from the heart to the heart." His appeal to spirit is in exact proportion to its indubitable presence in his art; and identity of matter and form, in so far as it is obtainable, will lessen the probabilities of the hindrance by an intervening reasoning faculty, of the appeal he desires to make. The more difficult he makes it to linger in the external, the easier becomes the access to the inner world. And here it is that one sort of artist, the musician, has the advantage over all. Music is the only form of art where it is almost impossible for the mind to distinguish matter and form. It is nearest to the artistic ideal. It is of the spirit, for the spirit. And all art in seeking interrelatedness of subject and expression, identity of matter and form which shall simplify its access to the human spirit, is in so far emulative of music and desirous of its condition.

For nothing intervenes between music and the spirit which it thrills. Its chords are struck on the sentient fibres of being itself. There is so little of the physical about it that it seems mysterious, and wonder over it is deepest in those who know it best. One who asserts that his delight in it is merely sensuous and that it never passes beyond his ears, is proving that he has not felt music and knows nothing of its power. Its fleeting combinations of sounds will not be resolved into pictures. It imitates nothing. It has almost no power to tell a story. The words of a song appeal to the mind and arouse a mental image, but the music passes on into another province of being, leaving all that behind. Its aim is not to awaken intellectual activity nor to communicate ideas. It is sovereign of a vaster realm whence the emotions spring. It must "burrow awhile and build broad on the roots of things." Definition of the various emotions will not compass it, for it deals with the bases of being, with motive forces themselves. Its symbols reveal states of being not only unknown before the music came, but unimaginable. strange that this art, "which dilates the heart of man into its whole capacity for the infinite," refuses to yield its secret to language and will not be accounted for by mind?

This leads to a consideration of two accusing statements frequently made about music by those who are not musicians. It is called unintellectual, and it is called vague. There is a certain sense in which it is both. But to say that it does not appeal primarily to mind is not to say that it has no laws. It is, be-

cause of law, and depends upon mathematical proportions as truly as does architecture. It presents its spiritual content through form. Like any other art its expressions must have the approbation of mind, although its aims are beyond and above the mere production of intellectual stimulus. It is structurally intellectual to the highest degree, demanding accurate knowledge of its laws, and vitality of thought. Yet given these alone, a man will not become a great composer. The creative faculty seems inexplicable to the mind. Socrates said of the Athenian poets, "They seemed to write by a divine madness and enthusiasm." He could not discover by what method they proceeded. What would he have said of Schubert writing at white heat? What would he have made of Beethoven?

The vagueness of music is one of the very reasons for its intense and penetrating effect. It is useless to demand precise definition from an art whose sphere is feeling. It must be more vague than poetry, for instance, which deals with words wellknown in experience. Words are used to express a thing, and there it is. The meaning is single and not to be mistaken. But music is not the language of the world of experience. The very use of sound as a medium is in so far arbitrary and artificial. It is not less alive than words because it is bound to no definite and limited meaning. It is vital and vitalizing from the very fact that it means so much and may be so variously interpreted. A symphony will arouse and uplift an assembled thousand, but comparatively few will have the same thing to relate afterward of its effect upon them and the causes of their exhilaration. Here lies a reason for its potency. The music has read the heart of each individual and probed into the mysteries of the self he does not understand. To one it meant more, to another less, in proportion to the receptivity and temperament of each, but to all who listened it was liberty. It awoke the undefined longing, the illimitable desire. The hush which followed the last chord brought a consciousness of the untranslatable infinite.

Yet there are very many who believe that music is not properly heard and understood which does not associate itself immediately with the external incidents of human life, or which fails to touch dramatically some more conspicuous event. It is expected to transport the listener to some scene of festival or at least to lead him into literal green pastures. They are not content to have their souls restored. They must label and define,

and there is nothing musical to which they will not affix a placard. While the musician is silent, they will tell of the trip to Italy they took during his symphony; surely that was an Italian sky? He may baffle them with his tympani and trombones (unless they are reminded of Vesuvius), but they will invariably "interpret" the violins. In so far as they have not felt, they will profess experience. Their attitude toward music seems to be one of doubt, as though they were seeking for a sign, but any conclusions reached are doubly sure. Meaningless music is a contradiction in terms, but the variety of interpretations which the same composition will receive from a given number of this class is a criticism upon their perceptive faculties in general, or a proof of the futility of their endeavor to say what the music means.

And this tendency is, unfortunately, not confined to amateurs in criticism. The most unintellectual thing about music is the greater part of what is written concerning it. Some writers devote themselves to irresponsible rhapsody, and prejudice others against composers who are "adorés comme 'cela'." Some try to illustrate a composition by drawing parallels in other arts, and cheerfully sacrifice logic. Those who can criticise technically are not popular. A composer is not apt to be a literary man as well, and when he does write of music, as Schumann did, he is not exempt from the perils which threaten all who attempt this difficult task. Absolute music is the despair of language. Schumann is allured frequently into mere poetical picture-making, the result of a mental mood both transitory and artificial. To read that Schubert, in seeking to express the characteristics of some keys, calls E minor "a girl dressed in white with a rosecolored breast-knot," makes one incredulous even when allowance is made for the musician's fancy, which, as Schumann says, is a questionable thing to try to sound. He quotes this whim of Schubert's as extreme. And yet we find him tracing through the measures of a charming romance by Bennett, the movements of a "fair somnambulist," and feeling relief at the end when she is imagined to be "safe from danger again resting on her couch over which the moonlight streams." His fantastic imagination however does not keep him from profound music criticism. He incarnates the "two souls which dwell within his breast" in the imaginary Florestan and Eusebius, that he may ascribe to one or to the other his mood as he writes, and so may escape the necessity of being consistent, but musical truth does not hide itself from him.

It should be said of poetic symbolism that there are many compositions which adapt themselves very readily to it, usually because of the composer's own purpose. The creator of "Kreisleriana" was justified in some of his word-revels. It is in a different tone that he speaks of a symphony where at one point "a horn calls from a distance, that seems to have descended from another sphere. And every other instrument seems to listen as if aware that a heavenly guest had glided into the orchestra." "Music speaks the most universal of languages," he says again, "one by means of which the soul is freely, yet vaguely inspired; but it is then at home." He might have wondered at a remark of Sir George Grove's concerning Beethoven's Third Symphony. In spite of the removal of the dedication to Napoleon, it is declared to be "still a portrait—and we may believe a favorable portrait-of Napoleon, and should be listened to as such." One hears reflectively the words of Eusebius, "Your declaration, Florestan, that you admire the pastoral and heroic symphonies less because Beethoven has so designated them and thus set limit to our imaginations, seems to me to be founded on a just feeling. But if you ask me why, I scarcely know how to answer." Is not the answer to be found in the conception of that infinity freely yet vaguely inspiring, where the soul is at home? To attempt to reduce instrumental music to a poetic basis is to materialize it utterly. Moreover because a composer can give to perfection the mood of a poem, in accompanying music, it does not follow that a poet can translate into adequate language a musical composition. Music can adapt itself to words, can concentrate its power in a single human passion. Yet its relation to words is more vague and arbitrary than is commonly supposed. The lyric, the drama, cannot limit it. They linger on the borderland of spirit, but tone sweeps into that realm "to set the affections in right tune." It creates those habits of emotion which in ways inscrutable direct the life to finer issues. That indwelling beauty which is the soul's familiar, can tower to its full height in the art-world, until man beholding it, discovers himself.

Once, it is said, Beethoven, on passing suddenly out of darkness into brilliant light, found himself possessed, in that instant, of a musical idea which became the theme of the Scherzo in the

Ninth Symphony. But the light which dazzled his eyes then, bringing a swift suggestion of its own, was a poor symbol of that which flashed upon his inward vision as he wrote, revealing a divineness which it was granted him to make audible. It may be that he could have said

"I turned me to the side
Whence came the voice,
And there appeared to me a light
That shone bright as a star:
My own soul it was."

GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD.

THE QUEEN'S SERVICE

(The Castle Terrace by moonlight. At the back, a broad flight of stairs leads up to the castle. Almeryn sits below, now and then touching his lute, then listening to the murmur of voices inside.)

Almeryn (singing softly).

Moon, how madly the poets rhyme Who say you loved in the olden time! You are far too fair for love or hate. Though all the gods should vie for you, Though men grow mad and die for you, Quietly you keep your silver state.

If she should sit an hour in this white calm Her cares might leave her: she would sleep to-night. How long the council sits!

(Sings.) All the stars would fain be near her, In her light to shine the clearer, But dare not touch her garment's hem, So is the moon the Queen of them!

Do you not see, my lords, the Queen is tired? You spare her nought—no tedious legal phrase, No strife, no bickerings, no pros and cons Of no least hamlet's wrongs—and all the while There sit on right and left the two great counts, Each frowning on the other, with a hand Put forth to snatch her regent's crown of thorns! You show scant mercy, sirs. Does none divine—The slim left hand, that bears the signet ring, Lies there so lightly on the papers, none Perceives the right, beneath the table's edge. Clenched till the nails bite deep into the flesh. Better come forth and watch the moon with me Who see—so clearly!

(A man's voice within is raised angrily.)

Baron Volmar! Dog,

In the Queen's very presence—! How, at that, The quick uneven red springs to her cheek As if his mailed hand smote her! Oh, my Queen, I am outside—outside—and cannot help!

(Voices within: the council is breaking up. A pause.) She will not come to-night.

(The QUEEN comes softly out and stands at the head of the stairs.)

In a great light-

So still-clad all in white-it is my dream!

The Queen.

Almeryn.

Almeryn. Ah God, so weary !- I am here, my Queen.

The Queen (descends slowly and sits),

Sing to me, Almeryn. They are gone at last.

Almeryn. What song, Your Highness?

The Queen.

Any song—the first

That springs upon your lips, so it be far From courts and wars and kingdoms.

Almeryn.

Very far.

(Sings.) How shines the sun in Paradise
All the happy day?
Clear and keen, or veiled by the green
Of the tender leaves away?

How shines the moon in Paradise All the dreaming night? Sweet and dim, a crescent slim, Or orbed in a flood of light?

Nay, I have been in Paradise,
But sun and moon I did not heed:
I only looked in my true love's eyes,
And they shone bright indeed.

How sing the birds in Paradise Endless summers long? With joyous throat, or a plaintive note That makes a sweeter song?

How flow the streams of Paradise O'er the golden sand? Faint and clear as no mortal ear Has heard in an earthly land?

Oh, I have been in Paradise,
And birds and streams played little part;
But my true love's voice sang melodies
That echo in my heart.

The Queen. I marvel at these poets—a strange race
Who see nought in the world but only love.
I weary of the theme. In my short life
I have seen much beside—yet seen too much
Of that which men call love. I would to Heaven
I were a man.

Almeryn. Madam, you do but jest!
You, the most noble lady of this world,
Why should you wish—

The Queen. That I might trust in men,
Who have sore need to trust. I am the Queen:
In the King's name, I rule this realm and folk.
I would look frankly in my subjects' eyes,
Lean on their shoulders for my proper strength,
And those who serve me truly, trust as friends,
Co-workers in one cause.

Almeryn.

All this you do.

The Queen. Were I but King! I should have found a way
To snap the court's steel-cobwebs and speak out
As man to man. But who speaks frankly out
As man to woman? What clear brow but masks
Some smirking under-thought, "I could—she may—
We shall be thought to love?" A strangling mesh,
This love, a blinding veil!—

Nay, Almeryn,

Do you not know what some would say of this?
"A lonely, envious woman, pouring spite
On joys forbid to her, who may not love
Except the King her husband whom, these years.
To feign to love were mockery." Almeryn,
Will you say this?

Almeryn. My Queen, you know I shall not.
Envy is basest of all passions; you
No base thing dare approach. Dear lady, pardon!
This slight, coarse thing you speak of is not love.
The knight who loves thinks nothing of himself,
All of his lady, serves her stedfastly
Although she scorn him, if she favor him
Grows not presumptuous, and all his pride
Is, he would die ere gall her with his love.

The Queen. Ay, but she sees it—it is irksome to her!
Has she no pride, that she must take and take
Gifts unrepaid—what masks as loyalty
To serve her, and is read too plain as love!
My uncle's spearmen served a better way.

I grew to girlhood in a gray old tower
Set on a hillside, where my uncle swayed
A meager score of lances—grizzled men
Who would have died for him, or he for them.
But not your love-way, with the craving eyes.
My childish thought was, "Would I were a queen
To be so served!" Then came, with store of gold,
My scarce-remembered father from far lands.
Then came a king a-wooing, not as now
Sunk beyond power of reigning, yet in truth
It was my dream I wedded—and I woke.

Almeryn. How woke? Your people bless you as their Queen.
Burghers and soldiers, simple peasant-folk.
The little children in the cottage doors
Held up to look, and taught to lisp your name—
All love you, save the counts who scowl, yet bow.

The Queen. Ay, all may love me, till I single one To honor—then, the buzz of evil tongues! Then, doubt in my own heart! Sir Almeryn, Whom shall I trust? Look, sir, I will confess: Yourself, whom I have proved in war and peace. In council and in danger, when but now You made defence of lovers, at the word The hateful doubt spoke "Does he love me, then?" -Oh, I have shame enough for such a thought-No lady more! I have been still, and bowed, And smiled, and signed, and planned, and held my state, And been a Queen! To-night I will speak out. You, sir, my friend-how can you be my friend. Whereof I have great need, if thoughts like these Come to me in the many hateful thoughts That crowd upon a queen? Clear me of this And let me keep my friend!

Almeryn (slowly, aside). This is the Queen.
Shall not the Queen have service to her need?
(Aloud.) Madam, I do not love you.

When your knights
Draw swords and shout, made happy by your smile
(That slow still smile of yours), I am most glad,
Being part of all that tide of loyalty.
Why, if I loved you, when you girt the sword
Upon young Lyodor yesternight, and gave
Your scarf to wear, I had hated Lyodor
For his eyes' worship—yet I loved the lad,
Exulting that all hearts must own you Queen.

The Queen. Nay, Lyodor—a child! No noble heart,
As yours is, Almeryn, stoops to jealousy.
Such words scarce clear my doubt.

Almeryn. Dear lady, list.

(Aside.) I would speak right: no lies to those clear eves.— My mother had no other son: her heart Yearned o'er me: when I left her for the wars She prayed me kiss her nightly e'er I slept, As still I do. She has been dead nine years. Think you I tell this lightly? Nay, but hear Wherefore I speak it. Five years since, I came Hither and saw you in your hall of state, Upon the daïs, clad in royal robes (That day they crowned you regent) and I knelt To swear my service, and the sun burst forth Clothing you in a glory, and you smiled. Madam, I swear to you that from that day Before I sleep I kiss your hand and say, "My Queen, I am your true subject"-nothing more. A man in love, I deem, would be more bold, To call you in his heart the little name Your humblest subjects utter—more than that Perchance, nor think he scanted duty so.

The Queen. It may be so. I thank you, Almeryn.

Almeryn. Madam, you are cold! Your mantle—

The Queen.

Sir, let be.

I am not cold. I pray you, pardon me I put you to this proof.

Almeryn.

Pardon, my Queen?

I spoke not readily, so confirmed the fear You could not trust me. Why, how all unlike Is this devotion to the boyish fire I loved with once!

The Queen.

You, Almeryn? you loved?

Almeryn. As all boys do.

The Queen.

O ay, I had forgot.

As all men do—all women too, perhaps, Save queens, who must not. It is something old, This news, and yet I had not thought—

Almeryn (musing).

Indeed.

Do all boys love as I did? All, at least,
Love not so fair a creature—dancing eyes
All golden in the sun, and curving mouth
A little pouted, and such sweeps of hair,
Dusk hair, that seemed alive and tipped with fire!

The Queen. I sometimes wish I had been beautiful.

Almeryn. You—beautiful? My Queen, you are the Queen. There is no woman like you in the world.

The Queen. Tell me of her. She was so fair?

Almeryn. Most fair—
Her little head thrown back, her dainty throat
All rippling with sweet laughters, peal on peal!

The Queen (aside). He loves her yet, I think.— She is living, sir?

Almeryn. Oh, yes. She married. Why, the sun was dark
For me, three days I think. Now it appears
She was as other women—but so fair!

The Queen (rising as she speaks).

I am the Queen and master of this realm.
Under my flag the fighting men go forth
To battle on our borders, with staunch hearts
Because my heart is strong; the husbandmen
Sow without trembling, knowing they shall reap
Securely 'neath my justice; craftsmen ply
Their many trades within my walls; and all
Because this heart and brain and will are sure;
Because I keep the state from falling prey
To the robber counts. Small leisure has been mine
To muse on beauty; some I had, I think;
It has fallen from me, doubtless. God, O God,
I would I were the King! Or else—

Almeryn.

Or else-

The Queen. A woman. Queens grow weary, I have found.
Good night, sir. I am weary. And besides
Cold, as I think you said.

Almeryn. Madam—my Queen,
If I have hurt you—!

The Queen.

You, sir? I was moved
I know not why—the council sat so long;
I am very weary. None has seen me thus,
Nor shall again. Thanks for your courtesy.
Farewell, sir. (To herself.) Tired, very tired, and cold.
(At the head of the stairs she turns.)
I that am Queen command you to forget.

(The QUEEN goes out.)

Almeryn. My Queen, my Queen, how have I angered you—Grieved you—and wearied? (That is worst of all.)
Only a dream, dear heart! I kept back nought
Save one poor dream alone, was it for that
Your grave gray eyes that read the inmost heart
Turned from me in rebuke? Did they divine
My confidence imperfect? I spoke truth

In all—I kept back nothing, save a dream. She came into a garden, all in white, Moving so softly, and drew near to me. And lo, the crown was lifted from her brow And all the care gone with it, and she laughed, And both of us forgot she was a Queen. Only a dream, dear lady!

'Tis almost morn.
Good night, my Queen—my love! I will forget.
RITA CREIGHTON SMITH.

OLIVES AND CAVIARE

It is probably safe to suppose that every one of us would rather be called a thief than a Philistine. We do not steal, such is not our habit, and we could easily clear ourselves of that charge. But to be told you are a Philistine is like being told your hair is growing gray; it is a purely objective piece of criticism, and however much you may dislike the idea, the matter is too intimate for you to be a fair judge, and no doubt the critic is right.

If I were asked the next most damning thing that could be said of us, it would of course be the statement that we had no sense of humor, but nothing could ever induce us to believe that any way, so it does not matter. Still I cannot refrain from observing that the vanity of that same complacent security in its possession comes sorely nigh to proving that we have it not. But sense of humor has become a cult, and its devotees take their own seriously enough, and coddle and cherish it until they can laugh most conscientiously where none but the initiated would have suspected a joke.

But my word is concerning the Philistine. Nothing is so horrifying as to realize how easy it is to be one; and the most pitiable of all objects is the Philistine who is trying not to be one, and who thinks he has succeeded when he has laboriously acquired the tastes of the elect. Someone has told us of a barber once who aspired above his station, and felt sure that he had been cut out for the upper circles because he had never had to learn to like olives and caviare. Very likely, but the reason he liked them was undoubtedly not because he loved their savor,

but because he knew they were such gentlemanlike dishes! So the poor Philistine, who prides himself on liking Mæterlinck, never would have in the world if he had not known beforehand that such caviare to the general was a most gentlemanlike dish. That is the fatal test: the true gentleman does not need to be told beforehand, he will like olives anyway—or will frankly dare to dislike them if he chooses. Also the man of true gentlemanly tastes in literature, the æsthetic aristocrat I shall have to call him (would that Matthew Arnold had labeled as neatly that fourth dimension of modern society which he wished to evoke, as he did the three he found already here!)—the æsthetic aristocrat, I say, will like Mæterlinck without being told; or else, with serenity equally unconscious and possible only to the caste of Vere de Vere, he will calmly and with undiminished self-respect detest him.

The Philistine thus trying to work out his own salvation is a most conscientious and painstaking creature, in his humble attempts to like the things he ought, and he certainly ought to be set to work at least to like the right ones. It is for such as he that an Academy really exists, and to such as he the impressionism of the present day is a fatal stumbling-block. For by teaching him to substitute for his own the experiences of some more vivid and sensitive nature, it is rapidly losing him the power of having any at first hand at all. His æsthetic experiences are fast dwindling down to sympathetic reminiscences of those which somebody else has had and written up. Impressionist criticism is doing for the observer just what every great artist necessarily does for the imitators of his mannerisms, when he unconsciously founds a school of technique. Impressionism is surely founding a school of sensation for the Philistine, where through the senses of the impressionist he first has his experiences vicariously, and then entering like conditions, deliberately sets himself to work to have the same ones actually.

Manet once seeing one of his pupils painting away at a strange Manet subject with strange Manet colors, and outlining the drawing with strange black Manet outlines, said, "Yes, yes, I see it that way, but you can't possibly." That is it, we can't possibly. But the conscientious and ambitious Philistine tries to very hard. He not only believes the "adventures of a soul among masterpieces" to be criticism, but he tries valiantly to have the same ones himself, and, like a modern Don Quixote

whose Dulcinea is culture, persuades himself that they are real. Of course art is meant to reveal to us things we never had seen of ourselves, just as Fra Lippo tells us. But the things were always there and art has only opened our eyes to them; whereas the impressions of the impressionist were not always there, but were his alone, and are interesting only because they were—not his, necessarily, but a person's. Probably they never will exist exactly the same for any one else, and why should the Philistine feel the slightest obligation to pretend that they do for him?

Nowadays we have even the impressionist reporter, and I fear he is on the way to make Philistines of us all. For example, there is scarcely a spot now left on the face of the tourist-ridden globe to which we can travel without being already so inoculated with Mr. Richard Harding Davis' impressions of it that we shall have hard work at first to have any others. A tourist's stay is not commonly a long one, and Mr. Davis' impressions are so delightful and picturesque, moreover so clear and carefully catalogued, that it is far easier to stretch ours to fit the same pattern than to await their own slow and meager development.

If we go to Gibraltar, not even the no doubt impossible spectacle of the Spanish sentinel pacing sternly up and down his side of the neutral ground while the frivolous defender of England's rights lays aside his lobster-colored coat to fan himself and flirt with the senoritas, could prevent us from drawing Mr. Davis' moral as to the superior persistence of the Anglo-Saxon race. In Port Said, the most horrifying exhibition of depravity would scarcely make us forget to sympathize with Mr. Davis' disappointment at finding it a place of such milk-and-water wickedness. In Cairo—but no! so much respect at least I must grant to the sensibilities even of the Philistine—even he need not know the "Rulers of the Mediterranean" in order to feel the color and atmosphere of that brilliant spot.

But as for Paris, Mr. Davis has not left unrecorded a single sensation for the impressionable tourist to get for himself out of that city. "About Paris" is a complete guide-book to the emotions. And this is not in the least to find fault with that delightful little book on its own account; I only wish to insist that it is as easy to cram the æsthetics of a place out of Richard Harding Davis as to cram its history out of Bædeker. The

former temptation is more insidious in its form and a step higher in its appeal, but it betrays the Philistine just the same.

The tourist who knows his Richard Harding Davis would like to have been in Paris when President Faure died a few months ago, in order to recognize that Gallic frivolity in the very arrangement of the crêpe which Mr. Davis detected on President Carnot's assassination. When he goes there he will seat himself just outside the Café de la Paix squarely under the de la of the sign, and fancy he is seeing life indeed, because there Mr. Davis assures us is the true hub of the social and political universe, and from that point the boulevardier, sitting snug under the awning as upon the throne of Saturn, watches thence the Master-knot unravel. And so he will go from place to place in New Paris, with a little set of authorized sensations which he proceeds to go and have.

But it is only to the Paris of to-day after all that this æsthetic Bradshaw is a guide; to that current Paris which the tourist who comes full of the thought of its art treasures and its associations is altogether surprised to find there; the Paris which takes its tea in Boulevard Haussmann and drives in the Champs Elysées in the afternoon. This is the Paris of the impressionist reporter.

Old Paris the Philistine can practice on at getting impressions of his own. It will be throughd for him with persons out of history and literature, and he will walk the Paris of Balzac, of Dickens or of Du Maurier according to his taste,—or even of Rostand if he chance to remember that the best bakery in Paris to-day is in the Rue St. Honoré almost opposite the Church of St. Roch. And such a pilgrimage would have a very different motive from that which draws the Philistine in the wake of the impressionist reporter. The latter, like the impressionist critic, is a safe enough guide as to how to enjoy, but as to what we are to enjoy, pray let us exercise a little individuality.

Meanwhile this is a word of warning to the Pharisee. If with mistaken zeal we endeavor to appreciate Cuyps and Ruysdaels through George Moore's enthusiastic eyes, or to duplicate in the pleasures of our own reading another's "literary passions," or seek to be impressed with Paris or Constantinople as Richard Harding Davis, are we too not trying to like olives in order to prove that we are gentle? Not so can we yet hope that "the remnant of the Philistines shall perish."

TWO SEAS

The sea of sleeping is warm and bright,
With purple shadows and golden light;
Music of passion fills the air,
A song of joy, a sigh of prayer.
The dream-child, listening, lives.

But night is glooming the sun's red day;
The music trembles and dies away;
Voices of thunder silence break,
"Great Pan is dead! Ye sleepers, wake!"
The dream-child, shuddering, dies.

The sea of waking is cold as night;
The stars are shining with silver light:
The wind is singing soulless songs:
The stranger-child in anguish longs
To sleep and dream again.

BERTHA BUTLER REEVES.

THE DAY OF HIS DEATH

"At sunset to-day." The lieutenant repeated the words with an unmoved countenance. "Absurd! It's utterly preposterous," Claxton exclaimed angrily. "To shoot the correspondent of one of the biggest papers in the country for a mere personal offense to an officer. You know if he weren't a general it wouldn't be thought of. It's all very well to talk about strictness of discipline, and military rule in time of war, but when it comes to shooting civilians for —"

"Insulting a superior officer in the face of the enemy," quoted the lieutenant sternly. "My orders are, sir, to report the decision of the court, and ask whether you will see the chaplain."

"Confound your orders and the chaplain, too," retorted Claxton impatiently. "This farce is about played out. I was ready to apologize in the first place, when he sprung that cursed court-

martial on me. I've stood that all through, and now I think I've done my share, and I'm sick of the game. You can tell General Whitney so, with my compliments, please, and the 'Graphic's.'"

"To-day, at sunset," Claxton repeated to himself, with a glance out of the barred window. "Well, it's a clear day. There ought to be a fine sunset."

Something choked him as he said it, and he leaned back wearily in his chair. The long hours of the court-martial the night before and early that morning had worn on him more than he realized. "It's absurd, of course," he said aloud. "They can't carry this game much further even to please the old general. The press wouldn't stand it if public opinion would. It's an outrage on the rights of correspondents. Besides, the 'Graphic' has too much pull there in Washington. However—"

He left the sentence unfinished and pulling his pad toward him, wrote busily for several minutes. Folding the closely written sheets, he went to the door and knocked. A soldier answered the summons, and Claxton told him to take the note to General Whitney without delay. Then he stretched himself upon the couch and closed his eyes resolutely, but sat up with a start in a few minutes. He remained sitting for some time, staring intently in front of him. Then with an impatient ejaculation, he got up and began to pace the room.

He was still pacing, when about half an hour later, the soldier reëntered the room with a pile of writing-paper and some books. Claxton stared at him with uncomprehending eyes.

"What the devil are those?" he began, and then, as the soldier did not speak, "where's my answer?"

"General Whitney says it's of no use, sir," said the soldier.
"The decision of the court was final."

Claxton had continued his even pacing of the room. Now he came to a halt. "Say that again," he said slowly.

"The decision of the court," the soldier began again mechanically.

"You mean the decision of General Whitney," Claxton interrupted. "And they talk of military justice! What are those things?" he added abruptly, after a pause.

"Letter-paper," answered the soldier. "Any letters or messages you wish to leave will be delivered, and if there is anyone you wish to see?"

"That's to sound well in the report," Claxton commented. "They know I've no friends in this place. And the books?" He lifted them. They were a Bible and Prayer Book.

"The chaplain sent them," the soldier explained as he went out.

Claxton stood turning them over a moment. Then he came to a leaf turned down, his face changed, and he flung them upon the table.

"Damn him," he cried. "Does he want me to read my own funeral service?"

He strode furiously across the room, but caught at the bars in the window and held himself there rigid, looking blindly out across the barrack yard and the sunny fields beyond.

After some time he came back and sat down by the table to write. Looking at the calendar to date his first letter, he came to another long pause. His dinner had been cooling for some time on the table when he finally laid down the pen, and he attacked it ravenously. Half-way through, he stopped suddenly. The soldier who was in attendance asked if there was anything wrong with the food.

"No," he said. "No, nothing. It just struck me that it was rather near—tea-time to be eating so heartily."

As the man was removing the dishes, he asked for an almanac. The soldier answered that the sun would set at six minutes past six. It struck two as he said it. Claxton sank down into his chair and stared at the wall with unseeing eyes. He did not answer when the soldier asked for further orders, nor move when the door closed behind him. The bars of sunlight on the floor lengthened behind his chair, and stole up the wall, and still he did not stir nor alter his fixed stare.

He did not know how long he had been sitting thus when he was aroused by a sudden entrance. He started up half fiercely, and found himself facing a girl. He had never seen her before, but she was so exactly like the girls he knew in New York, and they were so far from his thoughts at that moment that he gasped, as at an apparition, and forgot to speak. She was so white and still, that he almost believed his first impression, and it was only when he perceived that she was trembling with the restraint of some strong emotion that his sense of reality returned. He set his face and pointed out a seat.

"To what official sympathy do I owe this visit?" he asked coldly.

"To none," she answered in a low voice.

"You haven't brought me any word from Washington, have you?" he went on eagerly, with a complete change of expres-

"Oh no," she answered quickly. "There is no hope of that, now."

"I know that," he returned sharply. "Why did you say it?"

"Pardon me," he continued, hurriedly. "I'm not quite myself, I'm afraid. How did you contrive to get in?"

"I told them I was a friend of yours," she said.

an unusual case they don't mind stretching a point or two. Besides, I know the colonel."

"It was very good of you to come," he pursued, trying to hide his bewilderment. "Did you-did you have any message for me?"

She hesitated. "No," she answered. "No, I didn't have any message for you." Then, with a great effort, she went on. "I don't quite know how to explain my coming. I see now how strange it must seem to you. I'm afraid it was a mistake after all. It was very foolish of me, but I knew you had no friends here. I-I thought you might be lonely. I forgot that men don't like to have women around when - and of course my knowing you doesn't make you know me. I think I had better go."

She rose and laid her hand upon the door, while he watched her dully.

"Don't go," he said suddenly. "I-don't go,"

He was sitting with his arms on the table, his fists closed, and he turned his head sharply from her as he spoke. She came slowly back and stood behind his chair. There was a long silence.

"It is utterly impossible," he said at length, without moving. "Utterly impossible. I cannot believe it."

She did not answer.

"Everybody knows he's got to die," he went on, "but I don't believe one in a million believes it. I didn't. I've known about it, and thought about it in a certain way all my life, the way everybody does. And I reported two wars, and saw men die all around me, and still I didn't believe it. I don't believe it now." He stopped. The girl behind him drew a long breath.

"It's the hardest thing I ever did in my life," she said, "but you must believe it. It's true."

He gripped the table fiercely and bent over it.

"It's not," he cried passionately. She was silent. He loosened his hold little by little, and sat up with apparent effort.

"Yes," he said. "It is true. You know who I am, and what my work has been. Well, it ends to-night. Let me say it to you now. There's nobody else. My people don't even know I'm here. It's just as well. The other fellows are all busy at the front. They've done their best for me anyhow. But I might as well be alone. Everything's done now—even the realizing. There's nothing left but to wait."

Again she drew a deep breath, but no words came.

"Don't weep over me," he said hastily. "I couldn't stand that. I don't want pity or consolation. I don't know even why I should be talking to you this way. Only—"

He stopped.

"Only," she said, "if there were some one to wait with."

He half opened his hands and shut them again.

"If there were," he said simply.

"One of the fellows," she went on, "to sit and smoke with; and a firm hand-shake at the end. No 'scene,' no change, only a keeping straight on—to the edge."

"How did you know?" he asked quickly. "You've never—"

He broke off and turned to her.

"Sit down, little friend," he said kindly. "There isn't time to get acquainted. We'll have to jump all that. But we can be friends—for awhile. I'm still too much alive for it not to seem strange; but you seem to understand."

She sat down on the other side of the table, and he saw the

pain in her eyes.

"Come, tell me who you are," he went on, in a lighter tone. "You have the advantage of me there, you know. And I don't quite understand your coming yet. Did you drop from the moon?"

"Oh, don't waste time on me," she protested. "I'm not worth it. There is nothing interesting about me. Tell me what I can do for you."

"You are my friend," he persisted, "and you can tell me how you came to be?".

"I knew of you," she answered. "I read everything that you wrote, and everything that was written about you. You were so much that I should have liked to be, and I fancied I understood you so well that I felt as though you were really my friend. Of course I never expected to meet you. I knew you wouldn't care to know me if I did, because I should be just like all the other girls you met. Yes, I should. I'm dreadfully conventional in real life." She paused distressed.

"Don't mind," he responded quickly. "That doesn't hurt me."

"And when I first saw you here," she went on hurriedly, "and heard what people said about you, I knew you were just what I thought, especially since—and I thought about you so much, and wanted so much to help you, that I made myself think I could, that perhaps you would care to have me."

"I do," he answered quietly.

"I might have known I couldn't do anything," she went on.
"I don't know anything about —"

"Death?" he said gravely. "I do."

"There, you see, I can't even divert you from it," she persisted. "That would be the poorest kind of help, but I can't even do that. And I want to so much!"

"That," he returned, "is everything. Everything. To know that somebody cares. I know I have lots of good friends out in the world, but I had almost begun to think, as I sat here, that there would be no one really to care. I was rather glad that there wasn't, but I see I was wrong. It helps to keep—the path straight. You won't weep or anything, will you?" he added anxiously.

She shook her head. Just then the soldier reëntered.

"Well?" Claxton demanded, with involuntary eagerness.

"The chaplain wants to know if you won't see him now. He is very anxious that you should."

"Tell him, no," Claxton answered. "I have a better visitor," he added, turning to her where she had half risen. "That is—unless you have to go," he finished, with sudden anxiety.

"Oh no," she said. "Not unless you want me to."

"Leave us," he said to the soldier. The man obeyed.

He went back to where she stood beside her chair, and took her hands firmly in his.

"That means the time is getting very short," he said. "I

suppose they meant it kindly. I wish I had always thought so. I might have done some things better. I might have done a great many things better."

"But you mean them better now," she responded, looking at him with steady eyes. "That's all that anyone can do."

"Little girl," he went on, "I'm leaving a lot of things unfinished that I've cared about all my life; but I'm not thinking about them now. I am principally sorry just now to think that I am not the kind of a man you probably think I am. I feel instead as though you might have taught me some things I have never even wanted to know. Oh well, what does it matter? I can keep on in my own path now—till it stops. And you—"his voice dropped, "you can think of me sometimes."

He lifted her hands lightly and smiled, but she tore them

away and covered her face.

"Don't," she cried. "I can't bear it. I'm not good like that.

I couldn't teach you anything. I can only love you."

"Hush," he said. "You don't know what you are saying. You are excited, overwrought. I was a brute to let you stay. Poor little girl! You ought not even to know of such things. How could I be so selfish. Don't cry, dear child, don't cry."

"I'm not crying," she answered, dropping her hands. "I love you too much for that. Don't look at me like that. I'm not hysterical. Everything else is a dream, but not this. I love you."

"Oh no," he said. "Oh no. Don't tell me that; it's impossible."

"Yes," she returned, "and it is impossible that you should die, but they are both true. I have known, too, all my life that I could love, and now I believe it. You were only an ideal, but now you are real. You are going to die and I love you."

He turned with a great cry and caught her in his arms. His restraint had given way, and his chest was heaving.

"It's too much," he cried.

Then he felt her catch her breath quickly, and he steadied himself, and stood motionless.

The long silence was broken by the sound of marching feet in the corridor, and a knock at the door. She shuddered.

"Dearest," he whispered. "Dearest," and she was still.

The door opened and the lieutenant entered with several men. He stopped when he saw them, and Claxton motioned silently toward the door. The men withdrew, but the lieutenant remained waiting. Claxton lifted the girl's face to his and kissed her very gently. She was very white and wavered as he withdrew his arms.

"Don't." he said with repressed entreaty. "Don't fail me now."

She straightened herself and looked at him with a proud smile. Then she lifted her face to his once more. He kissed her passionately and left the room. The clock had just begun to strike.

* * * * * * * *

Some hours later Claxton and the lieutenant reëntered the room. Claxton was still pale, but he was smoking vigorously.

"You see I was right," he was saying. "I knew they'd think General Whitney was going to extremes, if the case were only presented in the proper light. I thought the 'Graphic' would make a good fight for me."

"I suppose you won't be able to get out of this place quick enough," suggested the lieutenant.

"Well, the associations aren't of the pleasantest," Claxton returned lightly. "But they need me in New York anyhow. There won't be a more interviewed man in the country for the next few weeks. But I'll do you fellows justice all right. You did the square thing according to your lights, and as long as it came out as it did —"

His eye fell on the pile of letters on the table.

"Jove," he exclaimed, "I don't want those around at any rate."

He took them up quickly and began to tear them through.

"That reminds me," said the lieutenant, "here's a note for you a soldier gave me as we were crossing the yard just now. You were talking to Colonel West."

Claxton took the scrap of paper, and started as he saw that the handwriting was a girl's. Inside were these words: "I dreamed a dream,—and awoke therefrom." That was all.

CLARACE GOLDNER EATON.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SONGS OF YOUTH

We sing of Youth,—for we are young, For us the world is ever fair. What should we know of pain or care? Age speaks to us an unknown tongue. We sing of Youth.

We sing of Joy,—a happy strain! Though happiness be for a day. 'Tis ours; a joyous roundelay With lilting laughter for refrain—Our song of Joy.

We sing of Love,—no worn-out theme It seems to us, whose love is strong With lusty youth; and in the song We weave the magic of the dream Of our young Love.

GERTRUDE CRAVEN.

The Reverend Robert was coasting merrily down the cinderpath, his clerical legs, clad in scarlet golf-stockings, perched

The Pathetic Wooing of the Reverend Robert

high above the pedals of his wheel. His cap was pulled over his eyes to shield them from the glare of the sun, and his glasses

were poised upon his nose at a perilous angle. The Reverend Robert was deep in thought; but it was plainly not his Sabbath discourse upon which he was meditating, for he was softly whistling "Sweet Marie."

The afternoon was warm, and the streets were uncomfortably crowded, but the thoughts of the young rector of St. Constantine's were not upon these things. He was shortly made aware of them, however, for he barely escaped collision with a portly figure

which was standing immovable in the middle of his path. As he wrenched his wheel violently to one side and his glasses toppled off his nose, he wished that he might tell this nuisance what he thought of him, without dishonoring the cloth; but his profane thoughts vanished when he recognized in this immovable body one of his own dignified vestrymen. The Reverend Robert's glasses were on the ground, but even his near-sighted eyes could read astonished disapproval in the other's face. The young rector of St. Constantine's felt suddenly chastened. He meekly picked up his glasses, greeted the portly gentleman most politely, and rode off as fast as he could.

The Reverend Robert no longer whistled. He had many reasons for wishing to stand in the good graces of this particular vestryman, and one of them was the fact that the vestryman had a daughter, and—well, he had been thinking of her when he was whistling "Sweet Marie." But as he remembered the wrathful look on the face he had just passed he grew uncomfortably warm, and began to feel for his handkerchief. searched vainly for some minutes; at last, however, as he thrust his hand into his breast-pocket it encountered soft linen, and he gave a sigh of relief. But it was a small, fluffy, laceedged thing which he drew forth, with the initials M. H. embroidered in the corner. Ah yes, of course! How could be have forgotten! He had picked it up on the floor of the guild room a week ago, and had kept it to return to her in person; he judged it was valuable. He might ride back now and give it to her father, but he understood that fathers were often forgetful. Besides, the worthy vestryman might not understand just how the Reverend Robert had come by it. No, plainly he must return the handkerchief himself, and the sooner the better, for he was so wretchedly absent-minded he might forget it altogether. He would return it that afternoon. He folded it carefully and put it back in his breast-pocket, and began to whistle again.

Presently he turned into a shady avenue, and rode far out to the edge of the city. Then making a wide détour he reached the boulevard on which the vestryman and the vestryman's daughter lived. As he rode leisurely along, with his cap off, and the late afternoon breeze blowing pleasantly through his clerical curls, he tried to compose a graceful speech to accompany the lost handkerchief, although he was perfectly aware that when the supreme moment came he would thrust it into its owner's hands and run. The Reverend Robert was not a ladies' man. Behind the bulwark of the pulpit he was eloquent, but face to face with a woman—a young and pretty woman—he was tongue-tied. Moreover, this particular one had a most disconcerting way of perceiving more than she was told; and she certainly must have perceived that the Reverend Robert—

As he came within sight of Number fifty-two, it struck him that there was an air of anticipated festivity about the place. Servants were moving about in the rear, a florist's wagon stood under the porte-cochère, and a gay striped awning was stretched from the door to the street. Yet there was no sign of guests or members of the family at windows or doorways. It was most strange, thought the Reverend Robert, and he decided to postpone his call, since here were merrymakings to which he had not been bidden.

Suddenly a thought struck him which turned him cold from head to foot. The wedding! Her sister's wedding! Could it be to-day? He began a panic-stricken search through his pockets for his note-book, his "better memory" as he called it, and ran through its pages. Yes, here was the entry, under May twenty-seventh:

"Perform marriage ceremony of Miss Emily Huntington and Mr. James Mason Carey, at St. Constantine's, five o'clock."

Five o'clock! and the clock on the steeple opposite said four minutes to five. Four minutes, and a mile and a half between St. Constantine's and its absent-minded rector, and that rector in bicycle clothes! No wonder the good vestryman had glared at him as he sped innocently towards the suburbs half an hour ago!

But the spirit of the Reverend Robert rose to the occasion, nay, superior to it. He set his teeth, grasped his handle bars with an iron grip, and scorched as he had not scorched since he left college. The dwellers along the boulevard marveled greatly to see the reverend young clergyman of a fashionable charge dashing past their houses in a manner so suggestive of the racetrack; but the Reverend Robert only set his teeth the harder, strained his near-sighted eyes to thread the maze of vehicles ahead, and raced on. Five o'clock struck, and he was almost there. A carriageful of belated wedding guests was just before him; the rector of St. Constantine's averted his head and whirled past them. Two minutes more and he had reached the

church, cut through the carriages that blocked the street, and stumbled in at the vestry-room door. Trembling, he slipped into his surplice, found his book, and joined the groom and his best man, who had been waiting in restless rage at the door of the auditorium.

The Reverend Robert marched solemnly, but with knees shaking under his surplice, into the crowded church. The wedding party, which had been waiting for his appearance, trooped up the aisle. The bridal chorus rolled from the organ, and the choir-boys sang with all their might. The venerable vestryman came in with the bride on his arm, but the young clergyman could not look him in the eye. She, the Reverend Robert's she, was maid of honor-he might have known that she would be - and stood beside the bride at the chancel. He dared not look at her, lest she should chance to be looking at him, and if their eves met he knew he should lose his head; his brain was none too clear as it was. Presently, however, he took courage to raise his eyes to her face; she wore an inscrutable halfsmile which the Reverend Robert thought comported ill with the solemnity of the situation, and she appeared to be gazing, yes, she certainly was gazing at the Reverend Robert's feet. Involuntarily his own glance followed hers. Between responses he dropped his eyes stealthily to the hem of his white gown, and saw—a gleam of scarlet, and, conspicuously thrust forward, a brilliant tan, bull dog boot-toe.

He drew his foot back with a gasp; he could almost hear her smothered laugh, and he blushed as red as his stockings. The perspiration stood out in beads on his forehead. He fumbled desperately under his surplice for a handkerchief, found it and drew it forth. It was a tiny square of linen and lace, with M. H. in the corner. At this discovery the Reverend Robert's faculties seemed to forsake him. The handkerchief dropped from his nerveless grasp, and floated gently down the chancel, to the feet of its rightful owner. The miserable young clergyman pretended not to see it, but cleared his throat, turned over two pages instead of one in his prayer book, and read in tones of thunder, "In the midst of life we are in death!"

The Reverend Robert lived through the rest of the ceremony, somehow, and the bride and bridegroom were duly and lawfully wedded. But the poor young rector does not remember to this day what happened after his skip to the burial service, or how

he retrieved himself and managed finally to tie the refractory knot. He is still rector of St. Constantine's, however, and is still absent-minded, and still whistles "Sweet Marie," although he no longer officiates at weddings in golf-clothes, nor uses ladies' handkerchiefs. His wife remembers his engagements for him, and attends to his linen. For some do say that pity is akin to love, and it must be true, for the Reverend Robert was certainly a pitiful object.

And if there are those who say there is no connection between the first part of this tale and the end, I will tell them that there is more connection than they think.

MARGARET EWING WILKINSON.

The uneven, narrow street lay between two rows of dark foreign looking houses, which frowned at each other over it in an

The Love Affair of Kio Okuti uncompromising glare. Tiny iron balconies jutted out from these houses and hung over the little thoroughfare, menacing as battering-rams.

But all this warlike aspect was lost on Kio Okuti, who sat in one of these small iron balconies keenly peering out into the warm twilight. He had lived all his short life in this strange city of Tokio, and besides, to-night he was serenely happy. His thick eyelids were drawn squintingly over his narrow brown eyes, and his fat little hands were clasped tightly in his lap as he gazed fixedly at the dark balcony opposite, his whole attitude full of eager suspense.

Every evening through the warm spring weather She had sat on that balcony across the way; She, who had stolen his heart from him as June steals the offerings of the roses. At first she had seemed oblivious to his bashful admiration, then she had come to glance surreptitiously in his direction, turning her eyes quickly away again. But of late she had looked almost openly, although coquettishly, at him.

Oh, what grace! what beauty! and she had really looked at him. It made the warm red mount to his olive cheeks, and his eyes sparkled over his high cheek-bones. Daring thoughts came to him, his heart filled with rapture. If he might only stand by her side and tell her how he loved her, loved her dark hair, the dainty turn of her head, her telltale eyes. Yes, telltale, for they told him what he wished to know most in this world, that her heart was his.

Horror and despair! What was he doing! By all the shades of revered ancestors, a Japanese youth had no right to fall in love. It was ruinous—yet if he could but touch her little hand—Oh! he could think no more, he trembled from head to foot. The air was full of sweetness around him; he heard a bird calling drowsily; the night crept silently in; why did she not come? It darkened all, blotted out all; still she did not appear.

How long he had been waiting! She had never been so late before. He made a thousand excuses for her, she was serving her mother, she herself was ill—terrible thought! He accused her sorrowfully of unfaithfulness, and then acquitted her. His hands trembled as they gripped the balcony railing.

"Blossom of the cherry, soul of my soul," he whispered hoarsely, "my heart is calling you."

It seemed as if the blackness of the night had settled over his life and was weighing him down. He sat a long, long, despairing time in the darkness, so lost in his sad thoughts that he did not hear a step approaching. He started violently when his father called his name behind him, "Kio Okuti, Kio Okuti."

Kio Okuti, miserable and forlorn, rose obediently and entered the low chamber on which the balcony opened. He stood there, blinking in the light of the filagree lamp and bowing low.

"Kio Okuti," said his father. "I have come to talk to you. You are now a young man, you are no longer a youth. Miserable father that I am, you are a son of more worth than I could expect." His eyes were full of satisfaction as he pronounced this seemingly uncomplimentary opinion.

Kio Okuti bowed again.

"I have arranged an excellent marriage for you," his father went on, "and it is altogether pleasant. The ceremonies begin to-night."

A marriage for him! This thought had never come to Kio Okuti. He, married! Before his dazed mind rose a vision of some one sitting in a balcony, some one with laughing eyes and soft, dark hair. The perspiration stood out on his forehead, his heart beat wildly. "Most reverend father," he gasped, "your most humble son begs—" he stopped; a Japanese son does not question his father's decisions. All the blood of his ancestors cried out against his speaking; he tried once—again—but his tongue refused. His father waited, surprised; he had expected no remark from Kio Okuti. "Your son begs to—state his gratitude," he ended lamely.

Oh those days that followed! Those ceremonies, seemingly endless—he went through them all like one in a dream. He received his bride's gifts, he sent her his. As he stood, knelt, worshipped, one face was always before him, oval, bewitching, with lustrous eyes. He had never in his short life felt anything like this; he could neither sleep nor eat. He loved her mightily. Wild thoughts came to him of defying his father, of rushing over to the house opposite and demanding to see her whom he loved. But he never could bring himself to do more than look defiantly at his father's broad back; his tongue refused to speak.

So he kept on through the dreary ceremonies, carried farther and farther from his love.

At last the great hour of all had come and he stood before his veiled bride; but there was no throb of joy in his being, his heart lay like a stone in his bosom. The last rite was finished, it was time for the bridegroom to raise the veil; but Kio Okuti drew back, his whole soul revolting; there was only one veil that he had a right to lift and this was not the one. He would not—no, he would not! He clenched and unclenched his hands, his body stiffened,—"Revered father, it—it is impossible for my mean, unworthy and abject self to raise the flowery veil of—of her beautiful loveliness."

At first the father did not seem to understand this remark, but at last his face relaxed. He, too, had been young once; he understood the uncertainty, the trepidation. To be sure it was a mistake for his son to speak, but then, the ceremonies were nearly over. He looked kindly at the rigid little man before him and stepping forward raised the veil himself.

For a moment Kio Okuti stood uncertain, but he heard a little inarticulate exclamation and turned to his bride. The oval face, the saucy nose, the lustrous eyes, he dwelt on them all, a great joy slowly filling his soul, as he realized that it was She, his little love of the balcony, his now forevermore.

They were all looking anxiously at him, the pause was growing painful, and his bride's eyes looked up beseechingly to his. He went up to her gently, a great love in his brown eyes. "Blossom of the cherry, soul of my soul." he whispered, "my heart has called you."

FLORENCE WELLER HITCHCOCK.

My Ivy Song

I tried to write an ivy song,
"The task is neither hard nor long,
A simple thing," they said.
"For when you've written several reams,
Just count it in for daily themes,
And think it out in bed."

I marshalled all my thoughts in line
In honor of that ivy vine.
The river winding to the sea,
The brooks that sing entrancingly,
The mountains towering to the sky,
The purple shadows drifting by,
The graceful elms, the daisies white,
The laurel blushing in the light,
The meadows and the stately towers,
The loyal hearts, the sunny hours,
The hopes and fears and parting tears,
The meeting in the future years,—
I'd heard it all a hundred times,
I knew it even to the rhymes.

But somehow when I came to write,
The whole thing sounded worn and trite.
For me the task was far too long,
I couldn't write that ivy song.
And, not to waste so many reams.
I hand them in for daily themes.

CARROLLE BARBER.

Daise was walking slowly home after church swinging her lantern carelessly in her hand. The minister had preached on love. "Love thy neighbor as thyself"

Kentucky Sketches was the text. The congregation had listened with unsympathetic hearts.

Daise had noticed the Hobson girl shrug her shoulders, while on the other side of the church, the Whites sat up more stiffly in the wooden pews. It had been three years since the youngest Hobson son had been shot by old man White; a year before that, a White had died at the hand of a Hobson; and so on, back year by year until no one knew who had started the feud and most of them had forgotten what it was about.

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Daise was a Potter, her father being second cousin to the Hobsons, and her mother a distant relative of the Whites. She had tried to keep out of the feud, and had succeeded so well that both sides acknowledged that Daise was a mighty fine girl.

"Her only fault," said the Hobsons, "was her fondness for those Whites."

"She would be as near perfect as any mountain lass in the country if she didn't associate with the Hobsons." So said the Whites.

When the new minister came to Hopper, he went to board with Mrs. Potter. Daise admired his earnestness and culture; he was attracted by Daise's sweet ways and lovely face and in the three weeks that he had been there, they had become fast friends. His first sermons in the little town church had been strong but quiet ones; they had shown an earnestness and power that everyone admired. But to-night, Daise shuddered as she thought of how he had spoken, his dark eyes glowing and his pale lips pressed together in excitement. "Murderers shall go to hell," he had cried out in his deep impassioned voice, "and any man who willfully takes his brother's life is a murderer."

Jeff Hobson's hand had sought his hip pocket but had fallen back again on the seat. The congregation had moved restlessly in their seats but there was no outbreak. Daise was thinking of all this as she walked slowly home, when suddenly, a loud voice behind her shouted, "Put out thet light or we'll shoot et out." She saw a tall dark form, which she recognized as that of the minister, dart past her into the dark. Quick as a flash she turned and hurled her lantern straight in the direction from which the voice had come. She heard it hit the revolver, and then a string of oaths followed her as she fled home. But the minister had escaped.

"No," she was saying to him as they stood a little later in the shadow of the trees behind the house, "don't thank me enny mor'. I'd hev done it fer enny one. But ye mus' go; ef they ketch ye now, I couldn't save ye."

"But my work, Daise," he insisted, "the work I came here to do. Must I acknowledge that I have failed, and desert it? No I can't, it's the act of a coward."

"Ye'll do mor' harm by stayin' than by goin'. Ef ye want to start another feud, why then jes' stay. The boys air jes' ahankerin' arter a fight, an' 'twould need jes' a tetch to set 'em off."

The minister dropped his head; the struggle was a hard one. His whole heart and enthusiasm had been wrapped up in his work; to give it up and acknowledge himself conquered, was an act which would cost him a great struggle. Besides, this stealing away in the night from his enemies seemed to him cowardly, for he was a Kentuckian himself, although a valley man. But he realized too well that Daise spoke the truth and that to his failure might be added the loss of many lives, and the awakening of the very spirit which he sought to kill.

"I'll go," he said at last; then suddenly, "but, Daise, won't

you go with me, and leave all this strife and turmoil?"

"Naw," she answered firmly and with a touch of quiet dignity in her voice, "I know we-uns seem wild to ye, but I love it all. I wouldn't leave these," pointing to the mountains looking dark and forbidding in the evening gloom. "I wouldn't leave these an' my folks fer all the valleys in the world." And he knew that again she spoke the truth. "Et's time ye war goin'. Ef they ketch ye here they're ekal ter enny thing."

She watched his tall figure threading its way among the trees, until at last it was lost among the shadows. A long time she stood there motionless. "His ways ain't my ways," she said softly to herself as she turned towards the house, "et couldn't hey' bin."

П.

"Jen," called out the old man, as he bade the two strangers welcome, "Jen, fetch some cheers."

The two men looked at the log-cabin curiously. It was a typical mountain log-cabin, low and flat, with a small untidy garden on one side and rows of sickly looking corn on the other.

A girl came to the door carrying two chairs which she put down, eying the strangers suspiciously, and then disappeared. Both men were startled by her appearance; she was tall and slight, with a pair of fierce black eyes that glowed like fire, and the strikingly pale complexion common to so many of the mountain women. She was very beautiful but of a beauty too striking and weird to be pleasing.

"You have a handsome daughter," one of the strangers remarked to the old man, as he took the proffered chair and tilted

it back against the side of the cabin.

"Jen? Oh yes, she use ter be the belle of the mountains, 'tell she tuk up with Gabe Read. He war a moonshiner whut hed a

still up thar in Stinkin' Hollow. The folks around hyar called her 'Jen, the Moonshiner's Gal.' Thet made her mad. She never sed nuthin', I reckon she felt it though, but she'd jes' laff. She use ter laff all the time 'tell them officers came an' shot Gabe. Ain't you never hearn of that? Wal, he war the bravest chap in Clay county. ef I do say it myself, who use ter hate ter see him come ter see my Jen too much. Fer I felt it never could come to no good. Waal, Gabe war powerful keerless 'bout bringin' his whiskey ter town. Course he knowed no one thar'd tell on him, en' he use ter say, 'Let 'em come, et's my corn, an' they hain't no right ter say I dar'sn't make whiskey of it. God Almighty furnishes the ground an' rain an' I plant the corn an' make the whiskey, an' it hain't no one's damn business.'

"When the officers came, Gabe war in town, an' they tracked him hyar whar he had stopped ter see Jen. Jen heard the horses an' made him fly ter the mountains. He didn't want ter. fer he weren't afeard, but he did it fer Jen. Then Jen put the officers on the wrong scent an' purty soon they kem back hyar madder'n hops. They tole Jen they'd shoot her ef she didn't tell 'em whar Gabe war, and Jen sez 'Fire away.' I war sick in bed an' out of my hed, so they couldn't fin' nuthin' out from me. But Gabe spilt it all; he war afeard sumthin' would happen ter Jen, so he comes back down ter the cabin an' when he heard them officers say ez how they'd shoot Jen, in he pops an' shoots too, but one of 'em shot him dead on the spot. Jen hain't never got over that; she goes up ter the old stills every day an' alluz carries her revolver. What fer? Why ter shoot that officer ef he ever shows up hyar agin, but he never will, fer he knows Jen. We-uns let her alone fer I say 'Tes the hand of the Lawd, en' 'tain't everybody what's got a gal 'twould stick ter a fellar like thet when he's dead. Why Jake Bayard's gal war a-gwine ter marry young Abner Redd an' he war shot in a skirmish ter the court-house las' 'lection, an' warn't thet gal married in one month after. 'Tain't ever' gal 'twould stick ter a fellar like our Jen. Thar she goes now up ter the stills."

The two men turned. The tall slight figure of the girl disappeared among the trees on the side of the hill.

VIRGINIA WOODSON FRAME.

The King walked in his Hall of Windows, leaning on his page's shoulder. Up and down he paced, with his serene white head bent. The courtiers waited, smiling, inWindows wardly cursing at the waiting. At one end of the hall the King paused and raised his head. His glance wandered down from one to another of the great windows which looked out on the world.

Suddenly he spoke. "Summon here the man who made these windows for me," he cried, "that I may reward him lastingly; for, by my crown, I never have seen fairer glass than this." There was a silence and the courtiers looked dumbly at the windows and then at the King.

"Each morning," the King went on, "the windows glow with rose as of the dawn and all day long they shine like beaten gold, until the sun goes down, and then they flash with rainbow hues. Send me the man," he cried. Still no one moved.

At last the chamberlain, who was new and ambitious, said: "Your Majesty, to us the windows appear like very ordinary glass, and we would petition you to reconsider e'er you heap an unknown with benefits. Is an ordinary glazier, a very ordinary one,—in fact I find many flaws in the windows on closer examination,— worthy the notice of His Most Puissant Christian Majesty? Why not rather commend him who designed the hall, or—or—"

"Or," said the King, "honor him who first proposed it? You, my noble servant?" for the King was not dull. "Well, we shall see. We will take council."

So the King first summoned all the wise and clever men in the kingdom to meet in the Hall of Windows and decide if the windows were not most extraordinarily beautiful windows to look at. The Wise Men would say nothing at first, for official wisdom should never be hasty, but day after day they sat gravely in the Hall of Windows inspecting one and then another, and devouring the good food of the king. Finally they expressed themselves as about ready to give judgment on the windows. So all the court assembled and the King came joyously, thinking that the truly wise would see the beauty of his windows, even if the foolish courtiers did not.

Now the wise men lived at the end of the nineteenth century, so they rose in the assembly and said with one voice, "Your Majesty, the windows are not beautiful. No! They are hide-

ously ugly. They are not gold and rose but a most frightful blue, and if Your Royal Highness finds them beautiful,—well—"they sighed, "we can only pity you, Your Royal Highness."

The King turned pale and the courtiers all shouted, "Yes, they're blue, blue! Horrible!" For they liked to pre-

tend that they had eyes too.

The King grew paler. Then he looked at his windows and said, "No, they are gold, and bright as the sun! How dare you tell me this lie! My fair windows!" and the king looked lovingly at them. Then the people began to laugh and nudge each other in the ribs, and the wise men looked with superior sadness at the King. The new chamberlain turned of a sudden and cried with enthusiasm, "Ah, great Wise Men, none but you could discover my vast design in this, our hall. It remained for you to see that I had long ago planned the hall with a view solely to these same blue windows. Ah! Such ineffable wisdom!" And the wise men in return made the new chamberlain a Ph. D. on the spot.

But the King was roused to anger by this last insolence and commanded the guards to turn all those who cried "Blue!" out of the hall. An answering roar, "Blue! blue!" drowned his voice, and the guards drove the tumultuous roomful before them, down and out of the hall. But at the entrance a Wise Man said, with the infallible air of a Wise Man, "Poor soul, he's mad!" so the discreet guards decided to lock the door on the outside rather than on the inside, and the King was left alone.

But he looked from his beautiful windows out on the world and sat down contented, for they were always bright with gold and rose. And the Wise Men and the courtiers passed by outside and looked in on him as he sat there year after year. "Poor, silly, mad old thing!" they said.

And perhaps it was true, for silly once meant blessed.

HARRIET CHALMERS BLISS.

The editor of a magazine sat in his office one spring afternoon and smiled. The editor was Mr. Ephraim Pookles. He smiled because an idea had just dawned Mr. Pookles Taking and was growing rapidly. At last he an Afternoon Off slapped his knees and spoke aloud.

"By thunder, I'll do it! I'll be out of

here in five minutes. Don't care what happens. Don't care

what any one shall say. Don't care who says it. It's a holiday for the rest of them. Allah be praised!"

With that, he felt for and found his hat under the sofa, and strode to the door. As his hand touched the knob, a tiny piece of metal on the floor across the room caught his eye. "See a pin and pick it up," he murmured. He turned the door-knob. "See a pin and let it lie," sang an inner voice. "Don't care," said Mr. Pookles aloud. He locked the door behind him and thundered down stairs. When he reached the bottom he found himself roaring, in an attempt at melody, "See a pin and let it lie, you'll be sorry by and by,"—a foolish rhyme. He only strode the more determinedly down the street.

Having gone half a dozen blocks, he held converse with himself. "Now you've appointed to yourself a pleasant half-holiday, what next? No plans, eh! Just want to follow your nose? All right. Get into this car; don't look where it's going. All aboard!" So murmuring, he swung himself on to the platform of the electric car that was passing.

The car happened to be full of women. It was with secret rejoicing therefore, that he hailed the entrance of another man. "That's fairer." observed Mr. Pookles. "'Seven women shall lay hold of one man,'—but not a score." But when he looked at the new-comer, dismay seized him. The man was glaring at the feet of the young woman opposite and swearing quietly. Mr. Pookles, who was strictly temperate, fell to meditating.

His thoughts were soon interrupted by a stir among the passengers. The conductor was standing before the young lady whose shoes had attracted the interest of the man of profanity. From various signs of distress, it would appear that she had lost her pocket-book.

"I forget whether I have a pocket or not," she was stammering, "but I never put my purse there! Well, could you trust me?"

"Trust you?" came a hoarse, yet would-be dulcet voice. "Trust such pretty little feet and diamond eyes?" And the gentleman across the aisle leaned forward and tapped with a large forefinger the knees of the lady in trouble.

"Look a-here," he continued, "I like your looks. I'd lay down thirty dollars on the spot, trusting to your honesty." He tapped more vigorously.

"Look a-here yourself," suggested the conductor, "I guess you get off this car."

At which words, the man of the bottle swore; then continued gently, "I ain't a feller not to rescue beauty from insolvency. What's the sum wanted? Don't do no more than mention—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Pookles. "Madam, allow me to assist,—I mean, to lend,—to pay your fare and—"he sternly sized the gallant opposite. "We get off at the next corner, you remember?"

Together, he and the conductor laid hold of the man and escorted him to the platform. There a scuffle ensued. Mr. Pookles' hat was knocked off into the street. When the car stopped, Mr. Pookles, having beguiled his companion to the sidewalk, started back for his hat. Even as he came in sight of it, it was run over by a dray.

"So!" mused Mr. Pookles. "That pin!"

"What next?" he inquired of himself. "That was my last nickle,—that lady's fare. Haven't another cent. Ought to have thought of finances before I started, maybe. As it is, let's take a walk." Then he noticed several persons who were staring expressively at his head.

"Confound that pin!" said he. "Not a hatter in sight. But spring is come. The day is balmy." And he started up the street. "Put me under a bushel basket and sit on my head," was the burden of his thought, "if ever again I see a pin and

let it lie!" As he walked, however, his spirits rose.

The neighborhood in which he found himself, was not a stylish one.—hardly even genteel. The houses were small and in need of paint. Dirty youngsters swarmed over the sidewalk. At his passage among them, they were not delicate in their expressions of pleasure at sight of his hatless head. "Imps!" he chuckled to himself. All at once, he stood still and exclaimed rapturously, "Glory hallelujah!" after which expletive, he pulled the door-bell of the nearest house. A young girl came to the door.

"Does the devil live here?" asked Mr. Pookles politely.

The girl, according to his expectation, looked startled; but after a few seconds, contrary to all expectation, her expression dissolved into one beaming smile.

"I guess you must be Mr. Pookles!" said she.

"Good heavens!" was all he responded.

"Oh, ain't you Mr. Pookles?"

"By thunder! Ye-es," he answered.

"Oh then! I thought as much, soon as I see you. Joseph's spoke of you so often. Won't you come in?" She pulled him by the hand into a stuffy parlor. "Joseph's home, I think," she continued, "account of it being a holiday. It seemed sort of queer at first, you should ask for him that way. It sort of took me 'back. But sit down and I'll speak to Joseph,—or was you after mother? Mother'll feel awful honored to see you sitting in our parlor, Mr. Pookles."

"Quite so! Yes." He seated himself slowly.

"Well?" demanded his hostess, "is it mother, or Joseph, or all of us?"

Mr. Pookles ran his fingers through his hair; then clutched his coat-tails. "All," he answered. Whereupon the maiden left him.

"The devil?" he murmured. "Pookles, wake up! Mother? All? What's happened? Joseph? The devil? O good saints! The plot unravels. My printer's devil! Joseph, the evil spirit of the printing-room! Darn that pin! Pookles, my friend, this is more than we bargained for. Brace up!"

Meanwhile, a hullabaloo arose in the establishment. Voices bellowed to one another. Footsteps scuffled and scampered on the floor above his head; and one elephantine tread shook the very sofa on which he sat. Shouts, resembling commands, sometimes rose above the general tumult. At the end of five minutes, an army as it seemed, was on its way down stairs.

"Try once more to recollect Joseph's last name," cried the soul of Mr. Pookles. "Be a man!"

An enormous woman entered the room first, followed by an indefinite number of children. "If this ain't pleasant of you, Mr. Pookles," said she, wringing his hand, "I only wish't my husband was home to enjoy it, and Joseph. D'you know, it ain't no more'n half an hour since I sent him out with the young ones. I've sent Lizzie to fetch them back. But here's most of Joseph's brothers and sisters. Lizzie was the one as let you in by the door. She knew it was you, sez she, by the pictures Joseph's give of you. You ain't been down this way before. It's real pleasant of you to come in so friendly. I only wish't Mr. Hoops was in too."

Hoops? Mr. Pookles now dared say anything. "How is Mr. Hoops?" he asked.

"Him? Oh, the same pleasant gentleman as always was. Maybe you've heard Joseph speak of him?"

"As often as of yourself, Mrs. Hoops," said he bowing.

"Mrs. Hoops!" She sat down on the end of the sofa, causing the other end to rise and almost upset Mr. Pookles. "Mrs. Hoops! I ain't her! She died two year ago, and wasn't by no means the equal of her husband. I'm the mother of Joseph and all these. Lord! Mr. Hoops is our lodger. Yes, Mr. Pookles, me and my husband takes a lodger. We never leaves a stone unturned."

"I believe that, madam," said Mr. Pookles. The brothers and sisters of Joseph were arrayed before him and on all sides, and every one of them eyed him silently. His nerve gave way. He rose to go.

"Oh, not yet!" said Joseph's mother. "Maggie's making you a cup of tea, and I ain't said half I've wanted to about how kind you've been to Joseph, giving him that quarter last Wash-

ington's Birthday, not to speak of other favors."

An inspiration lighted Mr. Pookles' soul. "Why, come to think of it," said he, "that's what I came for. Meant to see Joseph before he left the office to give him. to—" He was feeling joyously in his pockets. Mother, brothers, and sisters watched him, smiling. Then he felt his face grow hot; he remembered. "Curse that pin!" he muttered; aloud he said, "Well, upon my word, I seem to have forgotten my pocket-book."

"It's sticking out of your pocket this side in your pants,"

piped up one of Joseph's sisters.

"O—why! thank you," said Mr. Pookles. He drew it out, and amid a profound hush, fumbled in all its compartments. "But there doesn't seem to be any money in it," he murmured at last.

"O, don't you care," said Joseph's mother, "I know it ain't all of us as is nabobs of wealth. Here comes Maggie with your tea." He was half-conscious of a big piece of crockery, and an odorous steam that brought back visions of his childhood and a kitchen.

"I'm-awfully kind,—I'm sure," he stammered feebly, "but upon my word, Mrs.—I mean—I never drink tea,—and I think I hear a car coming-which is to say—I ought to go."

He heard only a confused sound as he made for the door. Joseph's mother heaved after him, possibly to open the door, but by the time she had reached it, he was in the street.

"Must go, really," he called back, and started off at a furious pace.

His name, shouted, brought him to a stop. He turned around. Joseph's mother was trundling towards him, beckoning. "Mr. Pookles! Ain't you forgot your hat?"

Was she insane? He felt of his head. Then he remembered. "Damn that pin!" roared Mr. Pookles.

It was a two-mile walk back to the office. He ran most of the way. And as he ran, his footsteps kept time to these words, "Call me a fool and put me in petticoats, if ever again I see a pin and let it lie." When he reached his office, he burst open the door, and tore across the room to the spot where lay the cause of his misfortunes. It was a needle.

MARIAN EDWARDS RICHARDS.

EDITORIAL

During the last few weeks there has been a certain amount of discussion in the college concerning the notices sent to students who have been irregular in chapel attendance; discussion which has been a mixture of criticism and complaint, having its ground in the proposition which expresses the situation in the minds of many of the students,—"chapel is not compulsory, and yet we are told that we may sever our connection with the college if we do not go." Which statement, accepted without reservation, gives rise to a feeling of aggrieved innocence very satisfactory, on the whole, to the disturbed recipient of a "notice." As a presentation of the real situation, however, it is utterly inadequate, not to say false.

If by "compulsory," we imply a system involving a definite number of permissible cuts, records of attendance being kept by special monitors in order to prevent any infringement on the rule of absences, then assuredly our chapel service is not compulsory. But, on the other hand, because it is not in such a way compulsory, it does not follow that it is a voluntary matter. It is expressly stated in the catalogue that all students are expected to attend the chapel services; at the beginning of each college year an announcement to the same effect is made from the desk. Not as a religious service alone, but as an academic service, the one occasion upon which the whole college is assembled to receive announcements and to realize that all are members of one body,—as such an exercise it is deemed sufficiently important to require attendance upon it.

Except for the fact that the record of chapel attendance is intrusted to each individual student, while the record of attendance upon classes is kept by the instructors, the chapel services and the other college exercises are upon precisely the same basis. Attendance upon lectures and recitations is no more compulsory, in the strictest sense, than attendance upon chapel. Of course no student is expected to absent herself from classes

without some valid excuse; but she is not told, "so many times you may be absent, and woe be unto you if you overstep the limit." A student's standing is determined by her attitude toward her work, as shown both by rank and attendance. If by irregular and infrequent attendance upon classes she shows carelessness and indifference, then upon the ground that her attitude toward the college work is not that which is desired here, she is quietly advised to seek a more congenial place of study. The matter of chapel attendance is precisely similar; if by irregular attendance at chapel a student shows that her attitude is not the desired one, then again, just as in the case of purely academic work, she may be asked to leave the college to whose regulations she is not willing to conform. There is no more reason for questioning one decision than the other; both are connected with required exercises; both are made on the ground of the attitude displayed. If we accept the one, then to be consistent we must accept the other.

The misunderstanding, in so far as it has existed, is due partly to inattention. We have heard the announcements about chapel exercises and paid little or no attention to them; or if we have not heard them, we illustrate the principle that in order to be informed about matters which concern the college at large, we must go to the place in which such matters are announced. On the other hand, the difficulty is partly due to the fact that we substitute our own feeling on the matter of chapel attendance for that of the college authorities. Because we have an impression that chapel is a very pleasant exercise to which we can occasionally go when circumstances are entirely favorable, we conclude that the college authorities regard it in much the same light, and we raise a cry of inconsistency when these same college authorities simply reaffirm a position which they have always held. If the college has in times past been extremely lenient in this matter, it has been a leniency due to the dual character of the exercise in question and to the democratic policy of the college, which would avoid the enforcement of the religious side in connection with the academic. In so doing, the right of enforcing stricter measures is reserved, not abandoned: and when occasion demands, as it has this winter in the desultory chapel attendance, that these measures be resorted to, then it scarcely behooves us to utter the charge of inconsistency in tones of injured innocence.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Nothing is easier for the critic than to fall into the habit of dwelling upon the weaknesses and absurdities of the work with which he deals, and of passing over the vigorous and hopeful signs which it displays. Good work speaks for itself, he says: and so sustaining himself, is too likely to embrace the many opportunities offered him of displaying his own acuteness in pointing out another's imperfections.

Especially is it easy for an amateur to fall into this habit in dealing with verse, whose faults are peculiarly glaring, while its beauties are equally elusive. Since, however, the chief function of the Editor's Table would seem to be to bring before the college world which forms its audience specimens of the most promising and inspiring work of their collegiate contemporaries, it may be not inappropriate to devote the space allotted to the department for this month to a brief survey of the best verse of the May exchanges.

At least six poems may be mentioned as of a quality to give distinct pleasure. Among these, "The Cuirassier," in the Williams Literary Monthly, stands apart, possessing a distinguishing rapidity of movement and dash, a flavor of the everdelightful D'Artagnan and the no less beloved Cyrano. The other five are of a different cast—meditative, appreciative and sympathetic, with a strong infusion of the author's feeling.

"Lazarus," which curiously enough has found a place in the not over-serious pages of the Yale Courant, is vigorously conceived and admirably worked out, bearing in every line the mark of an incontestible sincerity of feeling. We regret that it is too long and too closely knit to admit of quotation.

No less genuine and individual and possessing, to our ears, a truly charming lilt and melody, is a graceful bit of verse in the Columbia Literary Monthly, entitled

COLERIDGE.

"Thine is the mystic melody,
The far-off murmur of some dreamland sea,
Lifting throughout the night,
Up to the moon's mild light,
Waves silver-lustrous, silvery-white,
That beat in rhythm on the shadowy shore,
And burst in music, and are seen no more."

The Harvard Monthly for May is peculiarly rich in verse, all three of its selections being of unusually fine quality. "Old Verses" expresses with a fine seriousness and simplicity two experiences which most of us have known in one form or another: the mournful surprise with which we recognize the inadequacy of what once seemed the very crystalization of our highest thought; and that "Vain reaching toward a lyric perfectness," which has too long been regarded as the exclusive property of the humorous seeker for theme subjects.

The author of "In Grantchester Meadows," while he shows not a little daring in addressing the "tender songster" already made immortal by Shelley, has more than justified his use of familiar material by the exquisite lightness and melody of his verse, by the sound philosophy of his closing thought, and by the beauty of his phrasing. As an example of the last named quality may be offered the characterization of the "far-heard song" of the skylark as "a little joy in an immense despair."

The unsigned "Sonnet" in the same number of the Harvard Monthly is perhaps the most original piece of work in any of our exchanges. It is the graceful embodiment of a charming fancy—perhaps more than a fancy, though it is by no means safe to read into it, as one may be inclined to do, an allegorical meaning. We quote it in full:

"Cathedrals are not built along the sea;
The tender bells would jangle on the hoar
And iron winds; the graceful turrets roar
With bitter storms the long night angrily;
And through the precious organ pipes would be
A low and constant murmur of the shore
That down those golden shafts would rudely pour
A mighty and a lasting melody.

And those who knelt within the gilded stalls
Would have vast outlook for their weary eyes;
There they would see high shadows on the walls
From passing vessels in their fall and rise;
Through gaudy windows there would come too soon
The low and splendid rising of the moon."

"ACROSS THE CAMPUS," BY CAROLINE M. FULLER. A REVIEW.

The stories which have so far attempted to present Smith College life to the outside world have strangely resembled Sunday School books of the most pernicious type. The "goody-goody" girl predominates, the heart of the evil doer is melted, and marriage—here differing from the heaven of the Sunday School story—is the final reward of the righteous. This reward may overtake the deserving at any period of her college course, from the end of freshman year to her senior supper.

While the last of the series to appear, "Across the Campus," is no exception to this rule, in other respects it is an improvement on its predecessors. It has a certain thoroughness of treatment, perhaps because so detailed; and the recital of successive events is faithful to college life. But the book remains too narrative, too long and too detailed for a story, too descriptive and superficial for a novel. It might stand for a catalogue of "What Happens at Smith College."

The writer is enthusiastic, so the happiest side of college life is given; she is neither a philosopher nor a student of human nature, so the innumerable problems crowded into each college life do not receive the broad treatment which might be given. It is in comparing this book with such books as "Princeton Stories" or "Harvard Stories," that the great lack in "Across the Campus" is brought out.

Both "Princeton Stories" and "Harvard Stories" are studies of human nature under conditions varying from those of the outside world. Their interest lies in what becomes of human nature under those conditions. The fact that many of the conditions are the result of the association of various types of human nature, makes it the more interesting. On the other hand, "Across the Campus" represents conditions and customs first, human nature afterwards. The characters are moved about to show what Smith College does on Mountain Day, Washington's Birthday or Ivy Day. One is moved to wish the machinery did not creak so audibly.

The evident sincerity with which many of the incidents are related gives one an uneasy feeling that they must be true. If so, it can hardly be pleasant for the people concerned. If these things really happened the book is a daring piece of work. If they never happened, why not take more typical events and confine the narrative to the doings of no particular class? The specific nature of the story narrows the interest considerably.

The details of college life are exact but the essence is not there. Our life here is too shifting, our college spirit and college feeling too light and delicate to be given in a long story. It must all rest unexpressed until a series of short stories, broadly conceived, firmly written, unfold our manysidedness.

MARIE STUART 1901.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SENIOR PLAY

The writer's experience in plays given by students of Smith College began in 1883. For the most part, they were modest efforts, advertised as impromptu, given in the House parlors, with wire-strung or string-strung curtains of cotton flannel, stalls on the floor and dress circle represented by House Mothers and Faculty on chairs.

There had been long felt difficulties connected with dramatic efforts in Smith. There was the play—the difficulty of getting one that would be neither too long nor too short, too light nor too heavy, two easy nor too hard, too exciting nor too dull. There was the scenery—which must stand the double strain of a demand for realism and economy. There was the costuming—it must be appropriate and yet always womanly. There was finally felt to be so strong a prejudice against masculine characters that it amounted to proscription. The solution of all problems, history said, had been found in a Japanese play where men and women dressed alike and where stage tradition ignored vivid characterization. But that Japanese play had been written and played by ingenious students and, once done, could not be repeated before the same audience as a novelty.

But the dramatic instinct in Smith students was persistent. In 1884 they offered to their friends very modestly, in the Gymnasium, a medley, the work of a member of the graduating class. In 1885 appeared an operetta, led by the author at the piano and enacted before classmates and a few invited guests. In 1886 Composita, an original adaptation of Greek tradition to college customs and associations, was more formally given. Mr. Gilder came and approved. Expenses were allowed to reach a sum fairly considered something more than nominal. The effort of '87 was regarded as extravagant. A play of a New England author with \$50 royalty was procured and staged at an expense of \$100 more. The insatiate actors received six invitations to distribute to friends; the clergy and college guests were permitted to be present. Home talent in the form of a dramatic satire, by Miss Marion Dwight, followed in 1888.

The Greek play, in 1889, was the first of the series now known as "Senior Dramatics." For it, elaborate preparations were made. The responsibility of undertaking to present a great Greek Drama, drawing on a single college class of women, was keenly felt. Precisely this attempt had not been made before and has not since been repeated. Representatives of Greek scholarship were consulted in the study of the play, the help of a professional trainer

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was secured, and every effort put forth to make the final representation beauful and scholarly. The expense in money was for the first time really considerable and from the occasion of this play, the Electra of Sophocles, began the custom of considering this part of the College Commencement exercises an opportunity for recognizing the executive and financiering ability of certain students.

With this history, it is obvious how shortlived and how incidental is the tenure of the Shaksperean play as the expression of Smith College taste.

Four years elapsed and were conscientiously observed by dramatic efforts before the Shaksperean cycle began. Indeed in the matter of expense, the most considerable outlay was made for the *Athalie*, which cost some \$1600 and was properly looked on as exorbitant. Since then it has been a matter of just pride with the class committees to bring expenses sharply within a fixed sum, permitted formally by the Faculty and with accounts audited by a member of the Faculty.

MARY A. JORDAN.

"Yes, I know they said so, but I would not care much about their criticisms if I were you. You know, really, the alumnæ don't know much about the college as it is now. Haven't you noticed that when they come back all they care for is either——?" And the undergraduate passed on.

But I had caught enough of her remark to set me thinking and my mind ran over some experiences in the past. Later I asked some questions and took pains to listen thoughtfully to the conversation of certain visiting alumnæ. For some time I listened and considered. Against my will I have been forced to conclude that some of us are distinctly superficial where our Alma Mater is concerned. The time has passed when the possession of a college diploma was considered synonymous with the attainment of all possible intellectual heights, so that it is no longer a patent absurdity to speak of superficiality in connection with a college graduate! There is no doubt of our love and loyalty to the dear old place and everything that it represents. But we owe a debt to our college which we are not always careful to pay. In these days when the responsibilities of citizenship are pressed home upon us all, has not our college community a special claim upon us? We are necessarily representative. We must then have a vital interest in all that concerns the college. We have no right to be without opinions, and our opinions must be founded on sufficient grounds and with a broad-minded consideration of all the factors in each problem. Let us see to it that our information is of the first quality, full and accurate, and from the best possible sources.

Who shall say whether we do more harm when we indulge in hypercritical strictures or in all-embracing and therefore meaningless eulogies? Neither attitude is inexplicable. Neither attitude is inconsistent with a very real loyalty. But, while loyal, are we not sometimes unintelligent? We gained perhaps our greatest inspiration in the four years of our college life and we have consciously walked in the strength of it all the days since. But meanwhile our horizon has broadened and our ideals have grown with our years. So when we go back to college halls we sometimes form our estimates from

our present point of view, and forget that what is now for us the natural, nay the inevitable and necessary, was yet beyond our ken in those golden days when we had scarcely attained our majority, when we had indeed laid hold upon the mystic key of life, but had not yet grown skillful in its use.

Or perhaps we go as much too far the other way. We are intensely conscious of the flight of time, and though we are not yet bowed with the weight of years, we seem to look back through a long vista to the irresponsible good times of our youth, and the college days become to us a heyday and holiday, and nothing more.

Do not let me be misunderstood. I would not have everyone think alike. Nor would I diminish in the slightest degree any one of the varied elements that enter into our interest in our college and our opinion of her. But if there is one thing for which Smith College stands distinctively, it is a well-rounded womanhood. Honored members of our number have attained distinction in philosophy, in science, in the practical problems of daily life. Let the same spirit be shown by us all in our thoughts and our words about our Alma Mater.

CHARLOTTE C. GULLIVER '83.

The annual meeting of the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ was held in the College Club Rooms, Grundmann Studios, on Saturday, May 20, at 11 A. M., the Vice-President, Mrs. H. P. Towle, in the chair. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and accepted. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Mary C. Hardy '85; Vice-Presidents, Miss Mabel H. Cummings '95, Mrs. Godfrey Ryder '83; Secretary, Miss Emma E. Porter '97; Treasurer, Miss Helen Perkins '94.

The Century Magazine publishes the following notice, which we copy in full:

With the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, The Century Magazine offers to give, annually, during four successive years, three prizes of \$250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

1st. \$250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

2d. \$250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

3d. \$250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1 of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the Editor of The Century Magazine, marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition," signed by a penname, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelop, which will not be opened until the decision has been made.

A competitor may submit more than one manuscript.

Manuscripts must not have been published.

The Editor, at his discretion, may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication in the magazine.

Announcement of the awards will be made in The Century Magazine as early as possible in the autumn.

During 1898-99 innumerable inquiries have been received from the colleges, and from graduates, denoting an increase of interest in the contest for the prizes. This may be ascribed in large part, no doubt, to the publication of the prize manuscripts of the first competition (for graduates of 1897), their excellence being sufficient proof of the success and utility of THE CENTURY'S undertaking. The prize story, entitled "A Question of Happiness," was printed in THE CENTURY for November, 1898, and is by Miss Grace M. Gallaher of Essex. Connecticut, who was graduated at Vassar in 1897. The prize poem, "The Road 'twixt Heaven and Hell," published in the December CENTURY, 1898, is by Miss Anna Hempstead Branch of New London, Connecticut, who was graduated at Smith College in 1897. The prize essay, on "Carlyle's Dramatic Portrayal of Character," appeared in the January CENTURY, 1899, and was by Miss Florence Hotchkiss of Geneva, Illinois, also a Bachelor of Arts of Vassar, 1897.

Since the first announcement of these prizes in the public press on July 24, 1897, letters have been received asking that the privileges of the competition be extended to persons receiving the degree of Ph. B. and B. L., on the ground that in certain cases they are equivalent to the degree of B. A. A similar request has also been made in behalf of graduates of the United States naval and military colleges. But, on careful consideration, it has been decided not to make any change in the present series of prizes, which will be awarded, as originally stated, to graduates receiving the degree of B. A.

The terms of this prize competition were formulated after consultation with some of the leading educators of the United States. In some respects the proposition differs from the usual prize offer. It is meant to cover a wide range of belles-lettres, and to stimulate interest in purely literary production on the part of college graduates.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Union Square, New York City, N. Y.

Items for this department may be sent to Katharine Brigham, 41 Elm Street, and are desired by the first of each month if they are to appear in that month's issue.

'84. The fifteenth anniversary reunion of the class of '84 will take place on June 17th. It is expected that half the class will be present.

Mrs. Strickland's house on Round Hill has been engaged for their accommodation.

Nina Paris, Secretary '84.

- '85. Charlotte Hungerford was married April 3, to Mr. William Henry Zantzinger.
- '89. Alice S. Taylor has announced her engagement to Mr. Philip W. Ayers of New York City.
- '91. Blanche W. Bowman has announced her engagement to Mr. Edward G. Watkins of Gardner, Mass.
- '96. Alice Louise McDuffee sailed with her family for Naples, April 22.

 They will return by the Northern route.

'97. Mary Lillian Ware was married May 22, to Mr. John Watrous Knight of Chicago.

Florence Day was married May 16, to Mr. Joseph Ross Stevenson of the Chicago Theological Seminary.

Elizabeth E. Keeney has announced her engagement to Mr. Lewis E. Gordon, Wesleyan '94.

Anne Ide Barrows will fill the position of Assistant in Zoölogy at Smith College next year.

'98. Myrtle L. Kimball has announced her engagement to Mr. Allen Hoyt Wilde of Malden.

Elizabeth Hoy is going abroad in June to stay until December.

Edith Lyman Clark has announced her engagement to Mr. James Saxton Barber, U. S. Navy.

BIRTHS.

Mrs. Leonard Wheeler (Elizabeth B. Cheever '85), a son born June 6. Mrs. Herbert O. Bowers (Lillian Shepard '92), a son born June 2.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE

A student goes to the Northfield Conference with two purposes: One, to represent the life of her college in its emphatically religious phase to delegations from other institutions; the other, to be able to represent on her return to college the spirit of the life there and the good she has consciously or unconsciously received while she has been in Northfield. For the accomplishment of both these ends the best method is adopted; a perfectly normal, everyday life is carried on, almost as at college, with a little less scheduled restriction, a little more freedom and leisure.

The location of the Northfield Seminary, where the conference is held, is certainly the best possible; it is in the Connecticut valley, and that suggests much to us; but in Northfield the hills are only comparable with those of Northampton, not like them, for they are nearer, more numerous and steeper, as the bicyclist soon discovers, and one feels the place is decidedly on the farther side of the transition from hill to mountain country. The students live in the dormitories of the Seminary, several delegations being assigned to the same building; and it is from contact with these other college girls, who have interests like our own and who are working along the same lines with us, that arises one of the greatest benefits of our stay. During this summer's conference the delegates from Smith, Vassar and Bryn Mawr are to be in the same house, and we expect to receive from them what we have from all before, not only comparative methods of work, but a broader idea of college life and a more sisterly college feeling.

The meetings during the conference are held mainly in daily courses; certain of these are chosen and regularly attended, with occasional visits to other classes when one chooses, as it is both undesirable and physically impossible to include all. This summer Mr. Robert E. Speer, who has visited us this year, will conduct a class in Bible study, and Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall is to be one of the speakers. One of the pleasantest meetings to remember is that on "Round Top," a hill on the grounds, with a most convenient amphitheatre-like depression; here, at sunset, an informal talk is given by a leader in some branch of religious or philanthropic work, and if one's mind wanders, the sunset is the cause. As a rule, one feels it such a distinct privilege to be able to hear the speakers and leaders invariably present, that one is tempted to do too much and, from surfeit of good things, gain less.

The distinctly college atmosphere that prevails causes an emphasis to be placed on out-of-door life and athletics. Drives—and there are many beautiful ones—are frequently taken by the different delegations in the afternoon; the woods have good paths easily found; the mountains are most attractive to those fond of climbing. Tennis courts in good condition are

near the halls, and the Northfield Hotel invites visitors to its golf links. One lives out-of-doors quite as much as one would at an ordinary summer place, and so feels that no part of vacation is lost.

The religious influence that one gets from Northfield is not so easily spoken of. It is something quite subtle, certainly unique and altogether different from the anticipations of strangers to the place. There is much for some, less for others; but, as under all conditions, what one gains depends entirely upon the individual attitude. As everywhere, one is perfectly able to accept as much as one will, rejecting the rest; though even in the rejection is a gain, for by that we are brought to a recognition of our own position which we very possibly might not have reached otherwise. The attitude taken towards religion is predominantly calm, normal and perfectly reasonable, quite different from the emotional tone often associated with the place. The proportion of things is never lost; religion is as relative and practical there as it is in our lives elsewhere.

FLORENCE BROOKS 1900.

The Smith College Chapter of the College Settlements Association wishes to submit the following report for the past year: The total amount sent this year to the central association from Smith is \$639.87. Of this sum, \$100 was the gift of the musical clubs, \$17.51 the subscription of the sub-chapter started this year at the Burnham School. The remaining \$522.36 constitutes the regular undergraduate collection for the year, and represents the subscription of 312 members. Considering the increased size of the college, these figures do not compare very favorably with last year's. Last year our membership was 353 and the undergraduate subscription was \$542.26, exclusive of any sub-chapter collection. Still this difference is not discouraging; for with the two additional financial responsibilities which the Association for Christian Work has assumed this year, the Chapter feels well satisfied that it is so nearly holding its own, and does not doubt that the college will continue to give it its generous support.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS '99.

The old proverb of "little drops of water and little grains of sand" might well be applied to the way the Students' Building fund has grown this year. With the exception of the Donation Party, nothing of any magnitude has been attempted, and yet we have added over \$2500 to the fund. The musical clubs gave \$100 from the proceeds of the Easter Concert, and the '99 editors of the Monthly contributed \$125, while the impromptu "Strawberry Festival" during the tennis tournament added \$31.76. Numerous other contributions have been made, among them a gift of \$500 by a former member of the college, and it is surprising to see how fast these have added up. The fact that the interest on the fund for the past year has been about \$520 is also most encouraging. As yet it is impossible to say how much we shall get through the spring collection, but as we have now about \$13,375, this year will see it brought to more than \$13,500.

Statistics and numbers are admittedly dry, but as these stand they are so encouraging that it is impossible to omit them; for there remains now less

than \$6500 to raise before the Building may be begun, and although this is still a considerable sum, the committee is not without hope that if the girls continue to work as enthusiastically as they have in the past four years, the Building may be begun year after next.

JANET WARING ROBERTS '99.

During the spring, plans have been made by the Green Committee of the Golf Club for more extensive improvement of the links than have been here-tofore attempted. Work will be carried on during the summer, and it is hoped that by September much may be accomplished. The Club is fortunate in having secured for the links a location in which the soil is sandy and readily drained. This renders it possible to put the course in good condition at moderate expense. It, however, renders more difficult the production and preservation of the putting greens, as the grass found on this soil is not fine enough for the purpose, nor sufficiently hardy. The greens are, therefore, to be covered with richer soil and seeded. All are to be enlarged and generally improved. Several have already been prepared and temporary greens are now in use. The course is to be cleared and rolled, and its total length may be increased by moving back several teeing grounds.

Much interest has been shown in the Handicap Tournament held each Saturday, and improvement in play has been promoted. It also affords good practice in match play to those wishing to play in the Class Championship Tournament held in the fall.

FRANK A. WATERMAN.

After much trouble and more waiting, the tennis committee has succeeded in getting two dirt courts in addition to the two which were in readiness last fall. One of these is a double court; so that there are now, in all, three double dirt courts and a single one, besides two grass courts which have been marked out in front of the Lawrence House. The courts are none of them good; the one known as "Number Two" is in the best condition, but even in this there are ruts and soft places which often deceive the player. The greatest difficulty in keeping the courts in good condition this spring has been the lack of rain. It does no good to roll them without wetting them, and it is impossible to get water power from either the stable or the Dewey House sufficient to carry a stream with any force through more than one hundred feet of hose. Consequently there has been some complaint about a condition of affairs which is unavoidable.

At present tennis is neglected for golf and other sports, but it deserves more attention than it receives. Within the last three weeks, probably unknown to half the college, the annual tennis tournament has been played and the championships won; in singles by Janet Sheldon 1901, in doubles by Beatrice Pickett 1900 and Dorcas Leese 1900. There were twenty-six entries for singles and twelve (six pairs) for doubles. The contests were so arranged that when a girl entered for singles only she was obliged to play but one match a day. Of course when a girl entered for both singles and doubles she had sometimes to play both the same day. But great efforts were made to allow the girls plenty of time to play off their matches at their own

convenience. The semi-finals were played Saturday, May 27, and the championship in singles Wednesday, May 31. This last match occupied all the afternoon so that the doubles were not played until Thursday. The winners of the championship in doubles each receive a silver medal, which they keep, while the prize for the champion in singles is a silver cup, which she has to win two years in succession in order to keep. A great effort was made this year to get the tournament played off before the first of June, and with the help of the girls who entered it, the committee has been able to realize its desire in this line.

Agnes C. Childs 1901.

The Gymnasium and Field Association has recently bought three new boats, thus making in all eight which are available for use.

The Senior Play will be presented on June 16 and 17, in the Academy of Music, the performances beginning at 7.30 P.M. The complete cast of the play is as follows:

Leontes, king of Sicilia		Ruth Louise Strickland		
Mamillius, y	oung prince of Sicilia	Mary Dean Adams		
Camillo,	four lords of Sicilia	Edith Edwina Rand		
Antigonus,	61:36 C1:-11:-	Emily Grace Cheney		
Cleomenes,	four fords of Sicina	Gertrude Holbrook Churchill		
Dion,		Margaret Ross Putnam		
Polixenes, ki	ng of Bohemia	Ruth Louise Homer		
Florizel, prin	nce of Bohemia,	Blanche Ames		
Archidamus	, a lord of Bohemia	Edith Hayward Hall		
Old Shepherd, reputed father of PerditaBertha Cransto				
Clown, his sonJanet Waring Robert				
Autolycus, a rogue				
First lordLou				
First gentler	nan	Ella Patten Merrill		
Second gentl	eman	Edith Winifred Tiemann		
Third gentle	man	Marie Angeline Mohr		
A mariner		Mary White Bell		
A neatherd.	Mary Alice Smith			
Hermione, q	ueen to Leontes	Harriet Chalmers Bliss		
Perdita, dau	ghter to Leontes and Hermione	Caroline Cheney Hills		
	e to Antigonus			
Emilia, a lad	ly attending on Hermione	Mabel Capelle		
First ladv		Bertha Butler Reeves		
Mopsa, beherdesses		Marjorie King		
Dorcas,		Marion Strong Somers		
Time, the ch	orus	Alice Adelaide Knox		
Other lords and gentlemen, ladies, citizens, guards, pages, shepherds and				
shepherdesses.				

The committee in charge of the Dramatics are Carrolle Barber, Rita Creighton Smith, Marion Strong Somers, Amanda Moore Harter, Georgiana May Brackett, Edith Amanda Kelly.

It has been felt for the last three or four years that the competition for the Helen Kate Furness prize, awarded for the best essay written by a member of the junior class on a Shakesperean theme, has not been conducted under genuine prize competition conditions. The purpose of the founder of the prize was to stimulate widespread individual interest in the study of Shakespere. The committee of the Faculty having the matter in charge, this year announced to the junior class their conviction that in order to fulfill the real conditions of the competition, there should be not less than twenty competitors for the prize. The number of competitors has heretofore seldom been more than seven or eight. While in the present junior class the number of candidates for competition was even larger than the number which has been thought necessary in former years, it did not reach the limit named by the committee. The reason for the deficiency this year, as well as formerly, seems to lie in the fact that little or no preparation is made by the students until the summer in which the work is actually accomplished; since the work is entirely independent of college study, in order to reach a high standard in such a competition, it should really begin at the time of entering college, and should be an end kept in view throughout at least the three years actually preceding the writing of the papers. After considering the matter, the class voted for the alternative disposition of the prize money, a lecture upon Shakespere, rather than its use in a competition which under the present conditions scarcely seemed to be a genuine one.

ELIZABETH PORTER MEIER 1900.

Every year the complaint arises that the position of class treasurer is an unnecessarily hard one. The complaint is so well founded and the remedy for the difficulty would be so simple, that there seems to be no excuse for allowing the abuse to continue. Under the present system, or lack of system, the treasurer spends her time collecting taxes from the day of the class elections up to the end of Commencement week, when a goodly portion of them still remains unpaid. There seems to be a more or less general feeling that the payment of class taxes is rather a virtue than a duty; why, is not so evident. The taxes are as much a part of the regular college expenses as the tuition fees. A comparatively small portion of them is spent upon class functions; with the rest the classes pay for the Bible syllabi, for the support of the Reading Room, and the support of the S. C. A. C. W. There is quite as much reason and necessity for paying class taxes in a prompt and businesslike manner as for paying any other college bills in that way. As in the case of the college tuition fees, there should be a time-limit for payment, and a rate of interest, sufficiently large to amount to something, should be charged upon all taxes paid after this time. As in the case of college bills, this extra charge could of course be remitted when there should be a valid excuse for the delay. Usually there is none. In nine cases out of ten the delay is caused either by carelessness or forgetfulness. When the classes are so large as they are at present, the failure to pay the taxes promptly causes the treasurer to expend an amount of time and energy upon her work which is entirely disproportionate to the results. It might easily be remedied, if at the time of the fall elections, each class would adopt some system upon which to conduct its finances, and thus afford a little protection to the much abused treasurers.

For the first time in several years the Junior Promenade came upon a day which proved to be fair, and the yearly planned, yearly given up open-air concert actually took place. The juniors could have wished for nothing more attractive than the entertainment thus afforded by the courtesy of the musical clubs; the orchard was "looking its best," and made a most effective background for the groups who gathered to listen to the music.

The Promenade was held in the Alumnæ Gymnasium, which had been decorated for the occasion by the sophomores. On the walls and overhead hung great festoons of ground pine, and along the running track purple and white bunting was draped. The anterooms and hallways were charmingly fitted up with rugs and pillows, Japanese and Oriental belongings. Even the basement, which was used as a supper room, had assumed quite a festive air for the occasion. The guests for the evening were received by the president and vice-president of the class, Miss Meier and Miss Sanderson, who received with the patronesses. The dancing began at half-past seven, after the reception and grand march, and continued until half-past eleven, when, according to time honored regulations, came the signal for "lights out" and departure. The committee in charge were Miss Groesbeck, Miss Barnes, Miss Dunham, Miss Gladwin, Miss Gould, Miss Hoegh and Miss Mary Wilder.

The elaborate decorations at the Junior Promenade this year have given rise to a great deal of comment concerning both the decorations themselves and the cost at which they were produced. Every year the decorations have become a little more elaborate, until now even the justly admired results scarcely give a conception of the enormous amount of work involved in producing them. True, the work is done willingly, and by most of the girls the reward of "watching the Prom" is considered a sufficient one. But this does not settle the question as to whether any class has the moral right to allow so great an expenditure of time, strength and nerve force in such a cause. Either the scale of decoration should be reduced to the original one of extreme simplicity, if the decorating is to remain in the hands of the sophomores, or else decorators from outside the college should be hired. Since the expenses of the Junior Promenade are not borne by the class as a whole, but simply by the individual members who attend it, why not make those who are willing to go pay a little more for the privilege? The expense of hiring outside decorators would be very slight when divided among a hundred and fifty girls. To be sure, the decoration would probably be much less satisfactory than the work of the sophomores, but it would serve the purpose and spare the sophomores.

Tuesday evening, April 25th, at the regular meeting of the College Clef Club, Professor Story gave a most instructive and interesting address upon the Church Organ, illustrating it with a short programme of organ solos, and a rendering of several familiar hymn-tunes, in tone-colors that were announced on the programme, and selected with the purpose of making the audience acquainted with the various register-groups of the instrument. This address was originally given at the opening of the Edwards Church organ, and the accompanying programme was constructed with especial reference to that instrument; but a little readjustment of it served to make it

apply perfectly to the college organ, and every one who heard it was made freshly conscious of the superb quality of the instrument which is the constant inspiration of our morning praise services through the year, and which by the very constancy of its ministrations we may so easily overlook or underrate.

Owing to the decision of the Faculty, forbidding an elaborate form of entertainment, the annual entertainment given the seniors by the juniors was this year in the form of a dance and a german. The german of four figures, with favors of Green Dragons and Purple Cows, occupied the first part of the evening; after the refreshments, which were served by the freshmen, there was a short program of plain dances before the entertainment was broken up.

The sophomores secured Sousa's band this year for their annual entertainment to the seniors, which was given in the Academy of Music on May 17.

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

ay, Thurs	sday, J	June 15, 7.00 P. M.		
Friday,	June :	16, 7.30 р. м.		
Saturday,	June	17, 7.30 р. м.		
Sunday,	June	18, 4.00 P. M.		
Monday,	June	19, 10.00 A. M.		
66	66	11.30 А. М.		
66	66	4.00-6.00 р. м.		
66	66	4.00-5 00 р. м.		
"	66	4.00-5.00 P. M.		
66	6.6	5.00-6.00 р. м.		
6.6	66	4.00-6.00 P. M.		
66	66	7.00 P. M.		
6.6	6.6	8.00-10.00 Р. М.		
Tuesday,	June	20, 10.30 A. M.		
Orator, Richard Salter Storrs, D. D., LL. D.				
Tuesday,	June	20, 2.30 р. м.		
66	66	4.00 P. M.		
	Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, " " " " Tuesday, Iter Storrs, Tuesday,	Friday, June Saturday, June Sunday, June Monday, June Sunday, June Sunday, June Sunday, June Sunday, June Storrs, D. D. Tuesday, June Sunday, June S		











